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THE WASON
CHINESE
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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY

ROBERT B. FORBES.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH
CHINA.



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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SINCE publishing the foregoing Reminiscences, it has been suggested that some account of those with whom I have been intimately associated in China, and especially a sketch of the history of Russell & Co., with the tragedies and comedies which are now fast passing away from memory, may be useful as a record, as well as interesting to many of their and my friends, and that some further details of political events growing out of the Opium War may be valuable. I have accordingly prepared and added some rambling recollections of old China friends and incidents, together with a few memoranda indicating the changes worked by commerce, electricity, and steam, which I offer for what they may be worth.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1882.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

Genealogical — Early Childhood — My First Voyage — Captured — At School in France — A Sea Fight — Captured Again — Rough Weather at Sea — Capture the Third — Home Again — School-Life.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY undertaken at the age of nearly three-score and eleven cannot be considered as any thing short of laborious (especially if it be undertaken as is this, in June 1875, with the thermometer at 80°). Nevertheless, I feel that it is a duty I owe to my children and grandchildren. A man who has from the early age of six and a half (when I first crossed the Atlantic) to my time of life, been engaged until quite recently in active business, cannot but have met with some incidents worthy of being put on record. Sometimes the smallest incidents have an important bearing on a man's life. A kind word of encouragement, spoken at the right time by those whom we have been accustomed to look up to in early life, may be of very great importance; and, on the other hand, a word spoken in anger may turn the course of one's whole life.

My family on both sides originated in Scotland. My grandfather was the Rev. John Forbes. He married

Dorothy Murray at Brush Hill, Milton, on the 2d of February, 1769, she being twenty-four years of age. Their children were James Grant, born Nov. 22, 1769; John Murray, Aug. 13, 1771; and my father, Ralph Bennet, June 11, 1773. My grandfather sailed for England from St. Augustine, Florida, June 7, 1783, with his son James, in the "Cumberland" packet, Captain Dashwood, arriving July 17; and died Sept. 17, 1783. My grandmother died at Milton, June 11, 1811. John Forbes, of Deskrie, my great-great-grandfather, died in 1739, and was buried at Strathdon, Aberdeenshire. Archibald, his son, died Dec. 3, 1793, at Newmill of Keith, at the age of eighty, and was also buried at Strathdon. I have several times visited the place where their dust remains, and on the occasion of my last visit, in 1869, I ordered a tablet erected within the walls of Strathdon Church, in commemoration of them. This tablet contains a copy of the inscription on the gravestone outside the walls, which I found much dilapidated and nearly covered by weeds and mould. It reads thus:—

"Underneath this stone lies interred the body of Archibald Forbes, of Deskrie, who died at Newmill of Keith, the 3d day of December, 1793, in the 80th year of his age."

The family memoranda show that we originated from the family called of "Dauch." William Forbes of that ilk lived in 1800, was brother to Alexander of Pitsligo; and these were of the family of Newe and Edinglassie, brought down to my ancestor, John of Strathdon. My great-grandmother on my father's side was Dorothy Collingwood, aunt to the celebrated Lord Collingwood. My grandmother's father was

Andrew Bennet; and she had an uncle, Robert Bennet, for whom I was named. In Lord Collingwood's life will be found some allusion to young Bennet, a midshipman serving under the admiral. My mother was Margaret Perkins, sister of Messrs. James and Thomas H. Perkins, under whose auspices I first began my life of labor; and this brings me to the opening of my tale.

I was born at Jamaica Plain, in a farm-house which until within twenty years stood on the corner of Perkins Street. It was then occupied by a Mr. Gould, and I believe the new house since built on the spot is occupied by one of the same family. My mother was then a resident of New York, visiting the vicinity of her brother's residence at Pine Bank, now occupied by Edward Newton, his grandson. The important event occurred on the 18th September, 1804. I have heard it intimated that I weighed something under five pounds, and that grave doubts existed as to whether I should ever come to any thing useful. My father was absent in the West Indies at this important crisis in my affairs. About 1807 my parents removed to Boston, and resided at No. 4 Federal Street for several years; and I distinctly remember the landscape paper on the walls, and my going to school in Purchase Street, to a Miss Doubleday. This good lady was lame, and controlled her pupils across the small room by means of her voice and a long fishing-pole rod. I once incurred her displeasure by throwing some sand in her eyes while she was giving me a lecture. She sent me home howling, and, on my arrival, my dear mother inquiring into the cause of my grief, was in-

formed that Miss D. "hided me, she did." "And what for, my dear?" said my mother. "Only because I threw sand in her eyes." About 1809 my little sister Cornelia died, and I well remember the visits of Dr. James Jackson. About this time my father went to Europe, and in the fall of 1810 my sister Margaret was badly burned by the accidental ignition of her clothes while playing near the grate in a house then occupied by my uncle, James Perkins, afterwards given to the Boston Athenæum; the site is now occupied by stores. This accident delayed our departure to join my father in Europe until Jan. 17, 1811, when my mother, my brother Thomas T., and myself embarked in a little topsail schooner commanded by William Ropes, of Salem. This vessel, called the "Midas," was laden with salt fish, quite deep in the water, and was in every way uncomfortable; but no other conveyance offered. I remember perfectly going to Foster's Wharf, or near there, and seeing the sailors beating the ice off the sails and rigging before we could get under way. My mother, in a letter still extant, gave a description of some of the stirring incidents of this my first experience on the Atlantic.

SCHR. "MIDAS," AT SEA, March 10, 1811.

I am excluded from almost every object that is pleasant; my drawing-room, which contains my sleeping place and that of the children, is about six feet square; a small glass in the deck admits the light which rests dimly on the paper I am scribbling, and every thing about me partakes of the same sombre hue. I am as yet undismayed by the prospect before me, and I often call to mind the consoling reflection, that God is able to shelter me as well on the wide waste of waters as in the full city.

And again she describes the passage to Mrs. Abbot.

We had a fine run off the coast, with every prospect of good weather and a short passage; but our flattering hopes were soon blasted, for, shortly after clearing the Capes, it fell calm, and almost all the ropes were covered with ice; the prospect was dismal indeed, and the wind began to blow directly against us. We continued much in this situation for several days, when a most violent tempest arose, which lasted almost without intermission for four days. We lay to in the gulf nearly forty-eight hours, the wind a complete hurricane, so that we could scarcely lie in our berths. We lost our quarter boards, part of the rails, camboose, two casks of water, jib boom, one anchor; split our sails, stove the boats, broke the tiller; our skylight was torn off, and the glass much broken; torrents of water washed over us, and came into the cabin; all our fowls and two of our pigs were drowned, which I did not much lament as it put an end to their sufferings. The morning the skylight was washed away Bennet was quite ill, but had crawled into the cabin to get some air and, if possible, something to eat. We had not been able to cook any thing for several days until that morning; the kettle had been boiled and breakfast prepared—he was sitting under the skylight and got completely drenched.

I remember the circumstances detailed in this extract very vividly, especially my sitting under the skylight, holding on to a pot of hot chocolate, which, when the skylight was washed off, went with me to the cabin floor. I remember the flooded cabin and the terror of my good mother, which was not appeased by the mate who came for an axe, and answered her inquiry as to the condition of things by saying, “If we ship such another sea, we shall go to Davy Jones in five minutes.” I am not quite sure as to Jones’s locker; one of my old memoranda says he mentioned a warmer locality. We passed the Straits

of Gibraltar 26th February, and on the 6th of March, when nearly approaching our destination, Marseilles, our progress was arrested by H. B. M. ships "Resistance," Capt. Rosenhagen, the "Apollo," and another frigate. It was at that time the custom of our cousin John to detain American vessels bound to an enemy's port. We were ordered to Port Mahon in the Island of Minorca, to await the decision of Sir Charles Cotton. All my mother's energies were aroused, to try to induce the captain of the "Resistance" to let us go. She went to his ship in a long gig, in a tumbling sea, without success. He said he must obey orders. How well I remember her putting off in that gig; the intervening swells of Old Ocean sometimes hid her from our view, and we thought all was lost.

Admiral Cotton and his secretary, Mr. John Day, did all they could for our comfort. When my mother went to call on board the "San Joseph," the flagship, we were hoisted as usual in a chair, with a whip on the mainyard. I remember the sensation of being run up, much higher than was necessary, and being lowered on board. The admiral, after a few days' detention, put us in charge of Captain W. Stewart, of the "Blossom," sloop-of-war, with orders to land us, if possible, at Ciotat, near Marseilles. See letters of Mr. Day, on this subject, and letters of Captain Stewart to the prefect and to my mother.

"SAN JOSEPH," Sunday Afternoon.

MADAM, — I am desired by Admiral Sir Charles Cotton to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to acquaint you that, however distressing may be your situation (which under the peculiar circumstances you have detailed the ad-

miral sensibly feels), he has not authority to permit of the release of the schooner detained by the "Resistance," British frigate, until legal adjudication shall have been obtained at one of the Vice Admiralty Courts in this country. The admiral, however, has desired me to say that he will make as early an arrangement as possible for your being sent, with your two children, to your husband, whom you state to be residing at Marseilles.

I am, madam,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN DAY, *Secretary.*

PORT MAHON, 15th March, 1811.

DEAR MADAM, — This will be delivered to you by my friend Captain W. Stewart, of the "Blossom," who will willingly land you, by means of a flag of truce, at Ciotat, which is so near Marseilles as to create but little inconvenience in your reaching that place.

At Marseilles, Captain Stewart can inform you, no flag of truce will be received on any consideration.

This is an opportunity which has happened by chance, and, believe me, I feel peculiar gratification in being able to assure you that Capt. S. has more than a common share of that generous feeling which your peculiar situation is calculated to excite in every one.

With best wishes, I am, dear madam,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN DAY.

The schooner goes to Malta by the "Pyramus," the frigate waiting for a wind. "Blossom" proceeds immediately.

His Britannic Majesty's Ship "Blossom,"

OFF CIOTAT, March, 1811.

MONSIEUR PREFECT, — A schooner called the "Midas," belonging to Boston in America, and from that port bound to Marseilles, was detained by one of His Britannic Majesty's Cruisers, on the 6th inst., and sent to Malta for legal adjudication. On board the said schooner there was a lady pas-

senger (Madam Forbes), together with her children (and a French servant), whose husband is a merchant at Marseilles.

I have the honor to acquaint you that Madam Forbes and suite is, by permission of my commander-in-chief, come before your port in His Britannic Majesty's Ship under my command, and trusts that you, Monsieur Prefect, will be pleased to admit of her landing, that she may thereby be enabled to join her husband from whom she has been a considerable time separated.

After the above statement, I am sure, sir, I need not doubt but that you will gladly lend your aid and kind offices to assist a lady disappointed in her expectation, and consequently distressed in mind; neither your country nor mine, Monsieur Prefect, is at war with the female sex.

In addition to the accompanying letters, madam has a warm introduction to Monsieur Clarie of Marseilles, and a packet for Mr. Russell, Chargé d'affaires de l'Amérique, at Paris.

Confident in the hope of your immediate compliance, I have the honor to be, Monsieur Prefect,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

W. STEWART, *Capt.*

H. B. M. S. "Blossom."

P. S. I have also on board the commander, boatswain, and five seamen, the late crew of the French Brig, "Chère Paulina," captured lately by the English. These persons I will also land with your Excellency's permission.

To His Excellency,

The Prefect, or Principal Officer of Marine,
Ciotat.

HIS M. SHIP "BLOSSOM," June 20th, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,—I never doubted that I should have the happiness of hearing from you; but your writing to me at such length, and detailing your little adventures, demands more than common thanks: pray accept the best I can offer. You do myself and officers no more than justice in conceiving that we looked melancholy at your departure; my little cabin seemed a tenement in the deserted village. When the 1st lieut. came to take his wine and water, he was much lower in spirits than I ever had seen him, and

the little *Mids* missed their delightful playfellows, whom I hope are well,—God bless them! You ran away with our good weather as well as our esteem; you were only eighteen hours gone when a strong gale came on; I steered for Mahon, and met our fleet in the way. From them I received letters from Mrs. Stewart, with good accounts of herself and children. I have never once thought of the manner and place in which we left you, without feeling horror; the Crusoe-like appearance of Plainier's lords made me wish I had not landed you. Then again I recollected that the master of the merchantman (who really seemed a respectable old man) was with you, and promised me he would be attentive to you and the boys. Then the gale annoyed me; I figured to myself your being still at the light-house, the seas beating against it, and your provision, as well as patience, exhausted. However, thank God, it was otherwise; and, though late, accept my congratulations on your meeting with Mr. Forbes so soon; as a married man I can enter into his feelings at meeting his amiable lady and those incomparably fine boys. I feel not a little proud of having had it in my power to expedite your union, or rather re-union; but, my dear madam, both yourself and Mr. F. lay too great a stress on what you both term so great a favor done you. As I always said, I still say, that I was the person under the obligation; and most gladly would I convince you how sincere I am in the assertion, by receiving Mr. Forbes and the same party again for a much longer passage. You forgot one of the volumes of "Letters from the Mountains;" I must get my very old friend Chabot, at Malta, to forward it to you. I expect soon to go there to refit, when I will again write.

"Blossom's" good fortune still attends her; all my officers and youngsters are well, and desire me to present their best respects and good wishes to you. Add to them those of, dear madam,

Your very sincere friend,

W. STEWART.

P. S. As Mr. Forbes has an opportunity through his correspondents of forwarding letters, I trust you will continue to favor me with the honor of your consideration.

Adieu.

W. S.

Mr. Day is gone to England, his admiral being appointed commander-in-chief at home.

I remember our embarkation on board the "Blossom;" my mother was hoisted on board, but my brother and I were passed in at a port. We were several weeks on board this ship, during which time, as occupants of the captain's after-cabin, and visitants among the kind officers, we were strongly impressed with the difference between a little fish-laden schooner and a mighty sloop-of-war, probably of six or seven hundred tons. Arriving off Ciotat, a boat was sent in with Captain Stewart's letter herein given; but the boat, although carrying a flag of truce, and bent on landing non-combatants and some French prisoners, was ordered off. Coming on board again, Captain Stewart stood in towards the place (probably out of range), and I was called to one of the guns situated under the poop; and, being instructed what to do, but without any knowledge of what was to happen, I pulled the lock-string, and for the moment I thought my head was off. This was done merely as a growl, natural to John Bull, at being treated so very uncivilly when sent on a humane errand. I have no idea that the blood of any Frenchman stains my hands. Soon after being landed on Plania Rock, which lies about six miles outside of Marseilles harbor, a felucca belonging to the Lazaretto came for us, and we embarked for our destination. During our two days' stay, we exerted ourselves to make the prisoners who were landed with us comfortable. I well remember how my mother played the part of the good Samaritan, by cooking a large pot of chocolate for them. I also call to mind her taking us out upon the rocks of which Plania is composed, and kneeling down in the light of a full moon, praying

to God to restore us to our absent father, and to cause us to grow up and become respectable men. Fresh in my memory, also, is the touching incident of the landing of the old French officer, who, with true politeness, presented to my mother a bouquet of beautiful flowers. This incident was too much for her ; it told the story of the feelings of a lone mother, left upon a mere rock, with two little boys. Here is a good place to give an account of my visit to that hallowed spot.

On the 18th of May, 1868, when on my way from Pau to Italy, I went in a small yacht, accompanied by Mr. Edward Rabaud and the friend who loaned his boat, to this place, and passed an hour or two. Since my visit in 1811, fifty-seven years before, a new light-house and a residence for the keeper had been built ; but the old tower, some forty or fifty feet in height, and perhaps thirty in diameter, still, to all outward appearance, remained as we then saw it. I found on inquiry that it was kept as a sort of *salon* for the entertainment of the officials who came occasionally on a picnic party. I told my story to the keeper, procured the key, and went alone to make an inspection. In the interior, I found the same floor of cement, but all else changed. The jars of oil and water, the fire-place, had given way to a handsome centre-table, couches and chairs, a looking-glass, and toilet-table. The walls were redolent of paint ; the trap-door or scuttle in the ceiling, through which I went on the back of one of the keepers, in 1811, was still there.

I cannot very well describe the feelings with which I visited that spot, associated with memories of that

sainted mother, gone at a ripe age to her rest above ; that brother taken from us in his prime by a fearful tempest in 1829 : thoughts of these dear ones rushed through my brain, and I enjoyed the luxury of tears of mingled regret and pleasure, and thankfulness to that Supreme Being who had watched over me through so many trials. After lunch with the keepers, and inquiries after their predecessors of 1811, we returned to Marseilles.

To return to our visit more than half a century previously. I recall the sensations, not unmixed with awe, with which I put my head to rest on that floor. Surrounded by large jars which called to mind my only visit to the Federal Street Theatre, when the play of the Forty Thieves was enacted, — I expected to see one of them popping his head out of a jar.

Upon landing at the Lazaretto, we found good quarters had been prepared for us, through the kindness of our friend, Andrew Belknap, long a resident at Marseilles. Our father was still at Paris, knowing that, if he came, he must share our imprisonment for several weeks, which he could not afford to do. Soon after he joined us, we were permitted to leave. We boys were soon placed at a "pension" or boarding-school, under the care of a M. Cauvière. Here we remained about thirteen months, while our parents went to Barbary, Italy, &c. On their return in the latter part of 1812, arrangements were made to travel to Bordeaux ; a carriage was brought, and we went by post-horses, taking Toulouse, Avignon, and other places of note *en route*. When we were placed with M. Cauvière we knew nothing

of French, and no one spoke a word of English; consequently, we learned the language very fast, being compelled to ask for all we wanted through the aid of a dictionary. Our diet at the pension was simple in the extreme. Breakfast and supper consisted of good bread taken from a large basket, share and share alike, and a drink or two of water from a sparkling fountain; our dinner was generally made up of *bouilli* and fish, and sometimes we had roasted snails, which we extracted from the shell with a pin. On Sundays, unless delinquent in our duties, we went to Mr. Belknap's hospitable house, and had a magnificent feast. On our way to Bordeaux, we were obliged to study the multiplication table, which gave me a permanent disgust for figures. I remember our visit to Vaucluse, and to the amphitheatre at Nismes. Arriving at Bordeaux, we put up at the Hôtel des Embassadeurs; and, not long after, my brother, John M., came to light, on the 23d of February, 1813. The only remarkable incident, during our journey of two weeks from Marseilles, was the overturning of our travelling coach, one evening. By this accident, there was a great mixing up of father, mother, small boys, broken glass, bottles of syrups, knives, forks, spoons, and general chattels; no bones were broken, however, and we found kind helpers to set us to rights. After a sojourn at Bordeaux of about five months, we left in the schooner "Orders in Council," named after the odious regulations that had caused our capture in the "Midas." While at Bordeaux, we received instruction in the riding school and in the manual exercises pertaining to arms.

The "Orders in Council" was a letter of marque

commanded by Captain Josiah Ingersoll. War having been declared between the United States and Great Britain, she was armed with six small guns, probably nine pounders, and had a crew of about twenty, all told. She was one of a large fleet of Baltimore and New York clippers, built to carry silks, wines, and other valuable goods, and to fight when attacked; hence the *letter of marque*. I may here state that the iron steamer "Pembroke," sent to China by me in 1862, commanded by John A. Cunningham, was the only letter of marque fitted from this country during the Rebellion; as attested in a letter of Mr. John Hunter, Assistant Secretary of State, and now among my papers.

We embarked on the 13th of May, 1813. I remember our exit from the river near Pauliac, and the firing of a gun as a signal to the schooners "Whig" and "Thistle," which sailed in company. Remembering the effect of the big gun on board the "Blossom," I crept under the cabin table, and closed my ears. The whole French coast was closely guarded by English cruisers, and we had not long been at sea when a large cutter made her appearance, and gave chase. She was soon joined by another cutter and a schooner; our little squadron separated, "*sauve qui peut*" being the motto. The chase continued for several days; sometimes by change of wind, and sometimes by a change of course during the dark hours, we gained on the enemy, and sometimes they gained on us. Every known expedient was resorted to; among them, sawing off stanchions, hanging casks of water to the mainstay, sweeping, when the wind fell off, watering the sails, &c. At last a dead

calm came, and all the boats of the three vessels were detailed to tow the headmost cutter, the "Wellington," into action. By the aid of these boats, and by sweeping, she gradually came up on our starboard quarter, and began to try the range of her bow guns; she mounted twelve, and had a crew of near sixty men. In preparation for the fight, Captain Ingersoll had sent his passengers into the forecastle, with the view of getting them out of the way of shot, as well as out of the way of the powder-monkeys, whose duty was to pass up ammunition from the magazine, the scuttle of which was in our cabin. I see the cutter now, towing and sweeping; and I see our men, stripped to the waist, standing by the stern chasers. As the cutter kept on the quarter, we could not bring them to bear until the ports were enlarged; we cared not to yaw our vessel whereby an inch of ground might be lost.

Just before the fight began, my father sent me aft to get some wine or something for the baby,* and on my return the first shot came whizzing over us. My father seized me by the slack of my pants, and dropped me into my mother's arms below. The battle went on in earnest, for an hour and forty minutes. We could distinctly hear the cheers of the enemy. As they wanted our valuable cargo, most of their shot were directed to crippling our wings; and, as we wanted their lives, we fired at their hull. Finally, we shot away their main-peak halyards, and down came the flag. This brought out a loud cheer from our crew; rum and gunpowder were given to them, and they fought like tigers. A breeze sprang up, and the "Wellington" dropped out of the fight,

* I. M. Forbes.

making water through the shot-holes. She was trimmed by the stern, and the holes plugged. Our attention was now earnestly called to making our escape, mending our rigging, which was much cut up, and fishing our wounded spars. When we were doing our best to this end, a sail was made on the starboard bow; we could not run off much without bringing the other vessels within range, and we kept on in the vain hope of eluding the new one by some bold stroke, or of escaping in the darkness, now not far off.

A letter of my father, dated at Corunna, June 4, 1813, describes the sailing of the schooner, and her capture by the "Surveillante," Captain Sir George Collier. I regret that I cannot find it.

The "Surveillante" placed two young officers and a dozen men on board of us, taking out nearly all our crew, and leaving only the doctor and our servant. Sir George gave us much credit for beating off a force so much superior.

Now came our great trial. We were in the Bay of Biscay, manned by a short crew, wholly inexperienced in the care of a long-legged, clipper schooner, with wounded masts and rigging, bad weather coming on, and night falling. We were ordered to Plymouth; but, as the sea and wind increased, it soon became quite apparent that we must run to leeward, and so we made for Corunna, in Spain. During that night, we knocked about fearfully: guns only half-lashed got adrift, the main-boom, also the fore-topmast, went over, and the poor goat—taken to help out the larder of Johnny—came down the companion-way, and fell near my berth, with a leg broken, and made a

terrible noise. I thought my last days had come, and my parents — exhausted by days of anxiety — were much of the same mind. Poor John had been so restless that his mother gave him a couple of drops (more or less) of laudanum, which nearly finished his short coil. We ran into Corunna safely, and, after remaining there a few days, took our departure in an old brig called the “Caroline,” Captain Lovell, bound to Boston in ballast, protected, as we imagined, by a license from the commanding admiral.

But, alas! on the eighth day we were boarded by the British frigate “Pomone,” examined, taken in tow, and pulled by the nose into the Tagus. This frigate, Captain Philip Carteret, was one of the vessels which captured the “President,” not very many months after, near our coast.

My father was much annoyed at our treatment by Captain Carteret, and resented it in some sharp letters. As this treatment bore such a strong contrast to the kindness we had met with at Minorca, on board the “Blossom,” and from the officers of the “Surveillante,” my parents were much grieved. I give the spicy correspondence to show the spirit of my father.

AMERICAN BRIG “CAROLINE,”

AT SEA, 10th June, 1813.

SIR, — The fear of a prolonged passage to our port of destination compels me again to intrude on you.

It is not my own personal convenience that speaks, but a lady travelling with three infants, without a boy capable of boiling a tea-kettle, or a cook who can make fire! If therefore motives of precaution forbid our having one of our servants, at least may I ask for something more than the form of an attendant from your own ship?

With respect to the condition in which you consider these persons, I trust that a reasonable zeal in their fate will not

be construed into any thing improper on my part. They embarked as passengers with us, from a *neutral* country, on board a vessel bearing a license from the agents of His Britannic Majesty, under their hands and seals. Whether that license ceases to have value is no question to them; it exists and is not counterfeit. Their state at the time of going on board has no influence on the case; or, if it has any, should give new motives for gaining their freedom, since it was granted to them by His Majesty's officers, to whom they were *immediately* prisoners, and who only are responsible.

I have the honor to be sir, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,

R. B. FORBES.

The persons to whom I allude are a man by the name of Christopher Rimes, and the boy Joe.

PHILIP CARTERET, Esq., &c., H. B. M. Ship "Pomone."

H. B. M. SHIP "POMONE,"
AT SEA, June 10, 1813.

SIR, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date within this moment.

You appear to have taken a most erroneous view of the circumstances whereunto you have adverted. The "license," which you consider as valid, I regard as of none effect, especially since it is issued by a person incompetent and unauthorized to grant such documents. Nor can I attach greater weight to the supposed protective character those persons you allude to are imagined to have acquired by having been released, subsequent to their capture, by British officers: I have to judge for myself, not for others. With a persuasion that others may have diverged from their duty, can I be warranted in departing from mine?

I regret the inconvenience whereunto you have been subjected by the removal of the servants, &c.; but when it is so well known that, by having indulged others, consequences of the most foul and hideous character have ensued; when it is notorious that under circumstances even less justifiable, even in the midst of peace, no scruples prevented the most atrocious assassination of a defenceless, unoffending

boy,—it surely cannot be wondered at that the lessons of experience should have inspired distrust, and taught caution. In truth, the permission for yourself and family to remain on board is an indulgence scarcely warrantable on my part. I have granted it only out of deference for Mrs. Forbes and the children; for their accommodation as well as for your satisfaction, I now send the boy, your domestic. May I hope that this will be duly appreciated? Finding an enemy's vessel at sea, unprotected by any kind of dissimilar character, and no person on board provided with any passport or other document from my government, I can only consider them as enemies. Let them not disparage the courtesy with which I desire they may be treated.

I forbear to remark on the tone of your letter. I shall only observe that, having no other rule of conduct than that which my duty prescribes, I cannot consent to be catechised for adhering to it.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

PH. CARTERET.

To R. B. FORBES, Esq., &c.

AMERICAN BRIG "CAROLINE,"

At SEA, 18th June, 1813.

SIR,—The gale of wind which immediately succeeded the receipt of the letter you did me the honor to address me on the 10th instant prevented my answering it; nor should I again trouble you, but for the novel principle there assumed, and the subsequent occurrence of a transaction on board this vessel, in itself of no other importance than to show what new humiliations are in store for those who bend their necks to the degrading system of licenses—a system in which it would seem that the governments of France and England had entered into an alliance for the purpose of totally annihilating American commerce—bulk-heads, lockers, and case-ments torn to pieces, to give way for search at sea, and not even the wearing apparel of a female passenger held sacred.

When your first officer came on board to look at the bales and trunks, for which "*no one could account*," they were brought on deck, legibly marked, with my name, "*baggage No. 1 to 5*," and had been previously shown by me to the

officer in charge of the prize. I assured your lieutenant that they contained nothing but wearing apparel for our own use; his answer was that he knew nothing of me, that there was no evidence where I came from, that the two bales had the lead of the Bordeaux custom house, and must contain silk and lace. I explained to him that they had a few articles of silk apparel and some kid gloves thus embalmed under tarred paper, to prevent the sea air from spotting them, and leaded to pass the guards; that they could be opened on our arrival in port, and if done here would be ruined. In short, if no assurances of mine could satisfy him, I begged that they might be taken on board the frigate. All in vain; he said he had orders to open them, and open they must come on the vessel's deck. Carried by imagination once more into the hands of a French "douanier," I submitted to the necessity of my situation, unconscious of meriting these little indignities.

With respect to the persons embarked under my protection, and who have fallen into your power, my duty to them has given me the right to make every proper remonstrance, even should it prove unavailing, without being charged with "*catechising*," nor will any consideration induce me to neglect that duty until they are within the reach of some more able defender. I repeat, that, whatever may be the decision of an admiralty court as to the property taken in this vessel, passengers (*non-combatants*) unattached to any military or public service, embarked in an unarmed vessel from a neutral country, having an official protection from the acknowledged representative of the king (whose being competent thereto they were unable to decide), can never, in good faith, be made prisoners of war. Neither the justice nor policy of a Christian government would sanction such an act. As to their having been once liberated by an officer of your own rank, if it gives them no protection, it would appear to me like trying a man twice for the same offence, after being once legally acquitted; for I can with difficulty think that almost every officer in the Bay of Biscay, as well as the port admiral at Plymouth, have "*diverged from their duty*."

I am aware that you *will* judge for yourself, and shall content myself with stating a few facts.

We were taken, on the first of June, by H. B. M. Ship "Surveillante," Captain Sir George Collier, to whom I imme-

diately made application to remain with the prize. Time did not admit of a written reply; but his lieutenant was instructed to say that he did not consider us as prisoners, that we might remain with those persons in our service, that all the effects we claimed as individual property should be punctiliously restored to us: all of which is evident from our being in your hands.

For six months previous to our leaving Bordeaux, and a few days before our departure, letters were received from various supercargoes and passengers, taken by the "Belle Poule," "Iris," "Andromache," "Hotspur," &c., on their voyage from France to America, which letters were dated in London, and stated that they had been liberated on their arrival in Plymouth, were not considered as prisoners, and only waited a cartel to go home. A few days since, a passenger taken in the "Zebra" was on his request put on board a licensed vessel, by the Hon. Capt. Piercy of the "Hotspur," and arrived at Bordeaux.

I cannot undertake to weigh your motive for introducing to me the subject of the assassination of a "defenceless, non-offending boy," in which I had no part; if it is to justify great rigor in the present case, I think you have given me room for remark. I presume you allude to some recapture, a thing for ages not only sanctioned but encouraged by European belligerents who have a right to capture each other. It must therefore be more justifiable in a neutral arrested by no right but superior force. If the state of peace in which these "foul and hideous" events took place refers to America, which has had for seven years peace only on one side, whose citizens and almost whole cities have been ruined by the application of the unrighteous edicts of the powers at war, it cannot be surprising that some instances have occurred where the sub-agents in these unjust depredations have fallen victims to the despairing sufferer.

I beg you to be assured, sir, that your gallantry shall have full credit for all the indulgences you have been pleased to grant to Mrs. Forbes and her children.

I have the honor to be, with due consideration and respect, sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. B. F

To PHILIP CARTERET, Esq.,

Capt. of H. B. M. Ship "Pomone," &c.

LISBON, 18th June, 1813.
30 RUA ST. FRANCISCO.

SIR, — The letter, herewith, of the 13th, could not be sent to you, since there has been no intercourse with the prize until the moment of my coming on shore. This circumstance is the more fortunate, as we are now more nearly on a footing, where each can seek redress for his personal wrongs; and it may have spared us any farther "indulgence" from you, by again visiting the sins of the father upon the children. For I beg you not to forget (as I never will) that, after our arrival, you kept an "*unoffending*" little family of children, with their mother, nearly exhausted with the anxiety and fatigue of eighteen days' almost unequalled sufferings, two days and nights confined on board in Cascaes Bay, denying them the means of procuring those little refreshments so essential to their comfort. This was no act of your officers; it was your *own*. I defy you to deny or palliate it. A part of my letter requires no longer attention, from the release of those persons whom you before so positively declared you should consider, as well as ourselves, as prisoners of war. However, I have not time to alter it.

I understand from my fellow prisoners that the motive of your treatment to me was some reports of expressions made use of on board the brig, offensive to you. It would have been more compatible with the dignity of your situation, to have first ascertained the truth of these reports, before taking satisfaction by acts unauthorized by the rules of war, or the rights of nations; they are as false as they are absurd, made only to cover proceedings not to be excused. What motive could I possibly have, to insult an officer in whose power I was, and from whom I was at the very moment asking a favor for my family? I had no interest in the vessel, and her detention met exactly my convenience. No, sir; it would be impossible to support the rude and unmanly treatment of your first officer, without expressing just indignation. If, in the warmth of that expression, I used language unbecoming a gentleman (which I certainly do not recollect), I should for ever regret and be ready to apologize for it; but if I gave to the act in question its true character, and a part of the stigma fell on you, it was inasmuch as your officer *excused* himself by declaring it was *your orders*; and I will neither apologize for nor take it off. I am too far advanced

in years to be a candidate for newspaper fame, but your conduct (for I look to you) is most certainly fair subject for the ordeal of public opinion. From its edicts neither your épau-lets nor your cannon can protect you. I cannot leave you, sir, without expressing my thanks for putting us under the care of so worthy a young man (Mr. Jebb) as prize-master. His kind attentions to us can only be equalled by the correct manner in which he discharged his duty.

I have the honor to be, sir,

&c., &c., &c.

To P. L. CARTERET, Esq., &c.

After remaining on board the "Caroline" a day or two, we escaped in a fishing-boat, and went to Lisbon. There we met our cousin, Harry Sturgis,* who rendered every assistance in procuring lodgings, &c. We remained at Lisbon about a month, during which time we visited Cintra and some other places of interest. I remember my visit to Cintra, near which is an aqueduct, under one of the arches of which I fired a pistol for the first time, and heard the many reverberations resulting therefrom.

We finally embarked in a ship called the "Leda," of Baltimore, commanded by Captain Hillert. We were thirty-six days going to Newport, and must have arrived there some time in August. We immediately took stage for Brush-hill, Milton, the residence of Governor E. H. Robbins, who married my great-aunt. I distinctly remember the incidents connected with our journey, and among them our looking out for the little cottage of Mrs. Vose, where, before going to France, we boys had been lodged for part of a summer. We arrived at Brush-hill late in the evening, and were received with open arms.

My brother Thomas being now nearly eleven years old, and I about nine, it was determined that we

* Uncle of Russell Sturgis, of the house of Barings.

should be placed at Milton Academy, then kept by Warren Peirce, who had the care of some forty or fifty boys, and fitted half a dozen annually for Harvard. Mr. Peirce could not give much attention to so large a number, and many were therefore left to their own devices. Among the boys was William P. Lunt, who very often assisted me in my lessons. As we had been to France, had been thrice captured by the English, had seen a fight at sea, and no end of whales, flying-fish, and porpoises, and spoke French, we were looked upon as extraordinary beings. During the two years and a half of our sojourn at the academy, we boarded most of the time at Isaac Gulliver's, who married Miss Rebecca Crane.* They were kindly people, of few words. Isaac was a man of many vocations, which he plied with great industry. He was one of the deacons at Mr. Guild's meeting-house, and did the duties of sexton; he carried on carpentering, mended his own shoes, and generally made the coffins as well as prepared the graves for his fellow-worshippers; he also gave attention to the diseases of horseflesh and cowflesh, and had on hand one or more horses well suited to dragging the hearse. He also held a commission as justice of the peace, and no doubt looked forward to being town clerk. He did every thing, even to the combing of his hair, in a straightforward, devout, and mechanical style. The little house now (1875) stands just as it did in 1813, and in it survive Mrs. Gulliver and their only son. Isaac was gathered to his fathers about 1839-40. Not many years ago, I found on the south corner of the old house twenty-two notches cut in the weather-board; these denoted the

* Still living, 1878.

number of months we lived there. Isaac was not called upon to do any fire-making at the meeting-house, for in those days it was the custom for every one wanting artificial warmth to carry a foot-stove or a hot brick. Gulliver's travels were often repeated between the meeting-house and his cottage and the graveyard.

As our parents desired us to keep our French intact, Isaac and Rebecca were instructed to require us to speak together in that language; failing which, as a rule, we forfeited the small sum allowed for pocket-money, which I think was fifty cents a week. Isaac learned enough to call us to dinner, supper, and bed. Much of my weekly allowance was spent in powder and shot; we had been taught the use of a gun, and possessed two of very small size, with which we shot small game occasionally. Our diet at Isaac's was simple in the extreme; much Indian pudding and many pans of baked beans and salt fish and considerable brown bread were consumed, but the butcher's bill was very small. The Gullivers kept fast-days very rigidly; on these occasions we generally went over the way, to Miss Vose's, or to Uncle Robbins's, at Brush-hill. My little gun caused me to be looked upon as a hero. Once a party of us put a mark on the powder-house door, and blazed away at it, within twenty yards. When the fact became known to Warren Peirce and the selectmen, the act was invested with great gravity; and the party were ordered to furnish a new door, and to march round and beg the pardon of all the selectmen. Saturday afternoon was the time selected by Mr. Peirce for this act of contrition. We went first to Mr. Ford, whose house

then stood near where Mr. Silsbee's stands, but on the opposite side of the road. Mr. Ford had a cider-mill in operation, and several nice daughters; and it was for these reasons that I, the head and front of the offending, had proposed to visit him first. He was busy writing when we called, and, looking round rather gruffly, he demanded to know our wants. I answered: "Mr. Peirce has sent us here to beg pardon for firing at the powder-house." "Well, what more?" "Nothing, sir; must we go to any other of the selectmen?" "No; away with you." "May we suck some cider, sir?" "Yes; get along with you, and suck all you want." So ended our penitential visit. When black Monday came, Warren Peirce asked us if we had obeyed his orders. I replied that we went to Mr. Ford first, and he said it was not necessary to go further. So ended the gunpowder plot, — our parents having supplied a new door. My brother Thomas, being a year and a half my senior, left the academy some time before me, and went into the counting-room of James and Thomas H. Perkins, on India Wharf. At that time, they were among the most prominent merchants of Boston, owning a number of ships engaged in the East India, China, and north-west coast trade; about the same time my parents moved to Milton, and I left the Gulliver home.

CHAPTER II.

Starting Out in Life — Why I Went to Sea — Before the Mast — Life on The "Canton Packet" — Beginning of an Epoch — A Man Lost — The Voyage Home — Off to Sea Again — My Second Voyage to China.

MY father had been unfortunate in business, and was much broken down in health; and how to support a family now amounting to six or seven small ones became an anxious problem. Thomas had been well provided for by his uncles. Margaret lived with Mr. James Perkins. And the time was fast approaching for me to do something to lessen the family burdens. In 1816, it was determined that I should go into the employ of S. Cabot and James & Thomas H. Perkins, Jrs., who had formed a house, and were located at the white store at Foster's Wharf. I remember very well when they signed their articles of co-partnership, at the house of Colonel Perkins, in Pearl Street, that I was called to sign my name as a witness. I remember also that my cousin, Thomas H. Perkins, Jr., went to the cellar, and brought up a bottle of old wine; and that the health and prosperity of the new firm was drunk by the members, and that I partook of the beverage. My duties at the white store were to sweep out, make the fires, close and open the store, copy letters into a book in a very indifferent manner, collect wharfage bills, run

errands extending from Winnisimet Ferry to the wind-mill, which stood far to the south, probably near to the new bridge between South Boston and Boston proper. My employers had control of two vessels, the brig "Pedlar" and the top-sail sloop "Haymaker," which were generally engaged in running between Boston and Philadelphia, sometimes bringing oats and shorts; and it was my duty to measure out these articles to the truckmen, Spurr & Bancroft. I became very expert in catching rats, with which our store was infested. The "Haymaker" made one or more voyages to Madeira, and brought wines. I remember that sweet Malmsey was the favorite with the clerks. I shall not soon forget my first inauguration as youngest clerk, or store-sweep. I was ordered to procure a jug, and to make ink according to directions. These were simply to put the powder into the jug with *quantum sufficit* of water, and to shake the same vigorously, let it stand a day, when it would be ready for use. I followed the directions; and, while shaking vigorously, the fermentation caused the cork to fly out and completely cover my face and clothes with the contents. Tom Perkins was convulsed with laughter at my sad predicament. The firm sometimes had coffee, sugar, and pepper on consignment. It was customary in those days to allow the clerks "sweepings," and we thus accumulated a small fund for horse-hire and other amusements. I generally utilized my scanty pocket-money in riding to Milton, where my good mother then resided in a house which stood near the present entrance to the old family mansion; and which, when the latter was

built, in 1833, was removed to Dorchester, and now stands there (1875). On the 19th day of October, 1875, being the fifty-eighth anniversary of my departure on my first voyage, I was entertained by the occupant of the house, Mr. George Everett, who gave me a most hospitable reception and an excellent dinner. One of the guests, Mr. Ruggles, bought the house of me, and moved it to Dorchester in 1833. During the summer, I resided at Dr. Walter Channing's, who married my cousin, Miss Perkins; and in winter I resided with my uncle, Thomas H. Perkins, in Pearl Street. During my apprenticeship, we often went to the ropewalks on Charles Street, where the Public Garden now stands, to bathe in the back bay.

While in this office, in the spring of 1817, the ship, "Canton Packet," loaded with lumber for the Isle of France, and having on board a large sum in specie, was blown up while at anchor off Long Wharf, and set on fire. She was run into the mud near the T Wharf, and the fire was extinguished. She belonged to Messrs. J. & T. H. Perkins. The specie was landed, and sent to the "long room" on India Wharf; and all the clerks of Messrs. J. & T. H. P., including Peter C. Brooks and Ignatius Sargent, as well as those of S. Cabot and J. & T. H. Perkins, Jrs., already mentioned, and perhaps some of those of S. G. Perkins and Stephen Higginson, were detailed to go and live at the long room, — unpack, wash, count, and repack the specie, amounting to some \$300,000. As it had been stowed in the run of the ship, where also was stowed some cochineal, the dollars were much stained, and required much handling. My cousin, T. H. Perkins, entered into the

spirit of our encampment, and supplied us with food and drink from Julien's restaurateur establishment; and we had a jolly time after the labors of the day were over. Of course, no very ardent spirits were allowed; nothing stronger than cider and cherry-bounce. I recall, with painful sensations, my first experience in undertaking, after a hard day's work, to digest lobster and cherry-bounce. The "Canton Packet" was repaired, went to Jamaica and back, bringing a large amount of quicksilver; she was fitted out for China, and at the same time the ship "Levant," Captain Charles S. Cary, was preparing to go to the north-west coast.

I must now go back, and allude to the reasons for my going to sea before the mast. I confess to having often left my legitimate business on Foster's Wharf, to visit the locality at Central Wharf, where my uncles fitted out their ships; I was very fond of going aloft, skylarking, and of pulling an oar, and sailing. My cousin, James Perkins, residing at Pine Bank on Jamaica Pond, had often instructed me in his sailboat in the mysteries of luffing, bearing away, beating to windward, &c.; and my experiences at sea in the "Midas," the "Orders in Council," the "Caroline," and the "Leda," had naturally invested me with a maritime prestige; and sometimes my uncle T. H. Perkins would remark at table, when supplying me with pudding, that I should not get any so good off the Cape of Good Hope. I thus became familiar with the idea that I was *born to eat bad puddings off the Cape*. I had no real proclivities for the sea; I was not particularly robust or courageous, and but for the casual remarks of my uncle, to whom I looked up

as to the highest known authority, I should have been content to stick to the counting-room of my cousins, in the line of promotion. My brother Thomas was in the office of my uncles, and I fully realized that his superiority in age and acquirements gave him the start of me.

In the early part of October, 1817, I was one day on my usual visit to the ships, when my uncle came on board ; and, seeing me actively employed, said, " Well, Ben, which of these ships do you intend to go in ? " What more could be said to a boy of thirteen, who had already had so many hints as to the Cape and bad puddings ! I answered, " I am ready to go in this one (the ' Canton Packet '). " My uncle gave his assent, and told me to go home and see my mother. I did so, and found her much overcome at the idea ; but when she saw that I had made up my mind to conform to the destiny imposed upon me by fate and my revered uncle, she gave her consent. I cut short my connection with oats and shorts, collecting wharfage bills, catching rats, and copying letters in a very bad hand, and took orders from my uncle to go to Gedney King, and get a quadrant, a Bowditch's navigator, a log book, &c. ; and he detailed one of the older clerks named Archibald, who had been to sea, to go to some slop-shop, and procure for me a chest and a full outfit of sailor's clothes. I think they consisted of new, unwashed checked shirts, duck trousers much too large, socks, shoes, a pea-jacket, a tin pot, an iron spoon, and several knives, a bed filled with pig's hair, and a blanket or two. The smaller luxuries were to be drawn from home.

During my sojourn at Foster's Wharf, my first

adventure was started through the instrumentality of George Darracot, who kept tin wares for sale near the head of India Wharf, and who bought of the clerks sundry obsolete material which Mr. Cabot ordered them to clear out of the store. The theory of my principal patron, Colonel Perkins, being that idleness was the mother of mischief, gave me the means of studying or keeping up my French three evenings in the week, and going to old Captain John Kendrick the other three to learn navigation and trigonometry. This constant filling up of my time left me only Sunday to visit my family, and perhaps had some effect in controlling my movement for the sea.

Preparations for my departure were made at home, — a supply of thread, needles, buttons, &c., was put into what sailors call a "ditty bag." Some well-darned socks, some well-patched clothes, a Testament from my aunt, Mrs. Abbot of Exeter, a bottle of red lavender, one of essence of peppermint, a small box of broken sugar, and a barrel of apples from that good friend and neighbor, Dr. Holbrook, completed my equipment. My mother wanted to give me a pillow and some sheets and pillow-cases, but I scorned the idea, having been told that sailors never used them, but usually slept with a stick of wood with the bark on for a pillow! My good mother, who had been at sea herself, and fully realized the dangers and temptations to which I should be exposed, felt that there could be but one more severe trial for her, and that was to put me into my grave. My uncle contributed a letter full of excellent advice, recommending me to fit myself to be a good captain, and promising to keep me in mind. Mr. William Sturgis, who had always

been a warm friend of my mother, and who had much experience of the sea, took an interest in me, and gave me this advice: "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil cut him in two, and go between the pieces; if any one imposes on you, tell him to whistle against a north-wester, and to bottle up moonshine." The moral of the first part of these injunctions I have endeavored to keep constantly before me.

The day for our departure came, Oct. 19, 1817. I took leave of home amidst the tears of the children, and, with my mother's blessing, embarked in the "Canton Packet," Captain John King; chief mate, George W. Stetson; second mate, William Rowson; and got under way in company with the ship "Levant," Captain Charles S. Cary. I had the satisfaction of seeing the captain and mate casting up their accounts while I remained well; but this was not of long duration. We had a good run off the coast, which, however, is a mere matter of tradition, as I was soon taken deadly sea-sick; and, could I have gone back then, my nautical career would have terminated. I had no kind mother to hold my dizzy head, and no sister's kind words to cheer me; and when I went to the weather-side to transfer to Neptune what I could not retain, I was roughly told that nothing must be thrown to windward save ashes and hot water! I cared little if they cast me overboard. When I was carried down to the dark steerage, and put upon my own resources, I found my trunk or chest knocking about, my bed unpacked, my tin pot flattened into a small compass. I threw myself down on the bare deck, and slept from mere exhaustion. When I awoke,

the ship was tumbling about awfully. I lay smothered in onions, owing to the strings chafing off as they hung over my head." I then called upon my ill stars for sending me to sea, and sighed to be back among the oats and shorts. After a day or two of tears and lamentations, during which the captain was too much engaged to think of me, I crawled on deck, and sat me down to leeward of the main-mast in the coil of the fore-brace. Soon an order was given to square the fore-yard; and the party who let fly the lee-brace no doubt anticipated the result, for I was pitched into the lee-scuppers. I now remembered the injunctions of my mother; namely, whenever I felt sea-sick or faint to take a few drops of peppermint or red lavender on a piece of sugar: the natural result was that I plied the bottles to such an extent that I was nearly killed thereby. I went to the captain for relief, and he gave me some powerful pills. During the night a gale had come on, and I was obliged, by imperative calls, to go on deck; I crawled along the lee-side of the long-boat bound to the fore-channels. I returned stealthily to the steerage-hatch as naked as I was born, cold, and thoroughly exhausted. In stealing down the ladder, I met the carpenter, Johnny Heatman, coming up; he put his hand against my cold body, and fell back with an emphatic ejaculation of fear: as I found out later, he supposed I was the ghost of the steward who blew up the "Canton Packet" on election day.

During my illness, I was green enough to inform the older boys, one of whom, named Brush, had been in a man-of-war, and knew a thing or two, that I had

a barrel of apples in the hold, to which they were welcome ; the inevitable result was that when I came to my stomach the barrel was empty. My mother had also provided for me a small bag of hard-baked ginger-nuts, which, for safe-keeping, I had put into a bag containing my boots and shoes ; I hung this at the foot of my bunk, an upper one, the lower being occupied by Brush. He very soon realized that my bag contained something besides leather, and he shifted his head forward, made a small hole in my bag, and gradually appropriated the ginger-nuts. These early lessons caused me to be less trustful of human nature, and especially of big boys who had seen service in vessels of war !

When I went into my dark quarters, unincumbered by clothes, I opened my chest, and arrayed myself in a new check shirt, a pair of long duck trousers, and went to my bunk. For several days, I lay there ill and uncared for, and when at last I came to my stomach, and went on deck, I found myself completely tatooed like an Indian by the check shirt. I soon made friends with a French sailor, who spoke little English, and with a kind American, Jeremiah Tinkham. I taught the Frenchman English, and in return he altered my pants, did some washing and mending for me ; and Jeremiah gave me instructions as to the many ropes and the general duties of the ship. Tinkham still lives in the enjoyment of good health at the Old Man's Home, Boston, and comes to see me occasionally. My knowledge of French came in very well, and was generally appreciated.

With a return of health, after two or three weeks of intense mental and bodily suffering, came an exor-

bitant appetite ; salt beef, pork and beans, hard duff, and harder bread disappeared with wonderful fleetness. My rusty knife, my iron spoon, and battered tin pot came into constant use.

We had by this time got into the north-east trade winds, and were bowling along at the rate of seven or eight knots ; a bright moon shone over us, and I remembered that I was born to *higher* purposes than merely keeping the bread from moulding. I asked leave to *go aloft* and furl a royal, and did not have to solicit the favor a second time. I had often gone above the tops, at the wharf, through the "lubbers' hole ;" but now that I had become a sailor, my dignity forbade any such course. I made a desperate effort, and went up the futtock shrouds, and was glad, when fairly over the top-rim, to pause and take breath. I furled the sail, as I thought, very well ; but I noticed that a man went up after me to mend the job. Night came. I had not been ordered as yet to stand my watch, but, remembering the injunctions of my uncle, I asked leave to do so, and was put into the second mate's watch, and ordered to keep a good lookout for land in the lee gangway, from eight to ten. Having some knowledge of geography, I knew there was no land near. By and by, I followed the example of my comrades by settling myself for a nap under the lee of the long-boat. At twelve o'clock I went to my sweet sleep, feeling proudly conscious that I had actually begun my career as a sailor. Four A. M. came very quickly. I heard the watch called ; the moon had gone down, and a rain squall had come on. The appalling sound of three thumps on the booby-hatch, and the cry of

“starboard watch, ahoy!” caused very unpleasant sensations; it appeared to me that I had not been asleep more than ten minutes. I did not like the pattering of the rain on deck, and, thinking I should not be missed, I kept still, and prepared to finish my short nap, so rudely broken. I soon heard Mr. Rowson crying down the hatchway, “You boy, Bob! where are you? If not on deck in five minutes, I shall be after you with a rope’s end.” At first, I made no answer, thinking that my insignificant services would not pay for a second call. I argued thus: I am very comfortable where I am, and very sleepy; the scene on deck has changed much, the moon has gone down, and the rain is pouring merrily. And I did not relish the thought of going from one extreme to the other.

But the mate reiterated something about the royal clewline and my back. Not relishing this aspect of royalty, I grunted an unwilling “Ay, ay, sir!” and went on deck, when the following dialogue occurred:—

“Well, sir, why not on deck when the watch was called?”

Answer. — “I tried keeping watch at my own request, but, not liking it, I concluded not to go up.”

“You began to keep watch to please yourself, my boy, and now you must continue in order to please me.”

Although I was not quite convinced of the justice of this style of reasoning, I soon became accustomed to turn out quickly, and *stand* my watch by sleeping on deck much of the time, or in spinning yarns with my shipmates.

A short description of the captain and officers will not be amiss at this stage of my narrative.

Captain John King, of Medford, generally known as "the old man," was about forty-five years of age, with a nose of the shape and about the size of our storm stay-sail. He was a very kind man, though not wanting in grit when fairly aroused. The chief mate, George W. Stetson, was a thorough sailor, very illiterate, and much given to swearing and working up the boys and all whom he happened to dislike; he had lost many teeth, and was called by the sailors "old gummy." He was not a hard-hearted man, but he delighted in getting as much work out of men as possible, and he hated what he called "ship's cousins." I congratulated myself, therefore, on being in Rowson's watch. He was an easy-going man, of fair education, son of a gentleman, with a Bardolph face, who was in the Boston custom house; his mother was an authoress, and kept a school for girls. Rowson was not famed for keeping awake himself, or for keeping his watch on the alert. He was a man of small stature, and, like most small men, valued his dignity at a high rate. We had for cook, assisted by a boy named Harry Farnham as cabin boy, a colored man named Harris, who had sailed with Captain King previously, and was an excellent cook and a capable navigator. I soon found it for my interest to cultivate his good will, and we became firm friends. Our carpenter was a short, bull-headed Dutchman, named John Heatman, with whom the boys messed in the steerage. He was possessed of a large chest which seemed never to be exhausted; he sold knives, spoons, to-

bacco, and sundry articles to the crew, slept on it at night, and was never idle during the day. Whenever he was not employed upon some job, he ground his tools, and I was called upon to turn the grindstone; during which John hummed a tune, but said little. John was a great economist, and boasted of the many years during which he had worn this or that article of apparel. He never offered goods for sale, but often opened his "kist," as he called it, and, displaying his riches, tempted the men to trade. I lost my cap overboard, he supplied a new one; I lost several knives, and he found others; and when I fell short of bread, when on allowance, Johnny sold tobacco to me, which I exchanged for bread with the men who did not need the whole of their allowance. John never required a second call; he always turned in "all standing," and had nothing to do but to put on his cap, shoes, and jacket, and follow the upturned points of his shoes on deck. He was a great eater when not on allowance, and when thus limited he always had something to spare for a consideration. I had much to do for my Frenchman who reduced my clothes when, at the commencement of the voyage, they were too large, and let them out afterwards as I became stouter. He also did some washing for me.

Having a desire to sew for myself, I once attempted to make a pair or two of woollen drawers of a spare blanket. I laid the blanket on deck, double; I then took a pair of thin drawers, and laid them on the same, cut all round, and sewed the pieces together. I thought I had done wonders; but, on putting on a pair, and getting very wet in a squall, I found myself

in irons, so shrunk up as to require forcible skinning. After this, I confided my tailoring to Johnny Petit, as he was called. The carpenter made lots of money, and, when we went to Canton, I earned his good-will by going round shopping with him.

Of the boys, my companions in the mess, we had John Brush, who had swept up most of my apples and ginger-nuts. He had been taken in the "President" frigate, had been in Dartmoor prison, and was strongly infected by contact with hard characters. Harry Farnham was the son of a respectable silver-ware merchant of Boston. He was very smart, and disliked his position as aid to the cook, Harris; and as I was a great favorite with the sable king of the pantry, and got many tit-bits from him, there grew up a rivalry between us, of which more by and by. John Heatman must have been lost at sea; he was too careful and too tough ever to die a natural death. John King has been long dead; Stetson, now dead, has been a mate within thirty years. Rowson, also, died long ago.

On our way to China, off the Cape, we lost overboard, one dark night, a sailor named Harry Neal; he was knocked over in furling the spanker. The night was dark, and, when the alarm was given, the ship was rounded to, a boat lowered, and search made for poor Harry. Stetson and four men went to look for him at great risk, but failed to find him, and had great difficulty in regaining the ship. This accident made a great impression on me. The Sunday following, his effects were sold by auction to his shipmates, and the memory of poor Harry soon became a blank.

“How soon are the dead forgotten, who sleep
In the depths of the ocean buried !
No death knell toll'd, no friend there to weep
The brave tar to eternity hurried.”

We arrived at Canton, March 13, 1818, by the eastern passage, and I soon became domesticated with my cousin, John P. Cushing, then at the head of the house of Perkins & Co., Canton. Here began an epoch in my life which was of great importance : a connection which led directly to fortune, and which never ended but with the life of my cousin, in April, 1861. Mr. Cushing had always been much beloved by my mother, his aunt, and he had already intimated to her that one of her boys must come to him. I had no doubt that my brother Thomas, when duly fitted, would be sent to China, as he had the advantage of me in years and mercantile knowledge. During the stay of the ship in China, some three months, I resided with Mr. C., and made myself useful as a clerk, often going with him to weigh teas, pack silks, &c. When the crew came up on liberty, especially the cook and carpenter, I did my best for their entertainment, and gained great popularity with them. I heard no insinuations as to “ship’s cousins.” Mr. Cushing sounded me about remaining with him ; but, as I had chosen the life of a sailor, and had promised my uncles to stick by the ship until I commanded her, and, moreover, feeling that Tom’s claims were stronger than mine, I concluded to remain by the ship.

Some time in June, she being ready for sea, we left for New York, going again by the eastern passage. I felt very sorry at leaving my comfortable

quarters and my good living, to go again to the duties of my calling. The ship being full, the quarters assigned to the cook and two boys were on the after hatch and some cases of camphor, comprising a platform about six by twelve feet, from which the weather was excluded by a heavy bamboo mat secured to the deck, and making a cover like the top of a baggage-wagon; this extended from near the pumps abaft the main-mast to the companion-way, and partially covered the same, leaving, between our dormitory and the companion-way, a sort of vestibule, wherein the captain and mates hung their overcoats. The forward end was closed by a tarpaulin, and the after end was boarded up, leaving two apertures for doors. This place was much more comfortable than the fore-castle or the steerage, in fine weather, but not so safe from the buffetings of the sea, in stormy weather.

Not long after leaving China, we buried a poor fellow who had been for some time lingering with dysentery. This was my first experience of a burial at sea. The body being sewed up in a tarpaulin, with a weight attached to it, was laid on a plank at the lee gangway, covered by the American flag. The maintop-sail was backed, the captain read a few words from a book, all hands standing around with uncovered heads; the prayer over, the body was gently slid over the side, the ship filled away, and the duty went on as before. It was a subject for congratulation that this poor fellow was released from his unwholesome den in the fore-castle of a little ship crowded with chests, and having some barrels of provisions stowed in it. The only ventilation to this crowded hole was through the scuttle, not over three feet square. In those days,

ventilating ports were unknown, and nothing could be more unwholesome than the forecastle of a small ship.

While at Whampoa, our crew, on one occasion, through the influence of the vile "sam-shoo," a liquor made from rice, became very noisy and abusive. They insisted on keeping the lights burning after hours, and singing songs of questionable morality. Stetson ordered the lights out and the noise stopped; the men requested him to go to the place of departed spirits. In short, the authority of the officers was set at naught; Captain King was sent for. I have said that he was a humane, kind-hearted man; but, when his "dander" was raised, he was not lacking in spirit. Here was an occasion for the exercise of his authority, — the crew drunk, openly defying the mates. He ordered the men to come on deck; they refused to obey, unless he would agree to discharge Stetson. Finding the men obstinate, he called assistance from the neighboring ships; Stetson was ordered to take some of the mates who came, and storm the forecastle bulkhead between decks, and drive the men out. Having no arms, and being convinced that resistance was useless, they came up; and the ringleaders were punished by the cat at the main-rigging. I was at Canton at the time, and was very glad not to be a witness to the punishment of my shipmates, although fully convinced that they deserved it. On arrival in New York, a suit was brought against the captain and mate; but the judge fully exonerated them: in fact, commended the captain for his fatherly care of his men, and let Stetson off with a gentle reprimand.

During our slow progress down the eastern passage, a little incident occurred, which I mention as illustrative of the character of boys. Harry Farnham chafed much at being compelled to serve under Harris as cabin-boy, and became, on one occasion, very saucy. Harris boxed his ears, or threatened to flog him; this brought about a compact between Harry, Brush, and myself, wherein we agreed, if Harris, the cook, ever struck Harry, to go to the rescue. An opportunity soon occurred: Harry gave tongue to the sable king of the kitchen, and he caught him by the collar and boxed his ears; whereupon I jumped at Harris' throat, expecting the big boy Brush would lay him by the heels. But he failed to come to the "scratch," and Harris, a powerful man, seized my slender arm and said, "Let go, or I will break your arm like a pipe-stem." Being wholly unsupported, I complied with this reasonable request, at short notice. Harry, in the meantime, had escaped. Some of the officers and crew looked on and enjoyed the scene.

Falling short of water, and having a long run before us, we put into Cajeli Bay in the Island of Bouro, and began to procure water by floating the casks into the mouth of a small river, over the coral bottom, filling them and then rolling them off until they could be floated and towed off to the ship. All hands were employed in this disagreeable work under a broiling sun until the afternoon, when they were permitted to buy fruit, monkeys, parrots, &c., *ad libitum*. The fort was in charge of an old French officer, acting under the Dutch; I think he was a political exile. The captain, taking me along as interpreter, called on this functionary, who was very

polite and very poor; he wanted a number of things that I thought Captain King could very well spare, and among these was a pair of pistols, which I had cleaned many times, and was glad to get rid of. This was the first opportunity I had had of taking coffee with a real governor. By the time night came, we were all quite exhausted, not only by our labors in the sun, but also by excessive indulgence in the various fruits which abounded. All hands turned in expecting to have a long and quiet night; but, alas! at some dark unknown hour the land breeze came off, and the appalling cry of "All hands; up anchor!" roused me. I felt stiff and sore; my feet especially were cut and swelled by exposure on the coral reef. The windlass was manned, and the hempen cable came in very unwillingly; the boys at the jig-fall were almost asleep. Finally, Stetson announced, "Short apeak!" and orders were given to loose top-sails, jib, and spanker. My post was in the main-top. I shall never forget my painful sensations in going aloft; my feet were so swelled that I could not wear shoes, and I had to get up the ratlines on my knees. Arriving at the futtock shrouds, I did not hesitate to get up through the lubber hole — a deed considered unworthy under ordinary circumstances. The top-sails were set, the yards braced for getting under way, and the windlass was again manned. I was ordered to remain in the top, ready to loose the top-gallant-sail, and overhaul the rigging. The holding-ground was stiff, the men weak, and after much "yo-heave-o," and shouting, I concluded to take a nap. How long I slept I cannot say; but I was roused by loud cries of "Main-top there! loose top-gallant-sail,

&c." I obeyed, and we were off; the anchor catted and fished. We soon found ourselves in the open straits, and, hauling on a wind, had to furl our top-gallant-sails and come down to reefs.

In the hurry of embarkation, and not anticipating getting off in the night, the innumerable bunches of bananas, baskets of fruit, cages of parrots, and perches of monkeys were distributed all over the ship, many hanging in the rigging, some over the bows. Now, when a little ship of three hundred and twelve tons gets out of a snug harbor into a chopping sea, and has to come down to double reefs, with a short crew, lame and sore, no one who has not experienced the result can form any idea of the confusion: the cries of cockatoos, parrots, and monkeys, to say nothing of the pointed and emphatic language of Stetson, whose temper was not of the mildest on ordinary occasions. Monkeys' tails caught in blocks; parrots hung by the leg; wild pigs ran about the decks: all these made that night one of the most memorably hideous within my experience. Could I have got out of that scrape, even into the service of the governor of Bourro, I should have abandoned all hope of becoming a good skipper. We were about seventy days from China clear of the Straits, and one hundred and seventy-two, more or less, in getting to New York, where we arrived on "evacuation day," the 25th November, 1818.

During this long passage, most of our small stores gave out; our bread became locomotive by reason of the weevils and worms, and our salt provisions were served out with necessary economy. Bad as was our bread, I usually finished my week's allowance, served out on Sunday, by Friday, and was

compelled to buy of others who could not eat theirs. I sometimes foraged on the pantry. One of my duties was to call Stetson at the end of the watch, and, being well posted as to the locality of the captain's bread-tray, I generally extended my hand as I went by and appropriated a piece. One night, going in, my hand alighted upon a considerable portion of a hard Dutch cheese, and, as I had not much time for deliberation, I played a trump by seizing it, and, thrusting it into my hat, proceeded to call Stetson. Judge of my surprise at finding him wide awake, sitting with his legs over the berth board. He seemed in an unusually pleasant mood, and, giving my hat a knock, said, "What, sir, wear your hat in the cabin?" Cheese and hat rolled to leeward, and Stetson, who had seen the whole transaction, said, "Never mind, Bob; that was well done, and I shall forget all about it." Of course I picked up my hat and cheese, and retreated, well pleased with the result.

On arrival at New York, the weather was peculiarly cold to us coming from a hot climate. I had much outgrown my go-ashore winter clothes, so that, when I landed with ten dollars in my pocket, I presented a grotesque appearance: a short jacket, rather too short to meet a very light and very short pair of pants, a straw hat, shoes, but no socks. My first purchase was a hat and a pair of pants; then I thought of satisfying the inward man, and went into a confectionery shop near the old Park Theatre, and there had what sailors call a "tuck out." After satisfying my very rapacious appetite, sharpened by long fasting from decent food, I went in search of the domicile of my uncle, Colonel James Grant Forbes, in North More street,

where I found a hearty welcome from all the family. The evening was spent in the relation of my adventures; my cousins looked upon me as a "great medicine." How vividly I recall the delightful sensations excited by my clean bed, and how gratefully I appropriated a pair of lambs'-wool socks which I found by the side of it in the morning! My uncle soon rigged me out in a new suit. I remember to this day the pattern of the vest.

In those days, the only conveyance to Boston was by stage coach, or by packet through Long Island Sound. After a day or two of rest and perfect enjoyment, I was put on board a packet, a sloop with a high quarter deck and a large cabin warmed by a stove. This was luxury itself compared to the booby-hatch of the ship. We anchored many times, and I think must have been four or five days getting to Providence, or Newport, where I took my land tacks on board for Milton. I had always been called "Black Ben," from my dark complexion; now I was blacker than ever, and the tar with which my hands and finger-nails were dyed made me appear almost a darkey. The meeting with my mother and sisters cannot be described. Beside being thin and dark, I had symptoms of scurvy, and was generally out of order; but nothing could restrain me. I found my gun, and went to look for game; broke through the ice, came home wet and cold: in short, I was laid up with a bilious attack, and was compelled to undergo the terrible ordeal of Dr. Holbrook, who always began with calomel and jalap, and ended with Glauber's salt and a low diet. Before I had entirely recovered, my

ship was ready for sea, and I was put into the coach, it being now January, 1819, in charge of Captain George C. Reed, of the navy, and made my way to New York, where I found my uncle T. H. Perkins getting the ship ready. She was bound to China, *via* Gibraltar; the same captain and mates, the same cook, carpenter, and boy Farnham, the latter now before the mast. While getting ready for sea, I lived with Mr. Perkins, and wrote for him, and was in clover. I think we sailed on the 10th of January.

My business career began at this time, by the gift of a box of dollars for myself and brother Thomas, from my uncles Perkins.

This was my first adventure. I entered into a partnership with my brother Thomas, and kept the money going for a short time.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1819.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, — I have had a *box of dollars* put up for you and your brother Thomas, which is a present from your uncle James and myself to you and your brother; you will invest it in such articles as you may think will answer best. Many crapes will come this summer, but yet they will pay well. Ask Mr. Cushing to advise you, and invest one hundred dollars, which I send as an adventure for George, as you do your own, and let the amount come home in the ship.

As you are not very stout, you need not stand your watch from hence to Gibraltar; but from thence to China and back you will keep your watch as others do. You must prepare yourself for the situation you are to fill hereafter, by learning practical navigation. I have desired Captain King to see that you take the sun regularly, and I enjoin it upon you to get instruction from the captain and officers, and keep a regular journal throughout the voyage.

You must bear in mind that you have many duties to perform, and you must endeavor to conduct yourself in such manner as will do you credit at home and abroad.

Attend to my wishes, and you may be sure of my support and patronage.

Your affectionate uncle,

T. H. PERKINS.

MR. ROBERT B. FORBES.

Here it may be well to state, that my brother Thomas was still in his uncle's office, now moved to Central Wharf. We entered into partnership with the above ample nest-egg, which, according to our calculations, was to result in a clean sum of \$16,000 each when he came of age; at which time we were to divide the capital. There were to be, if I recollect, no commissions, no insurances, and no spending of the capital. On arrival in China, our ship being ordered to Europe, our \$500, with some additions from friends in China, was invested in silks, shipped by the "Nautilus," Captain Charles Pearson, belonging to Messrs. Perkins, and consigned to my uncle, J. G. Forbes. In the mean time, he had gone to Florida, and our goods fell into the hands of the Hones', acting as agents for the Perkins'; and the proceeds were lost sight of during my various ramblings, until found awaiting the order of my uncles Perkins several years after, and paid over with simple interest! This was a terrible disappointment to the young merchants, who had expected to make one hundred per cent. annually! I believe it led to the cancelling of the copartnership.

I must now go back to our voyage to Gibraltar. We had a favorable run of about twenty-two days, meeting with only one notable incident. One day, as we were running along with all studding-sails set, a young man named Michael Homer, of Boston, fell

overboard ; the skylight cover was thrown to him, and the ship rounded to, all standing ; a boat was lowered, and, after a hard struggle by Mike in trying to overtake the skylight cover, he was picked up, brought on board, congratulated by the captain on his escape, and well scolded by Stetson for what he called his carelessness in going over. He was leaning on the lower studding-sail sheet, serving it, when it parted, and Mike had to go over.

At Gibraltar, I enjoyed the privilege of pulling the after oar in the captain's gig ; and, having money, I proved a good customer to the fruit-sellers on the quay. William Wheelwright* commanded a brig there at that time, and I frequently pulled him on shore in our gig. More of him by and by. I sometimes wandered away from the boat, and incurred the censure of our good King. Sailing, in March or April, for Batavia and China, we arrived at the former without any noteworthy adventures, save the loss of Harry Farnham off the Cape of Good Hope, under the following circumstances: The little ship was running along before a fresh gale and heavy sea, under double-reefed top-sails and fore-sail ; some of the men were on the jib-boom binding a new sail ; Mike Homer was at the wheel. Captain King told Stetson to send down the royal yards. My post and Farnham's being at the main, we jumped simultaneously to the rail ; but he got over the top-rim before me, and I was ordered to remain below the top and receive the yard. The ship was rolling fearfully, the yard was topped all right, and as Harry was coming down the topmast rigging, grasping it, the ship gave a heavy weather roll ; and at this critical moment

* Since a pioneer in railroad and steamship enterprises in Chili.

Stetson, who had not bent on a rope to the end of the halyard, let it slip through his hands. Poor Harry was dragged from his hold, clung to the yard, which swung with him outside the main-brace while falling rapidly, and there he struck, or possibly tried to catch the brace, lost his hold, and fell headlong into the sea. The captain's first humane impulse was to round the ship to, and he gave the order, "Hard starboard!" but Mike Homer did not instantly obey, and the captain, knowing that no boat we had could be of any use in that heavy sea, countermanded the order. I was just under the top, waiting to receive the yard; and, as Harry fell, the sea washed him so near the mizzen-channels, that if any one had been there he might have caught him. I looked astern, and saw Harry struggling manfully on the top of the wave, and the last I saw of him the sea-birds were hovering over the spot. It was a sad sight, never to be forgotten. I felt the loss all the more keenly, from the fact that Harry and I had not always been the best friends, owing to the rivalry which existed between us, strengthened by a feeling of jealousy on his part at my privileges in China the first voyage. If I had arrived at the top-rim before him, my fate might have been to go over as he did, mostly through the neglect of Stetson.

CHAPTER III.

The "Canton Packet" Aground — Tempted to Stay in China — To Falmouth and Hamburg — Mercantile Experiences — In London — A Mutiny — A Small Rebellion — Appointed Third Mate.

ON arrival at Canton, I was invited as before to take up my quarters with Mr. Cushing, and do the work of a junior clerk. Here I found a valuable friend in Mr. John Hart, who was Mr. Cushing's chief clerk; also in Mr. Philip Amidon, whose nose took precedence of that belonging to our captain. During my stay, I partook of a dinner given by one of the Hong merchants, and was told of birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, rat pie, and cat curry; but I was not so verdant as to believe in all I heard. The ship remained several months in China, and when fully laden was carried by a typhoon into the paddy fields, and left almost high and dry. The captain and a boat's crew were in Canton, and I had not yet donned my sea-rig. When the gale abated, I embarked with Captain King and his friend Captain Mather for Whampoa; and when approaching that locality, not seeing the familiar mastheads of the ship over the fields, the captain spoke a China boat and inquired where his ship was. The answer was, "Me no savé; me thinkee have go Pekin." The "Nautilus," Captain Pearson, was at her anchorage all right, and from him we soon learned

that our ship had parted her rattan cables,* and gone up the other branch of the river. I had not long been on board the "Nautilus," when the jolly-boat of our ship came to her with Mr. Rowson, and I was allowed the privilege of taking the bow oar and returning to my duties. On reaching the ship, I found her on the flats, with a rank heel, many boats around her taking out stores. Among other things, the long boat had been put over and laden with barrels of provisions, wood, and traps taken out of the hole left under the after-hatch; among these was my chest of sea clothes buried out of sight.

Not having had much manual labor at Canton, my hands had become soft, and I was clad in nice white pants and a sky-blue silk jacket. The pull from the "Nautilus" had warmed me up nicely and blistered my hands sadly. The next day, the tide serving, the ship began to move in her bed; the many willing hands, among whom I well remember Captain Daniel C. Bacon, of the "Alert," and Captain Burseley, now began to tell, and she was hove off to her anchor. The order was given to loose the sails. I went to the foretop, and was busy trying to loose the middle stay-sail; but, having no knife, I found it difficult to cast off the harbor furl of snug ropeyarns. Captain Bacon had charge of the foremast, and gave me some sharp order to "bear a hand and loose that stay-sail," or to cut away the stops. I answered that I had no knife; and I recollect his rejoinder, "A pretty sailor without a knife." My subsequent intimate relations with Bacon make this little episode of peculiar interest. The ship was soon under way and anchored

* In those days of hempen cables, rattan cables were hired to use at Whampoa, on account of the damage sustained by hemp.

in Whampoa reach, where preparations were made for early sailing,—no damage having occurred to the ship.

Before going into the narrative of our departure for Hamburg, I must allude to the important crisis in my affairs, brought about by another offer from Mr. Cushing for me to remain with him. It was a sore temptation. I declined, well knowing that my brother Thomas was in expectation of filling the place. Mr. Philip Amidon asked me why I did not remain, and flattered me by quoting what Mr. Cushing had said of me; but I remained firm in my resolve, and also declined Mr. Cushing's offer to transfer me to the "Nautilus," Captain Pearson, which ship was soon to go home, while the "Canton Packet" was bound to Europe. I had promised my uncle Perkins to stick by my ship until fit to command her. I was, perhaps, somewhat influenced by the fact that Captain King was a very indulgent commander, who knew me thoroughly; while Captain Pearson had the credit of being very exacting. Let me here say that Captain Pearson long afterwards commanded the "Luconia," belonging to Mr. Samuel Cabot, myself, and others,—perhaps Mr. Bacon.

In coming to the decision to keep on and fulfil what I had considered my destiny, chosen under the advice or sanction of my uncles, I fully realized what I was giving up. A luxurious home, a sure road to fortune, in exchange for the laborious duties devolving on a sailor. Looking back to that decision, I cannot but feel that I acted from the most disinterested motives in connection with the interest of my elder brother. Taking into account my subsequent experience of Captain Pearson, I think I made a

mistake in not joining his ship. He was a man of quick impulses and a somewhat hasty temper; but he was a gentleman of great kindness of heart, unflinching integrity, and was possessed of great energy.

To revert for a moment to my situation on board the "Canton Packet" during the night we passed on the mud flat, let me describe the feeling. The ship lay over at an angle of twenty degrees, the weather very hot; the only accessible place left for me, the carpenter, and cook, was a space under the after-hatch, a mere hole, from which stores had been taken hastily to lighten the ship. After a hard afternoon's work and a cold, cheerless supper, in strong contrast to the luxurious table at Canton, I went below, hot, dirty, and sad. I had no change of clothes, no bed at hand. I laid me down to sleep with a heavy heart and an aching head, a spirit perhaps repentant for the decision I had come to; but I had the ever-present and ever-potent consolation of knowing that I was doing my duty,—doing what my mother and my uncles would approve. I had scarcely composed myself to sleep, my weary limbs on a water-cask and my head resting on a stick of wood, dreaming perhaps of the nice quarters I had so recently left, or of the home I hoped by and by to see, when Johnny Heatman jumped down the hatch, landing on my weary carcass. This was almost too much for me; and if I did not vent my feelings in anger, I certainly did in lamentations over my hard fortune.

During this passage to Europe, I gave much attention to navigation and seamanship. I grew finely, and began to feel a pride in getting to a weather earing and to steering my trick at the helm. I con-

sulted Stetson on the mysteries of lunar observations, azimuths, &c. ; but, as I afterwards found, he knew nothing beyond taking altitudes. I made no progress under his instruction, and was driven to work out the problems by closely studying my Bowditch, and occasionally consulting the captain, who frequently made use of me to note the time. I once incurred his displeasure by insulting Mr. Rowson, for whom I had no great respect, and whose enmity I had invoked by complaining to the captain of his pouring cold water down my back when I was found nodding. On this occasion, I asked the captain if I might pour cold water down Rowson's back whenever I found him asleep in his watch. This impertinent but suggestive inquiry caused the captain to come up several times to find Rowson nodding on the hen-coop.

During this passage, our sleeping quarters were on the same scale as in the first voyage, — on the booby-hatch and camphor-cases. My companions were Harris and the carpenter. The former was sorely troubled with rheumatism, and the latter was an inveterate snorer. I never dreamed of remonstrating at being put into close proximity with the cook, who, though black outside, was a hero within, and did much for my comfort. I was trying to accomplish the destiny to which God and my uncles had consigned me. One dark and squally night, a ludicrous scene occurred. I have before described our quarters, extending somewhat over the cabin companion-way ; there being no doors to close the apertures in the bulkhead, and the rain beating in upon my devoted head, I had buttoned the captain's pea-jacket

into the holes of Stetson's coat, each hanging by the side of the opening. During the squall, the ship got aback, or something unusual occurred; all hands were called, and, the captain and mate coming into the vestibule together, tried to get into their garments, but, finding it impossible, each let go his hold, and went on deck, — Stetson, as usual, swearing and bullying all hands, while the more devout captain invoked his Maker's aid. Among the accomplishments in which I shone conspicuous was that of catching fish. Whenever boy Bob could not be found on deck, he was sure to be found under the bowsprit, on the martingale, watching for dolphins and bonitos. We had a rather long passage, arriving at Falmouth, in England, for orders, in March, 1820.

While in Canton, at Mr. Cushing's, I was employed at the desk pretty constantly, and I often accompanied him in his little yacht on sailing excursions. I cannot refrain from giving herein an extract from a letter from him to my uncle, Thomas H. Perkins, dated Canton, Nov. 7, 1819, when I was a little over fifteen years old: —

MY DEAR SIR,—I have omitted in my letters, per "Nautilus," mentioning our young friend, Bennet Forbes, recommending his being promoted to be an officer on the return of the "Canton Packet." He is, without exception, the finest lad I have ever known, and has already the stability of a man of thirty. During the stay of the ship, I have had him in the office, and have found him as useful as if he had been regularly brought up to the business; he has profited so much by the little intercourse he has had with the Chinese, that he is now more competent to transact business than one half of the supercargoes sent out.

Then follows a strong recommendation of Mr.

John Hart, his chief clerk. He also speaks in very high terms of Captain Pearson, who sailed on the 16th October, in the "Nautilus," and whom we met in the Straits of Banca.

I have also before me a letter from Mr. Cushing to my mother, dated Oct. 7, 1819, wherein he writes:—

Bennet has been with me since July. He has become so useful that I really regret to let him go away; but as he has set out to make a sailor it is best to let him persevere; and I will answer for his being at the head of his profession within a few years. He is one of the finest lads I have ever met with, and knows already more than two-thirds of the ship-masters out of the country. The "Packet" sails for Europe in company with the "Nautilus." I gave Bennet the choice of going home in her, but he chose to remain by his old ship.

No apology seems necessary for placing these evidences of confidence on record. They were found among the papers of my mother. I must now return to my narrative. From Falmouth we were ordered to Hamburg, and arrived there in good time, accompanied up channel by a large revenue cutter sent to prevent smuggling. Anchoring below the city, part of our cargo was sent up in lighters, and I was put in one of them as supercargo. I remember her neat cabin, where the skipper allowed me a good bed and such diet as he was accustomed to, among which I remember sweet-lard instead of butter, brown bread, and indigestible dumplings. I endeared myself to the good skipper by working the lee-boards in tacking up river; so that, on arrival at the city, he honored me with an invitation to dine, principally on soup maigre, and flour dumplings. Through the kindness of Mr. Hart, and my cousin, James P. Sturgis, I had laid in an adventure of the value of one thousand

dollars or more, upon which I was to have half profits. When I had been relieved of the responsibility connected with the delivery of the lighter's cargo to the consignees, I assumed the attire of a gentleman, hired two rooms of a tailor named Furst, and prepared to display my merchandise. My uncle, John M. Forbes, had resided much at Hamburg and Copenhagen as Consul-General of the United States, and I soon found several of his old friends, who proffered their aid in the sale of my goods, and in making my sojourn pleasant. I accepted their kind offices, so far as to go to places of amusement, &c.; but I had made up my mind to pay no commissions, no guaranty, no insurance, and to act as my own salesman. My adventure consisted mainly of fancy articles, and, as I was afraid of glutting the market, I displayed only a small portion at a time; keeping the bulk of my assortment in my bed-room. I had many callers, especially ladies, to whom I sold, for hard cash, my fancy goods at a considerable advance. I had a call from a Jew, a man of some pretensions, named Burgheim, who professed to be an intimate friend of my uncle John. He made many professions of disinterested friendship, and wanted me to put my affairs into his keeping. He suggested that his friends wanted such and such things, and that he could influence them for my advantage; but I resisted, and declared that I would not pay commission on a single pearl button or skein of silk; and I did not. He tried hard to lead me into the peculiar dissipations for which Hamburg was notorious, and I take to myself some credit for resisting his enticements.

From Hamburg we went to London, where the

crew were discharged, and the ship was taken into St. Catharine's dock, to be coppered and fitted for her return to China. I, of all the crew, alone remained by her. Stetson, the mate, and Captain King had quarrelled on the way home, and it may not be out of place to give an account of a scene I could not help being a party to, as I was an unwilling listener under my bamboo mat-house on the after-hatch. I know not the origin of the quarrel, but I remember the captain walking on one side of the quarter-deck and Stetson on the other, growling at each other. Finally, Stetson said, "I am as honest a man as ever stood in your shoes." The captain retorted, "I suppose you call it honest to sell part of a hemp cable to another ship, and after weighing it to cut off a part." "Exactly, sir," replied the mate; "that is what I call looking out for the interest of the owners. I kept enough to make a d—d good set of sheets and ties." Stetson had sailed with Captain Daniel Bacon on the north-west coast, and the story had obtained currency in China that he had done this thing. Stetson had lost several front teeth, and it was said that one day he gave Bacon some rough language, when Bacon struck him with a gun-barrel that he was cleaning. I cannot vouch for the fact, but that was the common belief. Stetson was so unpopular, that we were ready to believe any thing against him, and to doubt all else. Rowson and Johnny Heatman were discharged.

At this time, Mr. Samuel Williams was the principal American merchant in London. He was an old friend and correspondent of my father. Mr. Frederick W. Payne, who married my cousin, Nancy Sturgis,

was there also, acting as the special agent of the Perkins house; he had his quarters at Dix's coffee-house, near Temple Bar. I soon found an opportunity of paying my respects to him, and was cordially received. I should have stated that I was left in charge of the ship, and naturally removed myself from the steerage to the cabin, and, in fact, assumed entire control of all details. Mr. Payne, who was afflicted with dyspepsia, and never very jolly by nature, suggested that he wanted my services during the stay of the ship to copy letters, &c. I went, daily, over the long road from St. Catharine's docks, Limehouse, to Temple Bar, making my way by omnibus, and worked for Mr. Payne with good will. One day he said to me, that Mr. Williams, hearing of me, desired him to bring me to dine on a given day; and Mr. P., in conveying this agreeable message, suggested that I must procure a dress-coat, an article of apparel with which I was wholly unacquainted, and which I did not wish to buy merely to dine with Mr. Williams. I stated this fact to Mr. Payne, adding, that if Mr. W. desired to be civil to a son of his old friend, he would be just as glad to see him in a short jacket as in a swallow-tail coat. Mr. Payne thought otherwise, and so I did not go to Finsbury Square to dine with Mr. Samuel Williams.

The ship was now ready for sea. Mr. Dauphin King, nephew to the captain, who had recently been wrecked on the coast of Holland, in the brig "Bocca Tigris," belonging to my uncles, was shipped as mate; a young Scotchman, named Wilson, who had commanded a vessel for his father, was shipped as second

mate, and Captain Comerford, of the lost brig, came on board as passenger. I had never exchanged a word with Captain King as to promotion; but I had slipped into the cabin of my own volition, and I had recently been addressed by him as *Mr. Forbes*. So far, so good; but, desiring to have my position more clearly defined, I requested him to define it. He answered that I was to be third mate. On getting to sea, I found myself put into the watch of Wilson, the second mate. I respectfully remonstrated, alleging that the second mate was usually considered the aid of the captain, and the third mate the aid of the chief mate. I desired this change, because I had found out very early that Wilson was not much of a seaman, and Mr. King was, in all respects, his superior. But Captain King remarked, good-humoredly, that Mr. K. was fully competent to take care of his watch, while it required two such as Wilson and I to do this. I thought I saw through his motives, believing that he had more confidence in me than in Wilson, and I acquiesced without murmuring. Our crew was made up of men sent on board by the consul to get them out of his way, and were about as bad a lot as I ever sailed with. Dauphin King was a very strict disciplinarian, a man of untiring energy, great force of character and muscle; one who never permitted a man to say "*can't*," and who considered it a deadly sin to disobey any order, or to give an insolent answer.

We were bound for Gibraltar, and had not long been at sea when symptoms of mutiny broke out; the men were incompetent and insolent, and some had

liquor on board, which they swore not to give up. King was ready to proceed to extreme measures, and Comerford, his late captain, was ready to back him; but our good captain, knowing that we should soon be at Gibraltar, where a change could be effected, counselled mild measures, and, in point of fact, gave in to the men. This made them still more insolent; so that, when we arrived at our destination, in mooring ship, in the evening, their insolence became unbearable, and a general row was the result. One of the ringleaders was seized and brought into the steerage to be put in irons; before accomplishing this, all hands rushed to the rescue, took the man out of the captain's hands, and retreated to the forecastle, swearing that no man should be put in irons on board of that ship. All this was the work of a moment, and we had no time to go for arms, which was fortunate, as otherwise there would have been blood spilt. The men were battened down in the forecastle, and the captain, mates, carpenter, cook, steward, and passenger had to go to work and cackle the hempen cable. A guard was placed over the forecuttle, and I was detailed to go into the between-decks, where there was little cargo, and ascertain what was going on in the forecastle. The bulkhead of this hole had two wide openings, protected by gratings for ventilation, so that every thing could be heard from the between-decks. Being in the dark, I soon ascertained, by the little light through the chinks, that the men had placed their chests against the gratings, and were discussing the situation. As usual with listeners, I heard no compliments applied to myself or my mother.

One of the leaders, who shipped by the name of Shoultz, an old man-of-war's man, was chief spokesman, and spoke something to this effect: "We must stick together, bullies, and not permit any . . . to put his hand on us; if that mate does, . . . , I will" Then another spoke and said: "Let us go for watch-and-watch, no flogging, grog twice a day, small stores; the old man won't hold out, and as to that mate, we must get rid of him; the third mate, that . . . ship's cousin, he don't amount to any thing."

At this point my rage knew no bounds, and I felt like taking a shot through the grating; but I restrained myself. Then another spoke and said, "I am thinking the old man has more pluck than any of them; when we rescued Bob he made a pass at me with a cutlass that came near settling me; he's game, the old fellow is." Another remarked that that fellow "Comfort," as they called him, had precious little comfort in him; he and the mate have sailed together. "If I don't give him a shove overboard some dark night, may the devil fetch me; he is the one puts them up to it. As for the second mate, he is a gentleman, every inch of him; and as to that upstart of a third mate, one dig in the ribs will settle him." Now Shoultz spoke again: "Come, mates, take another pull at the jug, and let us see what arms we can muster." "I've a chain-hook," says one; "I've a crowbar," says another; and, "I've a knife, and know how to use it," says another, and, suiting the action to the word, stuck it into the top of his chest. One man, less drunk and less belligerent than the rest, said, "For my part, shipmates, I think you are going too far, and will get

brought up with a round turn." "Never fear," said Shoultz, "they can't get men here, and must come to terms; let us stick together to the last drop: swear to stick together. I have knocked down better men than that mate, and 'Comfort' ain't going any further in the ship." I reported the result of my reconnoissance, and we kept a vigilant watch all night under arms. In the morning, the colors were set union down, which brought off the captain of the port, who left a guard on board; while Captain King sent over to Algeziras to the "Guerriere" frigate, Captain Warrington,* who soon sent an officer with a squad of marines. The men were summoned on deck, looking very much disconcerted, having had neither supper nor breakfast; the majority now began to realize the mistake they had made, and were willing to go to work, promising good behavior, but insisting on certain conditions as to watches, grog, &c. The ringleaders, however, headed by Shoultz, held out, and asked to go on board the frigate and tell their own story; they were allowed to go. I understood that they were sent to the consul, who kept them in limbo until after we sailed. As to the rest of the men, Captain King, finding that he could replace them by much better ones from the frigate, informed them that as they had sworn to stick together, and proposed to return to duty under impossible conditions, he should discharge them; which was done. It happened very opportunely that a dozen men whose time was nearly up volunteered to ship from the frigate. It was a great point to get a well-disciplined set of men in healthy condition, instead of the scourgings of Wapping, whom the consul had put on board in London. After a run of a few days

* L. M. Goldsborough was a middy on board of her at that time.

on shore, during which they spent their money, and gave and received several black eyes, they came off, bringing with them several kegs of liquor; of course, this was contrary to rule, and could not be permitted. It was finally arranged that the liquor should be kept under lock and key, and dealt out to the men twice a day, under the eye of the officers.

We sailed from Gibraltar under the most favorable auspices, — a good ship, a fine crew, at a pleasant season of the year. Captain King had much applauded my conduct during the drunken row. Mr. King had established his name as one not to be trifled with. The crew had been well accustomed to obey young officers. I began to feel confidence in myself, and few supposed me to be only sixteen. In short, I thought myself a full-grown man. I tried hard to please the Dauphin, and was not very long in discovering that he and the captain relied much more on me than on Wilson; who, though a young man of some education, had been very badly brought up, and was in fact no sailor, so that much of the duty of the watch devolved upon me. Wilson was an excellent sleeper, and very often indulged in this way when he had charge of the deck. I knew of no greater sin than this, and it was my habit, the moment he became unconscious, to assume the command of the deck; and I generally disturbed his naps by trimming the yards, or making some demonstration for this purpose. I had no right, perhaps, to assume the command in his presence, but I assumed that when he slept I must consider myself responsible; this course caused some sparring between us, but he was too easy by nature long to resent my conduct. I confess that I sometimes took

a snooze myself when he was wide awake, and in fine weather.

All went on harmoniously between the officers and crew, until one fine morning, as we were running down the "trades," one of the men cuffed an ordinary seaman for some slight lapse of duty; whereupon the young man appealed to the captain, who called the man aft, and gave him a reprimand, telling him never again to strike any young man. The fellow, a stout, bull-necked man, named Freemantle, made some saucy answer, whereupon Captain King gave him a cuff. Freemantle ran forward, stripped off his shirt, and dared any one to approach him; he had picked up a handspike on his way, and seemed to be in earnest. It was Wilson's watch, and he stood looking on. The mate was below; I went for him, telling him to come quickly. Captain King gave orders to bring the man aft; I rushed forward, and as he backed up I seized his throat handkerchief, and ordered him to come aft; whereupon he whipped out a knife, cut the neck-tie, and leaped down the fore-scuttle, vowing vengeance on any one who should invade it. By this time, the mate, carpenter, and cook were at the foremast; the Dauphin ordered me to make a running bowline in the hauling part of the fore-lift, and go down and put it upon him. Freemantle had unshipped the ladder, and stood at bay, stripped of all save his trousers, with a knife in his hand. The situation did not look very inviting, but to "obey orders if you break owners," was a motto I had so often heard from the Kings, that I did not hesitate to go down. As I advanced, Freemantle retreated into an upper berth, and as he landed in it I put the bowline

over his legs, and cried, "Sway away!" The fall was well manned, not only by the mates, but by the men who obeyed the order, and seemed to have no sympathy with their shipmate. He went up with much celerity and some hard knocks, feet first, and was kept there until he agreed to go quietly aft and be put in irons. This was done, and he remained in the steerage chained to a stanchion, with a diet of bread and water, and a hard plank for a bed. I should have stated that the man had saved up several days' allowance of grog, and had taken just enough to make him ugly. After being in confinement a day, he sent for me, and said he was very sorry, and desired to see the captain; this request being granted, the following dialogue ensued:—

Captain. "Well, sir, what have you to say?"

Man. "Your honor, a drop too much was the cause of my offence; plaze let me go, and I will do me duty, and give ye no more throuble, sure. These darbies aint at all pleasant bedfellows; and, as to the diet, I niver much liked bread and water."

The captain smiled, and said, "If you promise to behave, and never lift your hand again to an officer, I will let you off; but, mind, if ever you do, I shall put you in the rigging, and give you the cat."

Freemantle said, "Thank you, sur, that's what I call civil tratement, and what I am used to; but I don't like these ruffles."

The "ruffles" were knocked off, and he was soon on his way forward, kicking up his heels like a young colt; he always did his duty. He was the bully of the forecastle, and sometimes a friendly set-to among the men was unheeded by us, or only known through

the discovery of a black eye or two among the men occasionally. It was common in those days, whenever a quarrel was to be decided by blows, to nail the seat of the pants of the belligerents to a chest, astride of which they must sit, and go at it under certain rules. The officers did not consider it their duty to interfere in such innocent amusements.

Here let me say that the man Shoultz was found among the gang of riggers whom I employed to raise my mother's house in 1833, and was recognized by me. He then passed under the name of Hammond; said he had sowed his wild oats, was married, and lived in Boston. He alluded to the "scrape" at Gibraltar, twelve years before; said he had given up drinking in a *great measure*, so I gave him a *small* glass of brandy, which he drank off without winking, and went on with the work of raising the house built by the upstart ship's cousin, to whom one dig in the ribs would have been enough, at the time mentioned. Many years after, this man was received into the Snug Harbor, at Quincy, an institution of which I was one of the founders, about 1852. The mate of the "Midas," Mr. Goss, whose wife was a cousin of the eminent philanthropist, George Peabody, also was a recipient of the benefits of a home in the Snug Harbor, at Quincy, and died there.

The ship touched at Batavia, and went on to Canton. As my duties now required my presence on board, I saw comparatively little of my best friends, — Messrs. Cushing, Sturgis, and Hart. The result of my joint adventure had been satisfactory. Nothing very important occurred during our stay at Whampoa, save the transfer of Mr. Wilson to the "Honqua,"

Captain Nash, and my appointment to his place. As we sailed in February, 1821, direct for Boston, I must have been less than sixteen and a half years of age at that time. On our way home, near the northern entrance of Gaspar Straits, we came near losing the ship on the Belvidere Shoals. We passed an anxious night at anchor between two reefs, but got out safely the next morning. On approaching Boston, June, 1821, not getting a pilot, and the weather looking bad, Captain King undertook to run in without one and anchor in Nantasket Roads; but he borrowed too close on to the shoal extending out from George's Island, and, on an ebb-tide, put the ship on shore. While there, lying with a rank heel off shore, the ship "Volunteer" passed by from China. The ship came off with damage to the ground-tier, and the owners, not liking it, employed the good captain no more. It was not generally considered to have been an act of carelessness, for Captain King was habitually prudent.

CHAPTER IV.

Family Matters — To Rotterdam and Back — Offered and Refuse Place of Chief Mate — A Storm — A Question of Dignity — Captain of the "Levant." — Death of My Father — A Voyage to China — A Funeral at Sea.

I REMAINED at home in the enjoyment of all that could be done for me by an affectionate mother and other kind relatives. My eldest sister, Emma, had been always a most faithful correspondent, and my Aunt Abbot, of Exeter, an admirable counsellor. I here insert a copy of one of her truly motherly letters, dated June 3, 1821.

MY DEAR BENNET, — I was much delighted to observe by the papers last evening the safe arrival of the "Canton Packet," and most sincerely congratulate you and your dear family on your return to them. I shall be impatient to hear how you are, and hope you return in better health than on your last voyage. I hope, my dear B., that you will be able to come and see us; it will do you good, and delight us. You must bring one of the girls with you to show you the way, and to add to our pleasure. I received your letter from Canton, and was much gratified by your remembrance and attention. I should have written to you, had we not looked for you this season; but I feel confident that you did not need to be told how much interested I am in your welfare, or to be assured of the maternal affection I have always felt for you and your brother: let me know how you left him and all other friends. If you do not feel like writing, tease your mother or one of the girls to give me the particulars of your concerns, and to tell me that you will make us a visit. All

the family join in love and congratulations. God bless you, my dear child! May his blessing rest upon you is the prayer of your affectionate aunt.

In accordance with her desire, my sister Emma drove from Milton to Exeter in a chaise with me, and we made a short visit.

On the 4th of July, 1821, she wrote to me another letter, from which I extract a few lines.

I am sorry to find you are so soon to leave us. For your dear mother I am truly grieved, but for you I am not sure that it is not best. Should you long enjoy the pleasures of home, you might resume your profession with more reluctance. I regretted exceedingly that you could not remain longer with us; it was indeed a great pleasure to see you, and more than I can express to find you as you are, — all I could wish you to be. May God preserve you pure and good as I believe you to be, and continue you a rich blessing to your family and friends. Should I not write again before you sail, accept my blessing, and be assured you are never forgotten in my daily orisons. May the God of mercy be your preserver and your support, and may he crown you with all that can make you virtuous and happy.

Captain Charles S. Cary was now appointed to the "Canton Packet," Mr. Dauphin King continued as chief mate, I was again appointed second, and Mr. Sylvanus F. Morton was shipped as third mate and carpenter. We sailed late in the summer of 1821. At this time, my family lived in the old house on the hill, which stood near to the present entrance. The estate belonged to my uncle, John M. Forbes, and was loaned to our use free of rent; by which help, and some aid from my uncles, J. and T. H. and Samuel G. Perkins, my mother, by dint of great economy, tried to support and educate her daughters and her son, John M., then about seven years old.

My father's misfortunes in business, and a constitution much broken by severe gout, had left him poor and dependent at a very early age, he being scarcely fifty. He had been so much away, that we looked upon him as almost a stranger.

At this period of my life, I had laid up nothing. I began my last voyage as third mate at ten dollars a month, and, when I came to settle my account, Mr. Samuel Cabot, who was then the executive member of the house of J. & T. H. Perkins (my old firm having become merged in the old house), looking solely at the articles, was for paying me off at that rate; but, as I had done the duty of second mate from the time Mr. Wilson left, I claimed to be paid for that time twenty-five dollars a month. Mr. Cabot referred the matter to my uncle, Thomas H., who immediately ordered my very reasonable request to be complied with. I mention this little incident, in order to show that I was not forgetful of my rights, and that my uncle acted justly; and I believe he thought all the better of me for demanding my rights. At this time of my life, and for a long time after, I thought only of how I could promote the welfare of my mother, and younger brother and sisters; my highest ambition was to procure means to make them comfortable. John was fond of books and study, and already showed signs of intelligence far beyond his years.

My brother, Thomas T., had, in the mean time, gone to China to fill the place originally designed for him, and for which he had been well drilled. On arrival in China, I found him acting as Mr. Cushing's principal aid. As my duties now confined me much

to the ship, I saw little of him and my other relatives and friends at Canton.

Captain Cary proved one of the best of men, and Dauphin King one of the most efficient. The captain had, naturally, a quick temper, but he had it under control; he showed the utmost confidence in his officers, and troubled himself very little as to details.

In due time we sailed for Rotterdam, touching at Cowes for orders; we also touched at Manila, and took in part of a cargo. On the way home, we were obliged to fish some of our spars and to pump a good deal. We arrived at Rotterdam in due time, went from there to London, and thence to the United States, arriving late in the autumn of 1822.

I have before me a letter from Mr. Cushing to my mother, dated Canton, January 25, 1822. I trust my readers will attribute to the right motives my quoting liberally therefrom.

My DEAR AUNT,—Captain Cleveland brought me your valued favor, dated in August, expressing your anxiety to hear about Thomas. I assure you that, had I not supposed that you knew how much his good conduct merits my approbation, I should long since have written to you regarding him. To divest myself of all partiality on your account, I consider him one of the finest young men that I have ever met with; his habits are as good as can be, his disposition the most amiable, and his capacity for business superior to any young man I know. He has been with me nearly two years, during which time he has conducted himself so as to merit my unqualified regard. His progress has been so great, that I should feel as much confidence in trusting our business to him as if I were personally present. Indeed, no praises that I can bestow are adequate to his merit. Bennet is also a great favorite, and his good conduct and manly deportment give him the regard of all who know him. You

possess in your sons treasures that seldom fall to the lot of mortals, and you may look forward with the most perfect confidence that they will prove what the most sanguine wishes of a parent can anticipate. I should much prefer your wealth to that of those who are envied for the millions they possess, but which can never afford them the happiness you must experience in your children, if they are all like the *musters* you have sent to me.

Among the ancient letters, I find one in my own hand to my father, dated Rotterdam, August, 1822, stating :—

We arrived at Helvoet Sluys on the 18th instant, one hundred and fifty-three days from Manila. I left the ship on the 20th, in charge of my adventure, and that of Messrs. King and Morton, in order to dispose of them to advantage. I knew that wholesale merchants are very apt to dispose of small adventures off hand for what they will fetch. It is also much more convenient and pleasant, after being shut up so long, to attend to my sales. I am at the Washington Hotel, where our captain also lives. I have sold nothing yet, owing to the dilatoriness of these *mynheers*. Our cargo will all be out before the first lighter is discharged. I expect to make fifty per cent. I expect to be home in ten days after you get this.

Lord Londonderry, Castlereagh, has just committed suicide. This goes by the ship "Madison," of and for Boston. We have news from home to 17th July. Mr. Creamer, of Creamer & Wilkins, is good enough to attend personally to my wants.

Aug. 30. — Since writing the above, all my golden hopes have fallen to the ground. We have orders to go to London, and are to load there for Canton. My disappointment is very great. I had fixed my mind on seeing home again this winter, but now I am in for another fourteen months' absence from all that's dear to me. Never mind, I can get over it as well as most people. I shall write again from London, but do not expect me for a year or two.

On arrival in London, it was thought best to send the ship home.

My parents, on my arrival home, keenly felt the

necessity for my continuing my career. I looked forward, as to the summit of my ambition, to the time when I should command a fine ship like the "Canton Packet," of three hundred and twelve tons, and felt satisfied that I was getting on as well as could be expected for a lad of eighteen. The ship was ready for sea, and Captain Dauphin King was ordered to command her. I was offered the situation of chief mate; but knowing the amount of responsibility, and the exacting character of Captain King, I shrank from it, and told my uncle that I thought I was too young, and preferred to go one more voyage as second mate. I have since learned, and in fact fully realized at the time, that this decision would, in the end, not interfere with the result. I knew my motives would be appreciated. A Mr. Sampson, of Duxbury, went as mate, and Morton continued as third mate and carpenter. We were ready for sea in February, and on the 3d, with every prospect of bad weather, we sailed, contrary to the advice of the pilot, and got to sea late in the afternoon.

We had scarcely got an' offing when it shut down thick, and began to snow with the wind at north-east. Our little ship was heavily laden with provisions and staves for Batavia. Colonel Perkins had hurried us off in great confusion; many things were tumbled on board, half lashed or half stowed, and the crew were not all in condition to do their best in bringing things to order. We soon had to come down to very short sail, and occasionally to wear ship; our stern-boat was washed away, carrying with her a lot of vegetables, and all belonging to her; our bulwarks were stove, and, take it all in all, it was about

as uncomfortable a situation as I remember. I was on the maintop-sail yard during the worst, trying to get the close reef into it, when my fur cap blew off, leaving my warm hair exposed; when I got to the deck, half frozen, my head was covered with a wig of ice. We sounded occasionally, and at one time got only fourteen fathoms of water. Finally the wind came round to the north-west, and we ran out of the bay. During the gale, the captain had occasion to go forward to attend to a man suffering under that very common infirmity, "delirium tremens." As he returned aft, the ship was boarded by a sea which caught and carried him out under the lee rail, where there was a great gap in the bulwarks; but, as the ship lurched lee rail under, he contrived to get hold of something, and came up to where I was standing holding on to the weather-mizzen rigging, and said, "A drowning man will cling to a straw." He had in his hand the ring of the lantern that he had taken forward. During that eventful night in Boston Bay, I thought much on the anxiety my parents and the owners of the ship would feel on our account, and I doubt not Colonel Perkins would have given a handsome premium to insure her. My mother consulted a neighbor, Captain Thomas, as to our chances, and he, desiring to quiet her fears, went into town and made inquiries of Mr. Wilson, the pilot who took us to sea, and procured some comfort for my anxious parents.

Before I relate the incidents of this voyage, I must go back a little and give an account of one which occurred on the voyage when I was first made an officer. It will serve to illustrate character, and may thus be of use to young men similarly situated.

Not many weeks after we sailed, Captain King ordered me to do certain things to his fancy gig, which hung at the starboard davits. Taking a man with me, I went to work to obey the order, when the captain, who, for some reason, was not in good humor, came and began to fuss around, interfering with my work. I very coolly stepped in and took possession of the quarter-deck. The captain soon came down from his high perch on the rail, and, within the hearing of the man at the wheel, said: "Don't show me any of your airs, young man, or I shall box your ears." I made no rejoinder, but kept on my walk up and down the quarter-deck. The captain went below, and, as soon as I could go with propriety, I followed, and with a firm but respectful tone, addressed him to this effect: "Sir, you placed me here without any solicitation on my part, and called me 'Mr. Forbes.' I have sailed two voyages with you, and you know all about me. While you call me *Mr.* Forbes, and expect me to command men, you must respect me as an officer. Put me before the mast, if you like, and call me *boy Bob*: I shall not murmur; but while called *Mister*, I must be respected as such. I am willing to be censured in private, but not on the quarter-deck before the men."

The good feeling of the captain prevailed, and he made some remarks conciliatory in their nature, which I received as a sufficient apology, and went to my duty more than ever determined to please the kind captain.

Going back to our voyage under Dauphin King, I recall the fact that he took a strong prejudice against Mr. Sampson, and often mortified him by showing

his partiality towards me ; so that, by the time we arrived at Batavia, I felt myself uncomfortably situated. Our ship was to load there for Europe, and I should thus be a long time from home, and not see my China friends and relatives. The ship "Levant," Captain Edward Cabot, was in port, bound to Canton, and I applied to exchange with her second mate. Captain King kindly consented, and I was transferred to her. Here, I found myself in an entirely new element. Captain Cabot, a brother to Mr. Samuel Cabot, one of our owners, had never been regularly through the lower grades, and, although a perfect gentleman, he was not, and never could be, called a sailor. His mate, Mr. Gillespie, was a very well-educated gentleman ; had served in the navy, and was well skilled in navigation and naval tactics, perhaps a little too much tied down by rules, and not enough versed in practice. We had a pleasant run to China, arriving there in the summer of 1823. As neither the captain nor the mate cared much for the small details of fitting the ship, and keeping her in the fine condition that was considered so important by the Kings, under whom I had so long served, I was left to do pretty much as I chose. I had served six years in the "Packet," and was familiar with every knot in her deck and every patch on her sails. From the rigidity of discipline under the Kings, I came to where there was very little. I might have sailed years longer with Dauphin King, and never have considered myself competent to fill his place ; but, under Captain Cabot, I began to think that I might, some day, find myself sufficiently confident to command a ship. During my stay at Whampoa, I saw little of my brother and my

other Canton friends. I knew that Tom was daily gaining favor, and was already spoken of as the successor to Mr. Cushing. His position seemed very far above mine, and I sometimes felt it keenly, especially when I called to mind that I might have been in the enjoyment of the luxuries so common to him, while I was hard at work among the rope yarns and tea chests.

We sailed for Rotterdam, touching at Cowes for orders, and I again called on Creamer & Wilkins to aid me in the disposal of my adventure. From Rotterdam we went to St. Ubes, in Portugal, and took a cargo of salt to Boston, arriving in the summer of 1824. All hands were paid off, except myself; I had general charge of the ship.

I found the usual affectionate welcome from my family. My father's health was entirely broken. He had, not long before, fallen and fractured his arm, and it was evident to me that he could not long survive.

The "Levant," a ship of two hundred and sixty-four tons, was a favorite with my uncles, the owners; she was called a lucky ship, although then well advanced in years and somewhat soft in spots. She was again ordered to be fitted out, and I was to see to the general details, supposing that I was to go as mate. One day, the Colonel came on board and said that it was about time for me to be looking for a mate. Somewhat taken by surprise, I expressed some doubt as to the propriety of taking command before my maturity, and without going once as mate. At that time I was a little short of twenty. The Colonel answered, that if I was not fit to command now I never should be. Remembering that I had once refused promotion, and not for-

getting that my self-respect and confidence had grown stronger after I joined the "Levant," I accepted the unexpected honor.

I refer to the letter of Mr. Cushing, dated November, 1819, as one of the reasons for my early promotion. I proposed to my uncle to take Mr. Gillespie, the former mate. He made objections on the score of his age, and my former subordinate position to him; but I overruled all objections by stating that, if he accepted the place, he was the last man to take advantage of our former relations. Mr. Gillespie accepted the situation with the simple understanding conveyed to him in my proposal, that he must forget that we had sailed together. In his reply, he paid a flattering compliment to my intelligence. This acceptance of a subordinate place by a man old enough to be my father, under the circumstances, added another valuable link to the confidence gained by my exchange into the "Levant."

The day for sailing was fixed for the 5th or 6th of October, 1824; but my poor father's sufferings were brought to an end on the 5th. My last consultation with him was on the subject of my new responsibilities as captain; his last words were: "Go, my brave boy! God will reward you. I die content in knowing that you and Tom are in a fair way of supporting your mother and the children." Leaving him, I went to the city to attend to my ship; when I returned, he had gone to his long account, and my ship was appointed to sail in the morning. A young friend, Mr. Edward Crehore, drove me to Brookline to announce the sad news to my uncle; he readily assented to my detaining the ship until the 8th, in order to

give me time to attend to the last sad offices to my dear father. Late in the evening of the 7th, accompanied by my cousin, James M. Robbins, I took the remains to King's Chapel, and deposited them; it was a fine moonlight night, and I well remember my return to my mother and the younger members of the family about midnight. I slept but little that night, and rose early to take leave of the dear ones, and commence my responsibilities as captain, at the early age of twenty.

My brother Thomas and myself were now left in charge of a fond mother and a large family, with very restricted means. The taking leave of them at this time was enough to try the stoutest heart. John was too young to realize the responsibilities of our situation, being then about eleven years old. My cares were enhanced by the custody of a gentleman named Samuel Hopkins, who was in the last stages of consumption. Mr. Thomas H. Perkins, Jr., had promised him a trip to a better climate. On the morning of my departure, I called upon his wife, whose maiden name was Powell, and promised to do all I could for her husband; this was to me, and to her, a painful interview. Finding all ready, we got under way, with a fine breeze at northwest; at eight o'clock we were off Cape Cod. My second mate was a faithful but illiterate man, named David Harris, who had been brought up on the lakes. In 1837, he was mate of a brig of mine. Mr. Hopkins was a merchant of some note—an agreeable gentleman. At the end of about ten days, he was too ill to leave his berth, and became a source of much care and anxiety to me. I watched many hours by his bed-

side, and Mr. Harris was equally devoted. But he failed gradually, and was buried near the equator. My letter to Mrs. Hopkins, now before me (1875), bears date November 6, 1824, lat. 6° N., long. $25\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W; and announces the sad end of her husband the day before. I enclosed a copy of an address made to the crew. These papers will be found in one of the pigeon-holes of my large desk, and ought to be read by my children. The remembrance of my father's last days, and the new responsibilities connected with my early command, made this a hard trial for me. On the day of his death, I was called from his bedside by a squall, leaving Harris in charge. When the squall was over, I returned, to find him in the last struggle for breath. I placed before his eyes the portraits of his little girls, and tried to get from him some last words; but he was wholly unconscious. Placing my hand on his heart, I felt its last throb; I could do no more. This was the first death I had witnessed; and I cannot, after the lapse of fifty-one years, think over that scene with entire equanimity. At the time, the thunder and lightning were playing around us. Every groan from the sufferer, for many days before and after his death, reminded me of my father; and I grew gray apace. A funeral at sea is always a peculiarly solemn event. This one, in which I had to play the principal part, overcame me so much that I was obliged to call upon Gillespie to read the address; but he could not get on, and I was finally compelled to finish it myself. The sea was smooth; the little ship hove to, the ensign at the spanker-gaff; the body, inclosed in a coffin, was at the lee gangway covered with a flag. All hands

stood with bare heads and tearful eyes, until the last plunge. No one could witness that scene without emotion. The presence of a father of the Church would have given more form to the service, but nothing could have enhanced its value as evidence of solemn feeling and responsibility.

Every thing went on prosperously. I had a good crew, and they seemed to be favorably impressed with their young captain ; who, as usual, was known to them as "the old man." I had with me a most reliable companion, a poodle dog, bought at Rotterdam ; he was called Moore, or Moar. One day he was seized with fits, and in order to bleed him I cut off his long ears ; he recovered, and was a source of great pleasure to me ; but finally, having another fit off the Pelew Islands, and having no more ears to spare, and a very short tail, he died !

His services were commemorated in the following dog-rell : —

Alas, poor Moar, thou hast gone to the bourn
 From whence no traveller returns !
 Thy doating master will ne'er cease to mourn
 While his heart for humanity burns.
 Alas, faithful dog, thou art now no more,
 Thou hast gone with a shot to old Davy !
 No stone marks the spot, no cairn on the shore,
 Thou hast gone as they go in the navy.
 As his name did imply, he was black as a coal ;
 His hair full of ringlets was curled ;
 His sagacity such, you'd think he'd the soul
 Of any sea-dog in the world.
 Moustachios like a Don, eyebrows like Bill Sturgis,
 Half-boots like a dandy, set round with ruffs ;
 He would sit in a chair like any old Burgess,
 Drink his wine, and e'en take his puffs.
 Whenever I fancied a thing out of reach
 He could steal it as well as myself ;

If caught in the act they could not impeach
 My honor for sharing the pelf.
 He could swim like a duck, and dive like a stone;
 He could do a great many things *more*!
 He could fetch hat or glove, upright walk alone;
 Could knock or e'en ring at the door.
 His native place was the city of Rotterdam;
 His education received he at Leyden, —
 For vulgar English he cared not a damn;
 He could sing like Handel or Hayden.
 But alas, poor friend, thou art in the maw
 Of a shark or some ravenous fish;
 Thou wilt never sing *more*, or ring at the door,
 Or gnaw the bones which fall from my dish!
 Gentle reader, if ever you pass the Pelews,
 Drop a tear to the memory of Moar;
 Near there I had the misfortune to lose
 Such a friend as I'll never see *more*.

This dog would sit up and howl, or sing, at command; he could tend a weather-brace in setting a royal; he could drag the goat aft to be milked, drive the small pigs off the quarter-deck. His hair was trimmed round his legs and face so as to show ruffs and eyebrows; and when once he was introduced to Mr. Sturgis that gentleman remarked on the likeness.

Our ship touched at Batavia, taking a cargo of rice. We made an excellent passage; less, I remember, than my uncles predicted.

I here mention another incident illustrative of my self-confidence.

Colonel Perkins, in making out my orders, had done precisely what I have often done since; namely, he wrote a long chapter on the route for me to take, suggested where I ought to cross the equator, and how I ought to proceed from Java to China. I wrote to him, and suggested that I knew the way, and

thought it best to leave the responsibility entirely in my hands. This induced him to suppress that letter, and give me a simple order, when ready for sea, to proceed to Java, &c.

I had read Horsburg and Bowditch much on the way, and had carefully studied the sailing directions and the chart for going into the Straits of Sunda, and so on to Batavia and China by the eastern passages. We arrived at Batavia in January, 1825, during the strength of the westerly monsoon, and it required considerable nerve and confidence to run round St. Nicholas Point into Batavia Roads in a gale of wind. We had a passage of forty-four days from Batavia to China, through the Straits of Salayer, Ombay, &c.; and, on arrival at Lintin, I was much pleased to find that the ship "Franklin," Captain Tillinghast, which left Batavia before we arrived there, had not yet come in. She came in, a day or two after, and I went on board to deliver a letter that I had brought from Messrs. Forestier & Paine. On presenting it, the venerable captain thrust it aside, saying, "Some old letter!" I suggested his reading it, and he did so; and was much surprised to find himself beaten by the "Levant," deeply laden with rice. This added another link to the confidence I had begun to feel in myself, and I naturally exulted over the victory.

CHAPTER V.

Transferred to the brig "Nile" — An Escape from Pirates — A Review of my Position — To the Sandwich Islands — A Narrow Escape — California in 1825 — Throwing the Lasso — Illicit Trade — Fight with a Devil Fish — Almost a Duel — A Boat Race.

IN giving me the command of the "Levant," my uncles had not anticipated her remaining at Lintin as a store ship, which Mr. Cushing had determined upon. In consulting him as to my future course, it was settled that I was too young to remain a fixture at this outer station; he therefore transferred me to the brig "Nile," of about two hundred and fifty tons, and placed her captain, Robert Edes, in the "Levant." Immediately transferring myself, officers, and crew to the "Nile," we sailed for Manila in April, 1825. There I found my brother Thomas in charge of the affairs of Messrs. Perkins. It was very gratifying to meet him on more equal terms than on the two previous voyages. Carrying with me the particulars of our father's death, and fully realizing how much we owed to our parents, and how much we must do for the education and maintenance of the younger members of the family, we were drawn more intimately together than ever before.

My relations with Gillespie had continued on the most friendly footing, yet I could see that he sometimes winced under my somewhat positive require-

ments. Our ways differed as to many things, and I perhaps exacted more from him and others than was really necessary; of which I give an example. It having been the custom of the Kings to be called at the end of every watch at night, and generally to go on deck and see how things went on, and, liking the good example, I had always given orders to be called, fair or foul, at the end of the watches. On the way to Manila, Gillespie neglected this order at 4 A.M. I was awake, and went on deck as usual; but I said nothing until an opportunity offered in private, when I asked why he had not called me. He answered, after some hesitation, that it seemed to imply a want of confidence in him, to have to report after a calm of four hours. I answered, with some asperity, that the order must be obeyed; that I had no want of confidence in him; that I should exact the same of Commodore Hull, if he were my mate. I had not been long at Manila, when I was informed that a brig under English colors was waiting for a captain bound to the west coast of America; she had a young Spaniard for supercargo, who had no experience of the coast trade. Gillespie had been there; and, being a first-rate navigator, he was just the man they wanted. Appreciating the delicacy of his position, and desiring to serve him, I went to the consignees, and promised to let them have my mate under certain conditions very favorable for his interest, provided he was willing to go. Returning to the "Nile," Mr. Gillespie, as usual, met me at the gangway. Putting on an austere face, I said, "Mr. Gillespie, you will please pack up without delay and prepare to leave the brig." He started, and said, "What,

sir, have I done, to deserve to be put out in this summary manner?" I answered, "Do you see that fine brig off there flying English colors? I have promised that you shall command her; the conditions as to wages, &c., being so and so." Gillespie was quite overcome with gratitude, and took command; went to the coast, where I met him, doing handsomely, — so well, indeed, that he returned to the United States and bought a brig* with the help of others, went again to the west coast, and was lost in a hurricane near Mazatlan; so that the kind act was the indirect cause of his death.

After a short stay at Manila, we sailed for China, taking, besides my own trusty crew, seven or more men for Captain Edes, who were to work their passage. On nearing the coast of China, one calm morning, we discovered several suspicious-looking craft, disguised as fishing junks, gradually closing in around us. Not liking their movements, we made ready to repel them. The "Nile" mounted four small guns, and had a good supply of small arms. By-and-by, one of the junks, being almost within musket-shot, sent a skiff with two men and some fish, on pretence of trading; but I felt very suspicious of them. One of them being permitted to come up, he saw about twenty men, lying low under the bulwarks ready for action, — guns cast loose, and matches burning. He went into his skiff quite suddenly and shoved off, making signs and crying out to his comrades. He pulled away, and the vessels gradually drew off; while we, with all our wings spread to a light breeze, went in by the Asses'-Ears channel. On arrival at Lintin, we were congratulated on our narrow escape, they

* The "Telemacus."

being notorious pirates, who had captured several small vessels, and murdered their crews.

Here I must diverge a little from my narrative, and put on record, substantially as taken from my old notes, some reflections on my condition and prospects. My most ardent desire, after assisting my mother, was to deserve the very high confidence expressed by my cousin, J. P. Cushing, and my uncle, Thomas H. Perkins; my uncle James having died in 1822. They had pushed me into the world, and had done every thing to help me and mine; and I considered it my duty to do every thing in my power for their interests. I felt that all I had and all I could get belonged to my mother, and was only held in trust by me for her comfort, and to assist her in caring for younger members of the family. I was entirely indifferent as to money, except as means for their benefit. My elder brother was on a fair road to fortune, and I was working very hard for small pay, — say \$50 a month, and six tons privilege, which, when not filled with my own goods, was paid for at the market rate, — say thirty or forty dollars a ton. I felt, however, that I was laying up capital by looking carefully after the interests of my owners, and that if I maintained my standing with them, I must succeed in my objects.

To return to my narrative. We arrived in China in May, and early in June were ready for our voyage to the west coast, *via* Sandwich Islands. Mr. Cushing, with his usual liberality, loaned me some \$5,000 to lay in an adventure; which sum was invested by Mr. _____, who had been on the coast, and was supposed to know the wants of the people. He had served Bryant & Sturgis in the ship “Mentor,”

and was a man of much experience and of great energy of character, and was appointed supercargo of my brig. Mr. Cushing had suggested my being appointed joint supercargo with him, but I thought it best to have no divided responsibility as to the cargo. I expected to derive much benefit from Mr.——, who had seen so much more than I of the world's crust. We had a favorable passage of about fifty days. We took out Mr. French, with about sixty tons of goods shipped for Honolulu, on joint account with him and the owners. The only incident worth relating occurred on the Fourth of July. We were running along with a moderate breeze on the quarter, all studding-sails set. At noon, when I got my observation for latitude, I altered the course about a point. At this moment, the mate, a Mr. Wright, came on deck, heard the order, saw the wheel relieved, and the men went to dinner. I went below to work up my position, and write up my journal. No land was laid down in our vicinity. I remained below until dinner was announced, at 1 P. M. We had something extra in honor of the day. Just as we were sitting down, Mr. French appeared, and remarked that "those are very pretty islands." "Yes," I rejoined; "I suppose you can see the little boys and girls running about on the beach." Dinner finished, Mr.—— and myself went on deck; judge of our surprise, on reaching it, to find the brig running at the rate of eight knots *directly for the passage between two beautiful, little, green islands*, and within three miles of the channel. —— turned quite pale, and I confess to having been much startled; but I said nothing, except to order Mr. Harris, the second mate, to go on

the foretop-sail yard and look out for green water. All hands stood by the braces, and we kept on running between them and taking a careful bearing. As appeared afterward, when the mate came up and heard the order to keep off one point, he saw on the horizon the little green islands just popping up, as green islands full of cocoanut trees do; and supposing I knew all about them, and was running for them, merely went forward and talked over the matter. It transpired that, at 1 P. M., when we sat down to dine, *every man in that vessel knew of and had seen the islands, except the supercargo and the captain!* French had been much joked by being made to come on deck by reports of land, and, as he was of a nervous temperament, we took pleasure in annoying him; so that when he really saw two islands, supposing we were purposely keeping him in ignorance, he made the above remark. This is probably the only case on record, where all but the two most deeply interested knew of the land being in sight. No danger appeared as we ran through. After our arrival at Honolulu, on examining an old chart, I found two little islands laid down as "Copper Islands," not very far from these. I heard, from Captain Meek, that these islands had been visited by some one, who found copper on the shore; but that, on further investigation, it was ascertained that it came from some copper cash in a decomposed condition, supposed to have been cast there from a Japanese or Chinese junk. Horsburgh, Vol. 2, p. 510, gives the position of these isles: Lat. 25°, 42', north, Long. 131°, 13', east; Lat. 25°, 53', north, Long. 131°, 17', east, — and I am quoted as having fixed their positions.

Mr.—— and myself kept our own counsel, and never divulged the secret. Not many days after this, we made something ahead which looked like a vessel under way, carrying a topmast studding-sail. We were on the look-out for a point called Ormsbee's Peak, and supposed it to be an island, but had no description of it. Seeing that we came up with the strange sail very fast, I examined it closely, and found that it was a high-peaked rock. I called Mr. French, and informed him that there was a ship in sight. He looked at it, and remarked that it was a square-rigged vessel. I offered to bet a dozen of Madeira that it was not a square-rigger, and he took me up. He soon discovered his error, and we had the laugh upon him.

My instructions from Mr. Cushing were, to land Mr. French and his goods, and then to be governed as to our future destination by Mr.——. After landing Mr. F. and his goods, I notified Mr.—— that I was ready for sea, and waited his orders. I had made up my mind, on leaving China, to profit by the experience of this gentleman, and I constantly deferred to his opinion in matters of seamanship. But I was not very long in finding out that it would not do to carry out my good intentions too far. I was not well impressed by his conduct at Honolulu, and had lost some of the respect I had entertained for him at starting, — hence my formal notice that I was ready, and awaited his orders.

After several days' delay, we sailed for the coast of California, taking with us a young man named James Hayes, as assistant to —— . He had resided some time at the islands. We had a fair passage,

arriving off Bodega, a Russian settlement, in about three weeks; and, procuring a pilot, went into a bay a short distance down the coast, and came to anchor. After some small trade, we proceeded to the bay of San Francisco, and anchored at Saucolito, where we procured wood and water. Mr. N—— went over to the mission or presidio on the other side, where now stands the city of San Francisco, and had some trade with the padre and others. We landed with our launch and a few trunks of China goods, on a beach now completely covered by warehouses; and there we supplied all demands in a very few days. Among other articles of our miscellaneous cargo, were some very gaudy pictures of saints, got up at Canton, by N——, for the California missions. When in San Francisco, in the Spring of 1870, I visited the old church at the old presidio or mission, and there I saw some ancient specimens of the old masters of Hog Lane and China Street, Canton, which looked very much like those we carried out in the "Nile." In 1825, there was not a house in sight from the beach where we landed. At Saucolito, and at the bay near Bodega, we saw deer and elk in abundance roaming over the hills, and grizzly bears were not rare.

From San Francisco we went to Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Cape St. Lucas, and Mazatlan. At Monterey, I bought the first horse I ever owned, and paid, I think, eight dollars for him. At Santa Barbara we remained some time, and here I enjoyed myself much in shooting; ducks, geese, hares, quail, and other small game were abundant. In those days, the padres at the head of the missions

monopolized most of the small trade; they had fine gardens and many servants, and made many proselytes among the Indians. It was said that converts were sometimes made by catching them with the lasso, and branding them with a cross. I cannot vouch for the truth of this; but I can vouch for the fact that the padres lived well, and had great control over the population. I soon discovered that much of our time was spent in selling the goods of the supercargo, and that those laid in by him on my account were comparatively unsalable. Coupling this with his unnecessary delay at Honolulu, I lost still more my respect for him. At Santa Barbara I witnessed, for the first time, the process of branding the cattle. As there were no enclosures, the cattle ran wild through the country. At certain seasons they were collected in corrals, and the young ones were marked with the brands of their supposed owners. This occasion gives opportunity for much merriment. All the cavaliers and the maidens assemble; and, after the business is over, the young men test their nerves and the training of their horses by letting out the wildest bulls, one or two at a time, and chasing them over the prairies. The use of the lasso is taught to the young boys very early, and they soon become expert by practising on dogs, cats, &c. Sometimes half-a-dozen gaily-dressed cavaliers would dash after a bull, some goading him to speed with lances, others endeavoring to throw the lasso over his head or legs. The general practice was to throw the noose over the horns, wheel the horse suddenly, and bring up the bull all-standing; then another watches his opportunity to get the noose over his hind leg, then

putting a strain on the lassos in opposite directions, the animal is easily thrown down, and, if need be, killed; but, on the occasions alluded to, they are allowed to run free. I was invited to try my hand. Being familiar with the use of the harpoon, I took a spear, and, being well-mounted on an experienced horse, gave chase to a bull; and, when near enough, instead of merely pricking him, I threw the lance and hit him in the neck, but, having no barb, it fell to the ground, when one of the "caballeiros" came sweeping along, and recovered it without stopping. I was then invited to take the lasso, and try my hand. I was duly instructed what to do, and what not to do; the lasso was coiled and placed in my hand, and the bull let out, every one standing aside in order to see a green hand dismounted. I gave chase, and when coming up with him I quietly slipped the inner noose of the lasso off the pommel of the saddle, threw my coil over his horns in a lump, and quickly slued my horse sharp round, according to instructions. He braced himself for the shock; when it came, the tough lasso coming across my thigh, unprotected in the native fashion, seemed to be cutting the leg off. I therefore let slip the turns I had taken round the pommel or loggerhead, and let my bull go. He did not go far before several of the young men were after him, one of whom, picking up the end of the lasso with his lance at full speed, put the noose over his pommel, and brought the bull up as before related. One of the gentlemen asked why I had cast off, and I told him I was too good a whaler ever to make fast the end of the line.

From Santa Barbara we went to San Diego, and

traded there for some weeks. This is a very snug harbor, with a narrow entrance. On one side is a large island full of undergrowth, and at that time it was full of small game. I often landed there to shoot, and on one occasion using oakum for wadding, the grass being very dry, we set fire to it, and had to run for our boat on the beach to leeward of the crackling flames. On that day, the commandant and some of his family dined with us after a salute of thirteen guns. The fire was still raging, but as there were no habitations on the island there was little excitement. I asked the commandant, General Echandia, what it meant, and he said it was "los malditos Indianos" who had set the fire. Of course I kept my own counsel, and said nothing as to the cause of the conflagration. While at this place a brig of war came in, and during her stay we exchanged civilities. When ready for sea, the wind being ahead, we got under way, and backed and filled out of the narrow passage forming the entrance, with the help of a strong tide, and got safely to sea. The brig of war dared not make the attempt. From San Diego we went to the anchorage of St. Joseph, near Cape St. Lucas, which forms one side of the Gulf of California, and there fell in with several whalemén. There being little going on in the way of trade, we soon left, and went over to Mazatlan, where we remained nearly two months. Much of the trade carried on at this place was done by smuggling, generally with the connivance or consent of the revenue officers. In fact, the Mexican tariff, made principally for the Atlantic coast of Mexico, was inapplicable to the condition of the people on the Pacific side, and the natural result was that

every one concerned winked at the landing of China goods, especially the custom-house authorities, who are open to bribery in nearly all South American ports. Those who understood the trade best generally came to an understanding with the collector of customs, and thus every thing went on smoothly.

Our supercargo took a different course; he kept aloof from the authorities, and contented himself with bribing the underlings who were placed on board to watch us. Under this dangerous system, we did a good deal of contraband trade; and, as a natural result, made enemies of the higher authorities, who were accustomed to being well paid. This could not last long. There was an American-built schooner in port under the Mexican flag, as well as several English vessels; all of whose officers, though personally friendly to us, were not pleased at seeing us skimming the cream of the trade, paying little or no duties, while they had to compromise with the revenue officers, and pay half duties. One morning, the captain of the schooner, an Englishman, came to me, and said that he was ordered to prepare his vessel to receive soldiers, with the intention of seizing the "Nile"! Whether this was got up by the traders themselves, or by order of the authorities, remains an unsolved problem. Certain it is, however, that in the morning we discovered active preparations going on to embark soldiers. We were not long in getting under way. There was one English ship in port, the "Merope," commanded by a gentleman named Parkyns, with whom I was intimate, and with whom I often went to shoot and to dine. When we got fairly under way, we stood in towards the "Me-

rope," and, saluting her, filled away for the open sea, and took our departure. No pursuit was made, as we should have been outside of Mexican jurisdiction before Captain Johnson could have caught us. I was well aware also that he would make no very strenuous efforts to capture us, having no means to do so, beyond a squad of negro soldiers, without artillery.

I was not sorry to leave Mazatlan, and to proceed to places where trade could be carried on through respectable agents and legitimate means. I had become heartily tired of night-work, landing goods, and of the twopenny system of our supercargo. Through my disgust at this, and other matters, the relations between myself and this functionary had become very unpleasant, not to say belligerent. My duties to the owners required me to watch closely their interests, and in doing this I gave offence to Mr.—. On leaving Mazatlan, we went to the islands off St. Blas, called the Tres Marias, in the expectation of meeting some traders from that city; but, not finding them, we pushed on down the coast of Central America, intending to stop at Sonsonate, in the State of San Salvador, in latitude about $13\frac{1}{2}$ North. While at Mazatlan, I met my friend Gillespie, doing a good trade, and very grateful to me for the opportunity.

Arriving at Sonsonate roadstead, the supercargo and myself took horses for the city, some twenty-five miles. Arriving there, we ascertained that the principal merchant, an Englishman, was Don Roberto Barchard. We called, and found him playing whist with three others. Mr.—. not speaking, I introduced him as Mr.—. supercargo of the American brig

"Nile," from China, *via* California; and, as he did not introduce me, I continued, by saying, "I am R. B. Forbes, the captain of said vessel." Whereupon Mr. Barchard asked if I was a relative of Mr. Forbes of Buenos Ayres. I replied that he was my uncle. Mr. B. gave me a warm welcome, saying that he knew Mr. Forbes, and had enjoyed his hospitality at Buenos Ayres. He invited us to remain at his house; but Mr. —. with his habitual distrust of all strangers, and feeling perhaps a little jealous of the *prestige* I had acquired through my uncle, went off to some public house. I had some unreserved conversation with Mr. B., and gave him some hints as to the character of the supercargo; and I ascertained that, by remaining until the traders from the interior could be summoned, some valuable trade might be opened.

Mr.—., not wanting me at Sonsonate, requested me to prepare the brig for sea by filling our water, which could be done only by anchoring the launch outside the breakers, filling small casks, and hauling them off by a line, — a tedious, not to say dangerous, operation. When ready for sea, I notified him, and he came on board, not having had confidence enough in Mr. Barchard to wait a few days for merchants from the interior. I believe he had offers for a considerable lot of cotton goods, called Chinchew cloths, which were afterwards sold further south, at a less price. On our way from Mazatlan, I had found it necessary to come to an understanding with Mr. —. as to our relative duties. I informed him that while on the coast of California, where he had been, I had deferred much to his opinion in regard to

many points connected with my vessel; but, now that we were coming upon new ground, where neither he nor myself had been, I must request him to abstain from giving any orders, or making any suggestions, except as to his business as supercargo. He was much annoyed by such language, as he said, "*from a mere boy*," — to which I replied that I was a mere boy, but that I thought I could teach him his duty as a man.

When in the vicinity of the Bay of Tehuantepec, one calm day, I ordered the whaleboat manned, in order to communicate with the shore, and to forward a letter to my owners. I had a trusty boat's crew of Kanakers, whose names were Spun yarn, Boltrope, Jim, and Taminolé, and my boy Brown. I left the brig with the awning spread, the harpoon bent to the painter, and my big duck-gun, which I always carried, to be ready for game. We had not gone far when I discovered ahead a considerable ripple, or wake, approaching us rapidly. I immediately ordered the awning furled, and ran forward, seizing the harpoon just in time to plant it into an immense devil-fish. He turned for the shore, towing the boat off at the rate of three or four knots. I loaded the duck-gun, stationed Brown at the warp, with orders only to cut the same when actually necessary, hauled up close to the enemy, and gave him a dose of lead. This only quickened his motions, and gave us a ducking; I repeated the dose while my small supply of balls lasted; then I went at him with the four-pronged instrument called grains. He then began to slacken his speed, and, sinking and backing, the irons came out, and he went off. Dur-

ing this part of our voyage, we captured many loggerhead-turtles, and fed on them until our men protested, —

Of turtles young, and turtles old,
Turtle hot, and turtle cold,
Turtle tender, turtle tough,
Thank the Lord, we've got enough.

Sometimes they were struck from the martingale, and sometimes caught alive by lowering a boat and picking them up asleep.

An incident occurred on leaving Sonsonate, the relation of which will prove a fair illustration of the uncomfortable position in which I had been placed. I had a general idea that we were bound to Guayaquil, but I had received no formal orders from Mr. ——— as to our destination. We had not been long at sea, standing to the southward, good full, when he came to me and asked where I was bound. I answered, that I presumed we were not going into any port north of Guayaquil, or into any south of Cape Horn! He then said, with some asperity, not unnatural under the circumstances, "You will please proceed to Guayaquil; allow me to say, that I do not think that, by standing so far off shore, you are taking the best course to get there." I answered, referring to the conversation above alluded to, that I should pursue the course which I thought best for Guayaquil, and forbade him giving any orders as to it. This conduct on the part of a very young man, then about twenty-one and a half, to an experienced man of forty or more, and taken in connection with the fact that I had until quite recently deferred much to his opinion as to the course to be pursued, exas-

perated my supercargo; but he could do nothing but put up with it.

We arrived safely at Puna, the mouth of the river on which Guayaquil stands, on the 26th February, 1826. We went into the anchorage at night, and came to anchor, it being quite thick, when we heard *a dog barking, not far off.*

On arrival at the city, I called on the United States Consul, Mr. William Wheelwright, who also carried on business as a commission merchant. Knowing my family, and remembering that I pulled the after-oar in Captain King's gig when he (Mr. W.) was in command of a brig at Gibraltar, not many years before, he gave me a warm welcome, and invited me to take up my abode with him, which I did. Mr.—— went as usual to some public house. I took occasion to mention to Mr. W. the loose way we had been accustomed to do business, and gave him some hints as to the supercargo. Mr.—. came the next day, and proposed to put our business into the hands of Messrs. Wheelwright & Bouilly. It was clearly stated that, as the duties were low, and the position of Mr. W. as consul a delicate one, no goods must be landed or sold without paying full duty. Our cargo was discharged with the exception of some cases of sewing silk, which, being unsalable, Mr.—. desired to retain on board, and evade the small duty of one or two per cent. for landing and reshipping. He came to me, and requested me to have those silk goods put under the stone ballast; and, when this was done, the vessel would be visited by the custom-house officers, and declared unloaded. I refused to do this, and reminded him of his verbal agreement with the con-

signees. I should have persisted in this; but I gave way, so far as to tell him that I would order the mate to follow his instructions, as I would have no hand in it personally. *This was wrong*; but, having orders to follow his instructions in all matters pertaining to the cargo, I did not insist upon his abandoning his plan.

The visit of the officials came; the hidden goods were discovered and carried off, and the brig seized for evasion of the revenue laws. — knew enough of the venality of the officials, and Mr. Wheelwright had influence enough with them, to cause the release of the brig; but the goods were confiscated, sold at auction, and bought by — for much less than their value. I am, even to this day, anxious to know for whose account they were bought and afterwards sold down the coast; and also who paid for the original loss and expenses of our release.

During a stay of nearly three months at Guayaquil, it rained nearly every day; and we only once saw the snow-capped mountain, Chimborazo. My crew became sickly, and it was determined to go to Payta to recuperate. I left the river with only three or four men able to do duty, dropping down with my anchor under foot, which was what I had never before done. One man died on the way, and I had my hands full with others. The River of Guayaquil swarms with alligators, and I often went in the boat, when wooding, and shot them, but never succeeded in actually getting more than one or two.

My crew soon recovered in the dry climate of Payta. While there, the uncomfortable temper of my super-

cargo, during my absence on shore, brought on a discussion with the mate as to the delivery of some goods, in the course of which ——— struck the officer. On returning to my ship, the mate came to me with a black eye, and told his story. I also heard Mr.——, and I made up my mind that he was in the wrong. I told him so, and added that one of them must leave; and, as I could not discharge the supercargo, I must let the mate go. I therefore paid him off, and made Mr. Harris mate. This account merely gives an outline of my course. I wrote to ———, giving him my opinion of his conduct, and saying some indiscreet things not worth recording.

At Payta were several American whalers; among them a ship, — the “Commodore Perry,” I think, — whose bottom was covered with leather, and she was very foul. I dined on board of her, on terrapin from the Gallapagos Islands, and camotes from Tumbes. I gave a dinner in return. Among the guests were Mr. Lemmon, of Baltimore, supercargo of the brig “Elizabeth,” and a Captain Mason, a Scotchman, of the clipper brig “Ayacucho.” None of the party were strictly Washingtonians, and the result of drinking some not very good liquor was a warm discussion as to Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Lemmon, who was well read in history, and of Irish descent, had much the best of it, and so offended Mason that he left the brig. I then gave Lemmon a piece of my mind, claiming that, as my guest, Mason was entitled to my protection; whereupon, my very good friend Lemmon rose and made a speech to this effect: “Captain Forbes, I have been insulted by that ignorant Scotch-

man, and now you undertake to defend him. I wish you a very good day, sir." Seizing his hat, he went on deck, hailed the "Elizabeth," and ordered a boat. The next morning, Davy Mason, who, though unacquainted with the whole history of King Charles, who Lemmon said had "sold his crown for a groat," was a man of sterling merit, and full of pluck, came on board, and said that he had been grossly insulted, and he must have satisfaction: he invoked my aid. I told him that Mr. L. was a gentleman who would make all necessary amends, and that I would go and call on him with Mason. We did so, and found that Mr. Lemmon had come to realize the folly of his conduct; he received us cordially, and a reconciliation was the result; for which I was very glad, as I had a high regard for both parties.

From Payta we went to Callao, in Peru, and after a short stay returned *via* Payta to Guayaquil. At Callao I met Commodore Hull, in the frigate "United States;" also Captain A. P. Catesby Jones, in the "Peacock." At Callao, I bought a black mare of Lieutenant Ramsey, of the "United States," one of the finest I have owned, and took her to Guayaquil. It was in June, and the dry season had set in at Guayaquil, giving us almost a constant view of Chimborazo. The ladies of Guayaquil are famed for their splendid complexions, and I enjoyed myself much in visiting some of the families of the Calderons and Roccafuentes.

I have omitted to mention that, on our second visit to this city, I was requested by Mr. Wheelwright to take to Puna, some forty miles down the river, an officer who was on his way with despatches for General

Bolivar, of Bolivia. There was no steamer in those waters, and no means of getting him to a vessel at Puna so good as my favorite whaleboat and my Kanaker crew. I therefore consented to go. I wanted to oblige the Intendente, and I also wanted to reconnoitre as to the position of the "Asia," a Mexican frigate, at Puna, said to be on the watch for the "Nile," in connection with her escape from Mazatlan. We had heard that an American brig, going into Acapulco, had been boarded and seized under the idea that it was the "Nile." I left the city early in the evening, and pulled constantly until, early in the morning, we boarded the vessel about to leave for Bolivia, and put our messenger on board of her. My boat's-crew being very tired, I went alongside the "Asia," and found the executive officer was a jolly Englishman, who made me very welcome. We discussed the affairs of the "Nile," and he admitted that they had orders to seize her if she could be found in Mexican waters. In the course of the day, a schooner came along, bound up the river, with a fair wind. We went on board, and our boat was towed up.

By the time we returned to Guayaquil the second time, Mr.—— had come to the conclusion that the "boy" captain of the "Nile" was not to be trifled with; and, desiring to make up for his bad treatment, he concluded to go home *via* Panama, and leave the "Nile's" affairs to be wound up by Mr. Wheelwright and myself. I think he went in the vessel with the messenger. We had on board already most of the proceeds of our sales in bullion, and as soon as the supercargo was off, and I quite sure of no interruption from the "Asia," we sailed for Hono-

lulu, where we arrived on the 26th of October, 1826. We remained there a week or ten days, settling accounts with Mr. French, and receiving a cargo of sandalwood.

While there, having a fine whaleboat, I took part in a race with the gig of Captain Jones, of the "Peacock." He had beaten an English whaler's boat, and, at a dinner given by the parties, had said so much about his gig and crew, that I, knowing that the John Bulls had not done their best, and believing that our boat was superior to theirs, invited them to try our speed. My challenge was accepted, and Captain Dixy Wildes was appointed umpire. Every preparation was made; I picked up a crew of whalers, all Americans, and, the evening before the race was to come off, I pulled around the "Peacock." The next morning, the channel being marked out by boats, we made the trial, and fairly beat the gig, steered by Captain Jones himself; but, owing to our rounding the goal on the wrong side, Captain Jones claimed to have won the race, although he admitted that my boat was so far ahead as to be out of the way of his gig. Before beginning, he had said to me that, as my boat steered with an oar and his by a rudder, he suffered some disadvantage; and remarked that the race was not between jockeys, but between gentlemen, and was for the trial of the speed of the boats and the endurance of the men. The captain of the "America," Smith, steered my boat; and, desiring to show off, went on the wrong side of the goal, pulled beyond it, and, in returning, passed it before Captain Jones came up, — conclusively beating the gig. This claim of Captain Jones was very distasteful to his

officers and to my friends, the whalers, and was resisted by me. I was to sail the next day (Sunday), and offered to sell my boat, so as to have the race pulled over again, or to do it Sunday morning, or to give the stakes, — my \$100 to his \$50, — to the crews. He declined, and it was not until I was preparing to make sail on Sunday, that he consented to Captain Wildes giving up the money.

CHAPTER VI.

From China to Buenos Ayres — The Blockade — A Long Detention — A Knowing Skipper — Arrival at Boston — A Voyage to Smyrna — Appointed to a New Ship — Loss of Thomas Forbes.

WE arrived in China on the 16th December. During the next month I went up the coast of China, taking Mr. George Beale and Mr. Thomas Dent, with a lot of opium, which the former expected to sell; but, after waiting several days for the coming of the merchants, I was compelled by my orders to return to Lintin, — much against the wishes of Mr. Beale, who expected to make a handsome commission on the drug. Mr. Cushing approved of my course. This was one of the earliest trips made up the coast by an American vessel. Refitting the "Nile," I received a cargo worth about \$100,000, and sailed, on the 18th of March, 1827, for Buenos Ayres. It was known in China that war existed between the Argentine Republic and Brazil; but we supposed the war would soon be over, and our goods arrive at a good market. My orders were to proceed to Buenos Ayres, and call on Messrs. Zimmerman, Frazier, & Co.; sell such part of my cargo as was suited to the market, and go to Boston with the remainder. If ordered off by any blockading force, I was to make the best of my way home. My uncle, John M. Forbes, was at this time *chargé d'affaires* for the

United States at Buenos Ayres, having gone out in 1819, with Mr. Rodney as secretary of legation. I was much gratified at the prospect of meeting him, and of having charge of a valuable cargo. We arrived off the River La Plata in July, having spoken an English cutter outside, who gave us some information as to the state of things in the river. I had received valuable advice from the captain of the "Elizabeth" as to the navigation of the river; and, on approaching it at night, being very well satisfied of our position by careful soundings, we ran in, and, in spite of thick weather, with the help of the lead, we kept on until about 10 A. M. the next day. The fog clearing off, we found ourselves above Ensenada, running directly for a squadron at anchor in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres. It required considerable confidence to run up a river that I had never before entered, during a dark night and a thick fog; but I had good chronometers, and I had verified my position the afternoon we approached the land, by careful sounding near the English Bank. I was not aware for some time whether the squadron belonged to Buenos Ayres or Brazil, and kept on, carrying all studding-sails to a fresh breeze from the eastward. I was not long kept in ignorance, for two brigs-of-war immediately got under way, and beat down towards us. The "Caboclo," Captain Inglis, coming within hail, requested to know where we were from and where bound. I answered, from China for Buenos Ayres. He took up a position on one side, while the other took the other side, and ordered me to reduce sail, and come to anchor near the ship with a broad pennant flying.

When these vessels first appeared to intercept me, I could have run into Ensenada; but I kept in mind that *my orders were to go to Buenos Ayres*, unless ordered off; and, accordingly, I kept straight on, although fully aware by this time that the vessels in sight were Brazilians. I anchored, according to orders, near to Commodore Norton's flagship, and was soon boarded by one of his officers; a smart youngster, who said the commodore wished me to go on board with my papers. Fully believing that I had done no wrong, and not liking the style of proceeding, I requested the officer to return to the commodore with my compliments, and say that I could not leave my vessel, or part with my papers; that I was ready to show them to the commodore, &c. He departed; and, before many minutes, I saw the barge manned, and a little man, full of gold lace, stepped into her, and came alongside. I received him with due ceremony. Coming on board, he wanted to know who it was that had sent him this message. I invited him into the cabin, and, producing my ship's papers, invoices, and the orders of Mr. Cushing, as well as my log-book, I showed him that I was on legitimate business, had no intention of running the blockade, and formally protested against any detention. He remarked that there was only one course to be pursued, and that was for him to deliver my papers to Admiral Pinto Guedes, who was at anchor off Monte Video. He said I must send down my upper spars, and that he would put a guard on board. I assented under verbal protest. I gave Norton some excellent sherry wine, given to me by Mr. Cushing. He remarked upon it, and inquired where it came

from. I told him, from my cousin, J. P. Cushing, of Canton. He then said that he knew Mr. C. very well; that he had been frequently his guest, when in command of one of the ships of the East India Company, and had no doubt that he had drank the same wine at his house. These facts at once seemed to establish a perfect understanding between us. The commodore made a long visit, and informed me of the state of things between the belligerents. Lord Ponsonby was then on board of the British packet at the bar, endeavoring to act as mediator between the belligerents; but there was no prospect of a cessation of hostilities. He congratulated me on not getting in, gave a very discouraging account of the state of trade, and deemed me very fortunate in being outside. I gave him to understand that my uncle, John M. Forbes, was *chargé d'affaires* of the United States at Buenos Ayres, and he promised to forward any open letter to him. He seemed very agreeably impressed, and said he would forward my vessel in a day or two to the admiral, who would doubtless look favorably into my case. He then took his leave.

The next day I was visited by many of the officers of the squadron, and I found no difficulty in disposing of many small fancy articles, — shawls, silks, &c. I sent an open letter to my uncle, and asked leave to meet him on board the British packet; but Norton said he could not allow this. After a detention of a day or two, I was ordered to go under convoy of the corvette "Massao," the brig "29th of August," the "Caboclo," and the "Independência-o-mort," for Monte Video. Commodore Norton put an officer on board in charge of my papers, informing me that he

should not put a prize-crew on board, as in the event of falling in with the enemy I might be captured as his prize. He gave me only verbal orders to keep company with the squadron; but in the event of falling in with the enemy, or any other emergency, to make it important for my safety, he said I must act for myself, taking care eventually to report to Admiral Guedes.

We started down the river, the wind ahead, but a favorable tide was running. We had not been many hours under way, when a thick fog came on, and I heard signal guns from the convoy. Consulting the officer, who was a young lieutenant, a Brazilian, educated in England, he said those were signals for joining company. I did not like the course they were steering, thinking they were too near the Chico Bank, and I told him I should tack to the northward. He remonstrated; but I quietly called all hands, and put about, and continued to beat as long as the tide served. When, towards night, the fog cleared, I saw the squadron at anchor, near to the corvette, which was on the Chico Bank. She set American colors, and fired a gun, which, my lieutenant said, was the signal for me to go to them. I replied that I did not want to lose ground, and that they, by superior sailing, would soon overhaul me when the tide turned. I contrived to convince him that I had no intention of trying to escape. He gave me much information as to the many American vessels under seizure at Monte Video, most, if not all of which, had been caught in trying to run the blockade; in fact, he gave me so many details as to the probable fate of all these, and so many suggestions as to mine, that I

was thoroughly determined not to fall into their hands again if I could help it. When the tide made, I got under way, and continued to beat down the river as long as it lasted. During this process, we touched on a sand bank, but came off without much delay.

During the next morning's tide, the squadron had neared me several miles; but when we anchored they were still out of range. The commodore again made signals, and the lieutenant again said I must go to them; but I pacified him, and held my ground. He had said much about Pamperos, and the danger of navigating by night; and had so thoroughly alarmed me as to the dangers of Ortiz and Chico, and the English Banks, that I inwardly resolved to get clear of them at the first opportunity. Late in the afternoon, the head-wind had died out, the barometer fell rapidly, and there were symptoms of a change of wind and weather. In the evening, it came on to blow, with rain, from the northwest; the squadron burned blue lights, and the lieutenant said they were preparing for a Pampero; that they would house top-masts, and send down lower yards, and he advised me to do the same. Instead of which, I called all hands, double-reefed my top-sails, reefed fore-sail and try-sail, and got under way, amid thunder, lightning and rain, and ran down for Point Indio, sounding constantly to verify my position on the edge of the Ortiz Bank.

The move was a bold one; but, I had become so alarmed for the safety of my valuable cargo, that I determined, if possible, to get to sea. I informed the lieutenant that I considered the present crisis as one

contemplated by Commodore Norton's verbal permission to take care of myself in the event of any emergency, and that I was going to sea. He made some strong objections, and, indeed, showed signs of personal resistance by appeals to my officers and crew. I told him very frankly that, if he wanted to have a good time, he must keep perfectly quiet; that I was bound to Boston; that my owners would send him back, &c. I demanded my papers, and received them, as my lawful property. Morning came about the time we had got down to Point Indio, when there was a lull, and soon a flash of lightning in the southwest. The lieutenant then said I could not get out clear of the English Bank; that the Pampero would be upon us very shortly and violently. We close-reefed our top-sails, and, by the time this was done, the wind came out from the south or southwest, and blew hard; so that my only alternative was to anchor and ride it out, or to run across for Monte Video. I determined on the latter course, and bore away. Running across, we made as snug as possible by housing top-gallant masts, furling all but the two top-sails, and getting our anchors and chains ready. By-and-by we sighted two men-of-war,—the "Admiral," and the "Boston," sloop of war, Captain Hoffman; they were in the outer roads, pitching into it with both anchors down, and top-masts housed, lower yards down, &c. I ran close under the stern of the "Boston," when Lieutenant McCauley hailed; and, as I had no time to spin a long yarn, I answered, "Brig 'Nile,' from Canton, *via* Buenos Ayres, conveying a squadron, who will be along in a day or two." We ran in as far as we dared, and came to a mile

outside of the shipping. The gale continued all day and part of the night. In the morning, the captain of the port came off and asked for my papers. I introduced him to the lieutenant, and referred him to that functionary as in charge of my papers as a prize to Commodore Norton. The captain then left, saying that he had nothing to do with me. We breakfasted, and manned a boat, and left with the lieutenant, who supposed I was going to see Admiral Guedes. He demanded the papers, but I told him I was going to put myself under the protection of the "Boston." He was somewhat discomposed at this information, and referred to what I had said to the captain of the port. I merely remarked, that, as he was at hand when I told the captain that he was in charge, he might have contradicted me if he chose. We went alongside the "Boston," and I appealed to Hoffman, telling him my exact situation. He said that the admiral was a fair man, and recommended me to deliver my papers to the lieutenant, and go with him to the flag-ship. I asked for a boat, and Midshipman William A. Howard went with us to the admiral. The young lieutenant was so glad to get back the papers, that I felt there was no danger of his saying any thing as to my attempt to escape. In fact, I had put it to him as my only chance of safety to my vessel and cargo. The admiral was of course very reticent, and our visit was short. He retained the papers, and we returned to the "Nile," touching on board the "Boston." I then went on shore to see Mr. Bond, the consul; told him my story, entered my protest, and heard from several captains the narratives of their capture and long detentions,

condemnations, &c. While at the consul's, next day, the weather being thick, a boat came from the brig, bringing to me the words of the mate, Mr. George C. Tucker, now before me in the "Nile's" log-book: "At ten A.M., the 'Nile' was boarded by two launches, full of men, who took possession without stating what their object was. The first officer having the command, being deprived thereof, went on shore and informed Captain Forbes; and, by his orders, went to the 'Boston,' Captain Hoffman, and reported the circumstances to him. In the meantime, the brig was got under way by a set of scoundrels, who cut and destroyed every thing in their way; and, after anchoring her in scarce her draught of water, cut the sails away from the yards, piled them up wet on deck, attempted to unhang the rudder, sent down top-gallant masts, took out our small arms. At two P. M. an officer came on board with a guard of soldiers, who sealed the hatches and scuttles, fore and aft, cutting us off from our provisions, wood, and water."

This bears date, Saturday, 21st July, 1827. From that time, till the 2d of August, our fate seemed to be very uncertain; nothing could be done on board, and nearly all the crew were discharged. My fellow sufferers, some of whom had been in limbo many months, laughed at my hopes of a speedy release; they said, the more valuable my cargo the more chance of its being condemned. In the meantime, I had sent letters to my owners by a Salem brig, the "Neptune," with copy of my protest, and a rather blue view of the prospect of release. I had imbibed something of the feeling of my unfortunate country-

men, whose cases had been many months under debate by the Court of Prizes, at Rio Janeiro, where I was told my case must be adjudicated. In spite of all these discouragements, we were released from bondage on the 2d of August, much to the surprise of every captain in port. It is not necessary here to detail the means by which my agents, Messrs. Zimmerman, Frazier, & Co., opened the door to our release. All who know the character of officials in Spanish and Brazilian ports at that day can form an idea of the temptations for them to "shuttee eye," as the Chinese say, and for pecuniary considerations to allow those who are able and willing to pay, to do pretty much as they please. We were not only cleared, but received every reasonable facility to land some thirty thousand dollars worth of cargo, which brought fair prices. This being done, we sailed on the 22d of August for Boston; crossed the line on the 9th of September, and arrived in Boston on Sunday, October 14.

On the 29th September, in latitude 24° N., we fell in with a British schooner, the "Traveller," having on board Captain Benjamin Foster and crew of Brig. "Horace," of Bath, which vessel had been abandoned on the 7th of September, in latitude $38\frac{1}{2}$, longitude 62. The brig capsized in a gale, and the deck-load of lumber being cut away, she righted. The crew remained some days on the wreck, and were picked up in a very destitute condition. On receiving them on board the "Nile," they were furnished with clothes and other necessaries, the crew were distributed among ours in watches, — the captain and mate in the cabin. We had to go on rather short allowance of water, &c. Captain Foster had always been

in the West India trade in small craft, and was quite innocent of any knowledge of lunar observations, chronometers, and barometers, but exceedingly well posted on the north star, on latitude at noon, and on the various kinds of shingles, clapboards, &c.; he could tell at a glance where a shingle came from. He also was very familiar with the character of the bottom, when near our coast, and was full of old saws as to the weather. I had some information of value from him, as well as a large amount of amusement. When running over the parallel of Bermudas, during a dark, squally night, he became very uneasy; went several times aloft, and finally told me he had never run by the islands under these circumstances, that it was very dangerous and unusual to carry so much sail, &c. I informed him, that according to my chronometer, my lunars, &c., I was nearly eighty miles to the westward of all danger. He said he had no faith in my *kro*-nometers, my *ba*-rometers, and my *lu*-nars; he believed in *ther*-mometer when in the gulf stream, but he knew nothing of the other mometers, and, if I had no objection, he would remain up during the middle watch, and keep a good look out for Bermuda. I made no objection, but turned in and slept soundly. On approaching the coast, with a scant wind, on the 11th of October, we sounded in fifty-five fathoms, and Captain Foster knew the bottom; and later in the evening, when I was in some little doubt as to our exact position, beating round Nantucket shoal-ground, he knew *exactly* when we stood in towards Tukanuk channel, and got a sight of the lead. He exclaimed, emphatically, "Tukanuk, by . . ." I remember, very vividly, the

approach to Cape Cod, and the splendid sunset, when we were becalmed off Chatham. I had been absent over three years, and had sailed about 75,000 miles. During this period, I was twenty-two months from home, without a letter from my family or my owners. I naturally felt much anxiety to hear from them, and also to know how my owners would receive me. We arrived, as I have stated, on Sunday, the 14th day of October. On landing at Central Wharf, I was congratulated by some one on my escape; and informed that the "Neptune," of Salem, by which I had written to the owners, had been in only a day or two, and that the news of my capture had only appeared in the papers of Saturday. As I had the proceeds of the cargo, sold at Monte Video, with me in doubloons, I landed them; and the owners being out of town, deposited the same with Mr. Henry Higginson, who married my cousin, Miss Cushing; and then I took a horse and chaise for Milton. Just as I passed the meeting-house of Dr. Richmond, my two youngest sisters, Mary and Fanny, were coming out. I called to them, and took them home, and met my dear mother and the other members of the family, with emotions which cannot well be described. John was at this time at school at Northampton.

After a "hasty plate of soup," as General Scott said, I took my land-tacks on board to report to Colonel Perkins, at Brookline. I called on my way at Mr. Samuel G. Perkins, and ascertained how the land lay. I had for him an affectionate regard, while for the colonel, at that time, I had a feeling of awe and respect, rather than of love. On arrival at his

house, I found him suffering from gout, especially in his hands. He was much surprised at seeing me, and asked how I had got home. I said, "In the 'Nile.'" "And what have you done with your cargo?" "I have brought all home, excepting some thirty thousand dollars value; and I have deposited the proceeds of this portion, in gold, with Mr. Higginson in Summer Street." He then held out his hand, and I gave it such a squeeze that he drew back in pain, exclaiming, "My God, I wish you were back in Buenos Ayres." We then went into a history of all the events connected with the voyage. The colonel had sent my protest to Henry Clay, Secretary of State, asking for his interference to liberate the "Nile," and to procure indemnification for our detention. The account of our capture had appeared in Saturday's papers; but my letters to my family had not been received at Milton, when I arrived on Sunday morning. My mother, who was remarkable for presentiments—indeed, almost superstitions—had risen early on Sunday morning, and, looking down the harbor, had seen a brig going up with Perkins' signal flying. She immediately called my eldest sister, and said that the "Nile" was going up the harbor; and requested her to get up and to see that my room was put in order. Emma laughed at the idea, saying that the vessel must be the "Danube," momentarily expected from Canton. She contended, that as they had only heard of my capture the day before, and, as I expected a long detention, it was physically impossible for the "Nile" to get here. My mother, not satisfied with this reasoning, ran to Mr. Jonathan Russell's, and, seizing his powerful telescope, again

examined the brig. She ran home, and insisted on calling all hands, and clearing decks for my reception ; saying that she had been kept awake by one of her presentiments that I was close at hand. Although the owners were reticent, I found that I had gained much in their estimation during my long three-years' cruise.

During the ten years of my sea-going life, I had not been on shore more than six months, and much of that time had been spent at Canton, — very little at home. On this occasion, I remained until March, 1828, when the " Danube " — a larger and better vessel than the " Nile " — was being fitted out at New York, by Messrs. Sturgis & Perkins. She was destined for Smyrna. I was appointed to the command, and sailed on the 12th of March, having on board part of a cargo of coffee, and some \$20,000 in specie. I was furnished with a credit on the Barings for about £60,000, the principal object being to procure Turkey opium for China. On my way up the Mediterranean, we met the brig " Leander," of Salem, from Smyrna, bound home ; and, knowing that her owner, Mr. Joseph Peabody, was somewhat interested in the China and India trade, I suspected she had been to Smyrna on the same errand we were going. This made me very anxious to push on for my destination. At this time, the Archipelago was much infested by Greek pirates ; so that all merchant vessels took convoy at Malta. I found there no American vessel of war, but a Dutch brig, the " Echo," ready to sail with a Dutch galiot ; and I put myself under her protection. The galiot sailed so slowly, that she had to be taken in tow of the " Echo." This gave me a splendid opportunity

for manœuvring. I sometimes made all sail, and ran ahead; and sometimes I brought my brig down from royals to double-reefs, and cut round the "Echo" for amusement. We had one sharp gale, obliging the man-o'-war to cast off the tow, and come down to reefs. We watched the movements with much interest, and found no trouble with our crew of twenty, all told, in beating the "Echo" in making and taking in sail. We arrived at Smyrna without seeing any pirates, and landed our coffee and our dollars, which were merely put in as a cover to our large orders for drug. Mr. Joseph Langdon was then the principal American merchant, and to him I was consigned. On consultation, it was determined that, after quietly buying what drug our coffee and dollars would buy, I should go to Gibraltar, and await operations on a larger scale.

I sailed from Vourla, an outport in the Gulf of Smyrna, under convoy of the United States schooner "Porpoise," Captain Bell; Lieutenant L. M. Goldsborough was her executive officer. During our progress down through the Archipelago, we saw no pirates, and met with no stirring incidents. Captain Bell — an easy-going old fellow — had said to me, that, as I was the only vessel under his charge, I must make the best of my way, not standing on etiquette; and that he would keep the run of me, and look after suspicious vessels at the same time. The morning we were to leave Vourla, anticipating an early start, I had turned the hands to very early; hove short, and hoisted my top-sail yards to the mast-heads; had all my sails stopped with yarns, and made every preparation to run up my studding-sails. At sunrise, the

"Porpoise" fired a gun, — the signal for sailing. In less than twenty minutes, I had the "Danube" under full sail, including studding-sails. The "Porpoise," at the time she made the signal, was lying with some of her awnings spread, and one of her boats in the water. Seeing our rapid movements, they hurried after us, making all sail; but, not coming up soon, made signal for us to shorten sail, then another to heave to, and await convoy. We found that we could outsail the "Porpoise," going free. One night, I remember coming up on her weather quarter, we being close-hauled or nearly so, and the "Danube" drawing by; when the tall, handsome first luff sang out through his trumpet, —

"'Danube,' ahoy!"

"Sir?" I answered.

"Keep under the lee quarter, *sir*!"

"Ay, ay, *sir*!"

Any one knowing the admiral as well as I do can understand with what peculiar emphasis he gave me the order to keep under his lee! From that day to the present (1875) we have been intimate friends and correspondents; and I sometimes remind him of his peremptory order in 1828, when he was the *beau-idéal* of a young officer, as he is now of a retired admiral.*

Arriving at Gibraltar, I waited for sundry shipments of drug, and the arrival of the ship "Bashaw," Captain Charles Pearson, of three hundred and ninety tons: a new ship, bought by my uncle for the China trade, and for me to command, while Captain Pearson was to return to Boston in the "Danube." My promotion to what was then considered a large ship, while my elder, Captain Pearson, was to remain in

* Since dead.

the little brig, seemed to me the culmination of my most ardent hopes. On arrival of the ship, it was arranged that we should go outside the rock, and there make our transfers of cargo, crew, &c. While doing this, the wind came out at the eastward, and we were obliged to weigh, and go under Cape Spartel, on the African Coast; where we hove to, and finished our business. I had a crew of about twenty-one, all told; among them, a brother of H. A. Pierce, named Hardy, — a fine boy, — a young Otis, of Boston, and Henry Degen, a ward of Mr. Samuel G. Perkins. Mr. Samuel Sturgis was a passenger. George C. Tucker, of the "Nile," was my mate. Mr. George Sweetlin was my second mate. We sailed on the 10th of July. Nothing very important occurred until the 12th of September, when, running down our easting, James Otis fell overboard from the main top-sail yard. The ship was rounded to, and a boat lowered, but nothing was seen of him. He was encumbered with heavy clothes and boots, and probably sank immediately.

We arrived in the Straits of Sunda early in October, and there fell in with the "Leander," from Salem; the same vessel I had spoken in the Mediterranean. The captain came on board, and recognized me as the same captain he had seen in the "Danube." His name was Smith; the supercargo was Mr. Silver. They of course smelt a big rat, and tried hard to pump something out of us; but I gave strict orders not to let out any thing. Captain Smith asked if he might keep company, to which I gave assent, on condition that he could keep up. He had had no experience of the China Seas, and, as the season was

very precarious just at the change of the monsoons, there was some doubt as to whether we should go by Pulo Sapata, or by the Pallawan passage. We kept together until we passed the Natunas Islands, when, during a squally night, with the wind at southeast, we hauled our wind, and saw no more of the "Leander" until about a week after our arrival at Lintin, when she made her appearance.

Mr. J. P. Cushing had embarked in the ship "Milo," Captain Robert Edes, for the United States; and Captain George Winslow had been appointed to take his place as captain of my old ship, "Levant." My brother Thomas had succeeded Mr. C. as head of the house of Perkins & Co., Canton. This brought us into more intimate relations than had been our lot before. At school, being eighteen months older, he exerted his prerogative very fully; and after that we had been very little together on terms of equality. I had now become aware of his superiority over me, and was ready to look up to him as the head of the family. I looked forward to a reunion with our family; and, when I left in April for Manila, I parted from him with much regret. We never met again. The following letter to my mother, dated on Jan. 28, 1837, gives an account of his loss:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have intended many times to write to you in reply to your note with the little Japan box belonging to Thomas, but it requires an effort of no ordinary character to do so. I shall preserve this little token with religious care, and value it as I do every thing that belonged to him. During my stay in China,—1830-32,—I often contemplated going over the ground, and following the track of the ill-fated bark to its final sepulture, but I confined my inquiries to the Lascar Alee, one of the survivors. You judge

rightly in supposing that, in building the house, I intended to erect a monument to his memory. But to my melancholy narrative.

The "Mentor" had arrived from home at Lintin with important letters. He had received intimations that it was contemplated to break up the old house, — Perkins & Co.; he was anxious to get his letters, and insisted on starting from Macao in his little yacht, the "Haidee," in opposition to the remonstrances of Mr. James Sturgis and other friends. The night was hot and sultry, with every indication of a storm; but Lintin was only eighteen miles away, and a couple of hours would place him on board the "Mentor." He left at six o'clock, making slow progress towards the Nine Islands, only seven miles from Macao; here it fell calm, and he anchored. About midnight, the wind came out from the north in fitful gusts, directly ahead for Lintin. These indications, so well known as of an approaching gale, determined him in returning to Macao. This was soon done; and, about 1 A.M., he anchored close to the beach or *praya grande*, under the lee of the town; and, as he supposed, in perfect safety. By a little exertion, he could have landed; but his chief clerk, Mr. Monson, was ill below, and he concluded to wait for daylight, when he could easily land. Just before daylight, the wind increased to a hurricane, and changed more to the northeast, blowing along shore in fearful gusts. It had now become impossible to land on the *praya*. The cutter of the East India Company, commanded by a Lascar, lay at anchor not far off. My brother set his colors union down for assistance, and by great exertions this could have been rendered by the crew of that vessel. Unfortunately, there were no Europeans on board, and they thought only of their own safety. Soon after daylight, the cutter, a much larger craft than the "Haidee," got under way to run round into the inner harbor. The "Haidee" followed. When they reached the point, the gusts of wind and the blinding rain came down so furiously, that they were compelled to anchor under the point; both anchors were let go. It was apparent that, if they held, all would be safe; and, if they failed, all would be lost. The cutter, being much larger, held on. With every gust of wind, the danger increased; he divested himself of his clothes, and prepared for the worst. At last, a violent gust parted one chain; after a moment of dreadful suspense, the other snaps like a thread, and the

frail bark is borne before the blast seaward. The rain and the flying spray prevented any thing being seen. He hoisted a small piece of the fore-sail, and scud before the gale. As he left the shore, the sea increased, but the gallant little bark, with her brave helmsman, mounted the billows like a sea-bird. One or two rocky islets were passed where it seemed certain death to beach the boat. Poor Monson remained helpless below. By-and-by the water shoaled; every wave brought sand and mud with it. A small beach is seen ahead, and a gleam of hope comes to the tempest-tossed. But the waves became breakers, one of which broke on board, and nearly swamped the boat; then the rudder or the tiller gave way, when a furious wave broke over her, and threw her sidelong among the roaring breakers. The faithful Lascar Alee, who related these details, says that at this moment he pushed the skylight to my brother; but he refused it, and sprang for the main shroud, to which he clung for a moment, and was washed away, and seen no more. One English sailor and Monson shared his fate. The two Lascars reached the shore much exhausted. After the gale, boats were sent from Macao in search of the "Haidee;" the masts were found above water, and the remains of my brother and Monson were recovered, and placed in the English cemetery at Macao. I have visited the spot, and shall go again, sooner or later. This is enough for my nerves, — too much for yours. It is all I know.

Some years since, the remains were brought home, and now rest with those of other members of the family, including my parents, at Forest Hills.

CHAPTER VII.

New Plans — Sail for China — In Command at Lintin Station — Become a Merchant — A Bad Investment — Incidents of the Crisis of 1837 — To China Again — Chief of the House of Russell & Co. — Crisis in the Opium Trade — A Lively Season.

To return to my narrative. We arrived at Boston early in October, 1829. During the winter we heard of my brother's death. Mr. Thomas H. Perkins, Jr., came to announce the fact, and I had to communicate it to my mother. I found her not unprepared for the direful news. No son or brother was more fondly cherished; he had just succeeded Mr. Cushing, who had spent more than twenty years in China, in the management of the large affairs of Perkins & Co. Mr. Cushing was in England at this time, and immediately embarked for China to reorganize the concerns of his friends, — J. and T. H. Perkins, and Bryant and Sturgis, then concerned together in the China trade. He, with other friends, advised my going out to take a prominent part in the new organization; but my mercantile education had not been such as to give me the necessary confidence, and I was inclined to take some less responsible and less lucrative position. I had looked forward to the command of the Lintin station-ship as the summit of my ambition. Up to this time, my whole heart had been

devoted to the support of my family, and to helping forward my younger brother, John, then sixteen years old. His future had been often the subject of conference between Thomas and myself. Now that I remained the head of the family, this duty seemed all the more imperative. During the spring of 1830, I had determined to go out as soon as I could arrange with my powerful friends, the Perkins's and Bryant and Sturgis, to take charge of the Lintin station. Up to this time, I had laid up little money from my hard earnings; for thirteen years I had been almost constantly afloat. I had secured the confidence of my uncles, and felt that I ought to have a first-rate command. I went to New York to examine the "Milo," with a view to buying her. On my return home in the mail-coach, I happened to see two coaches pass, going towards Providence; and I recognized Colonel Perkins and William Sturgis, — the two individuals who held my fate in their hands. I was not long in calling a halt, and in procuring a conveyance to go in chase of my friends. I felt that my fate depended on catching them, and I immediately made sail in pursuit. At Dedham, I pulled up to inquire as to their progress, and learned that they had been gone only a few minutes, and were to spend the night at the half-way house of Fuller, at Walpole. Not having had any time to get my baggage, and being covered with dust, I went to a hair-dresser's, and had a wash, bought a new collar and a tooth-brush, and again got under way. Arriving at Walpole, I saw the party, with whom were several young ladies, pulling up at Fuller's, while I stopped at a house opposite. Here

making myself presentable, I went over to Fuller's, and found the party in high spirits, and about taking supper; I was invited to join them. After this was over, I interviewed Mr. Sturgis, who had given me such good advice when I first went to sea, and who, for reasons not necessary to detail here, felt more than a common interest in my welfare. I opened the subject of the Lintin station, then occupied by the "Tartar," a ship of Bryant & Sturgis, commanded by a relative of Mr. Sturgis. I found him quite willing to meet my views; he advised me not to buy the "Milo," but to get a new ship, and promised to aid me. Soon after, I found an opportunity of opening my plans to Mr. Perkins. He seemed well-inclined; but, said he, "Sturgis now has control at Lintin, and his nephew is on the berth; I doubt if he will give up that very valuable situation. If he consents, I shall interpose no objections." I then told him Mr. S. had already given his consent.

These gentlemen had advised me to join Mr. Cushing in Europe, and go out with him to reorganize their business. I recapitulated my reasons for preferring the Lintin station to going into a new and untried business at Canton, which would involve a long exile. My uncle not only gave his consent, but volunteered to furnish means to buy a new ship. I do not recall any night of my life when I have been blessed with more happy dreams of prosperity, than during that night at Walpole. Early the next morning, I left for Boston. How well I remember that bright and fresh May morning! I was almost too happy. I found at Medford a ship on the stocks, nearly ready to launch; and, with the assistance of my esteemed

friend, Daniel C. Bacon, — the same gentleman who had, in 1819, wondered why I, a sailor, had no jack-knife, — I fitted her for sea. She was the first vessel I had seen launched. This occurred on the 17th of June, just as a national salute was being fired at Bunker Hill. On the 7th of July, she being ready for sea, I sailed for China. My brother John, Mr. Augustine Heard, and Dr. Jennison were passengers. My health had not been very good during my stay at home. I imagined that my liver was affected, and it was with the intention of utilizing Dr. J. that I invited him to go to China and seek his fortune. When about three weeks at sea, I gave up the command to Mr. Heard, who was like a fish out of water for want of employment. He very often had made himself busy in squally weather, and I had jocosely threatened to put him in command unless he kept out of the way. He was on his way to join Mr. Samuel Russell at Canton, under contract with Mr. Philip Ammidon, who did not want to go again; but, on arrival, he was received as a partner, and Mr. A. was released. John was going out to join the house of Russell & Co., to which end Mr. Cushing had invited him. It should be stated here that Russell & Co. had for some time done business at Canton previous to Mr. Cushing's leaving, and, in fact, had transacted a part of his business. When my brother was lost, papers were found giving directions, in the event of accident to him, for Mr. Russell to take care of the business of the Perkins's and Bryant & Sturgis. So that, upon our arrival in November, the house of Russell & Co. was reorganized by the admittance of John as a clerk, and Heard as a partner; and from that date began

the fortunate and extensive affairs in which I afterwards participated as a partner.

On arrival, the cargo of the "Tartar" was transferred to my bark, "Lintin," and I became established on that station. There I remained, doing a thriving business in storage and furnishing supplies to ships, until April, 1832, when I embarked for home in the ship "Eclipse," belonging to Joseph Peabody, of Salem, — Captain W. Johnson.

Coming into Boston Bay, the captain ran with great caution, making all the lights from Chatham to Baker's Island; and, early in the morning, hove the ship to outside of the shoals. Instead of waiting for plain daylight, and getting a pilot, he filled away with a light, westerly wind, in the gray of the morning, — a common mistake for impatient skippers to make, — and very soon grounded on the South Breaker, or on one of the shoals outside of Baker's Island. Captain Johnson, whose principal emolument depended on getting his ship and cargo safely into port, was struck dumb by this unexpected accident. I was on deck, and, not having any reason for great excitement, I saw at a glance what was required. The ship seemed to hang amidships, her motion caused by a slight swell, showing that she was "all alive." I immediately ordered every thing done that was possible to heel the ship over; the mates, Messrs. Perry and Silver, carried out the orders promptly; and, before poor Johnson fully recovered his faculties, the ship went off.

I had sold a part of my ship to Russell & Co., and had given a share to my brother. I left her in command of F. W. Macondray, who remained in her six

or seven years. Mr. Cushing, after seeing the house well under way, had left for home, I think in the "Bashaw," Captain Charles Pearson. We arrived at Salem in August, and found my family all well. The house in which my mother resided was the property of my uncle, John M. Forbes, who had died at Buenos Ayres, in 1831. As he had never married, and left no will, his property was legally distributed, under the administration of William Sturgis, among his nephews and nieces,—the children of James Grant Forbes, and my brother and sisters. When the house and land came to be sold, I bought the whole for \$5,000, — just double the appraisement, — in order that my cousins (one of whom thought his uncle John, if he had made a will, would have left all to him) should have the full value of the property. In 1833, or previously, I had bought a strip of land intervening between the old estate and Churchill's Lane, and had turned over to my mother my share of my brother's estate, about \$12,000, and began to erect the house now occupied by my son Murray,* so that with this sum, and the new strip, and the cost of the old estate, less my share of my uncle's property, I put into it about \$19,000. Added to this, the minors contributed each \$2,000. In building this expensive house, I felt that I was carrying out my mother's wish to erect a fitting monument to the memory of my brother. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to consummate this pledge. At this time, I had my business quarters with Mr. D. C. Bacon. I had become invested with considerable responsibilities as consignee of goods from Russell & Co. My brother had become a partner in the house,

* Now his property.

and had the power of influencing considerable business; in which he was seconded by Houqua, the Hong merchant, who was much attached to Mr. Cushing and to my brother Thomas. Early in 1834, John came home, and was married; and went out again on the 8th of March, with Captain Bancroft, in the ship "Logan." He had not attained his majority, but was in charge of the business of the "Logan," which ship went first to Gibraltar.

At this time of my life (1834), at the age of thirty, I had become gray, and imagined myself approaching old age. I had attained the summit of my ambition; I was what was then thought to be comfortably off in worldly goods; I had retired from the sea professionally, and had become a merchant; I had contributed something towards the comfort of my mother; I had paid off the large debts contracted in building my ship, and began to think more of myself than I ever had done. I felt that it was time to settle down, and live for myself as well as for others. I bought a house of my old patron and uncle, Thomas H. Perkins, next door to his mansion in Temple Place; now occupied as a savings bank.

On the 20th of January, 1834, I married Rose Green Smith, and began housekeeping. I resided there until I went to China in June, 1838. I must now relate some of the incidents that required this great sacrifice of home comforts.

I had been tolerably successful as a merchant from the time of my return in 1832, until obliged to go again to China in 1838. Most of my business in Boston was managed by my friend, Daniel C. Bacon, and in New York, by Cary & Co. I had not acquired the

art of saying "No," and I lived always rather for the present than the future. I made several bad "specs" in attempting to serve others; one of these deserves particular notice as a warning to young men to stick to their business. I had a great regard for a young cousin who went into the employ of a gentleman who was about getting up extensive nail-works in the interior of Pennsylvania. He predicated his success on the establishment of a large iron-foundry, and the working of a fruitful coal-mine, owned and about to be worked by some of the most astute manufacturers of Massachusetts; among whom I may mention my uncle T. H. Perkins, Patrick Jackson, and Edmund Dwight,—all men who, as I thought, could not go wrong. I induced my friend Lyman to employ my cousin. Before the big furnace was finished, costing \$100,000, and the coal and iron mines fairly opened, the nail-works were in operation by means of coal and iron bought at other points. More capital was required; and, in a weak moment, I agreed to advance a considerable sum, and to take a lien on the nail-works, reserving the privilege of taking a share in the concern, should I desire to do so. The sequel is soon told. At the beginning of the commercial crisis, 1837-38, when the banks suspended specie payments, and "shin-plasters" became the fashion, the nail-works had on hand ten or twelve thousand kegs of nails. I had gone into the concern under full faith that nails, costing three-and-a-half cents per pound, and selling at seven, must give a handsome result. I had also full faith in the wisdom and discretion of the Farrandsville Iron and Coal Company; but, when our nails were sold throughout the West and South,

everybody failed to pay for them. The iron ore and the coal of the company were found to be of inferior quality; the big furnace became a lasting monument of the folly of the projectors; and I had to wind up the nail-company by the sweat of my brother's brow and the hard labor of his brain, during my absence in China, and at a loss of about \$100,000. The works were given away for stock in another Pennsylvania company, the certificates of which lie in my strong-box, and are not worth the paper on which they are printed! Such is the brief history of my only speculation in manufacturing; it proved to be a most fortunate "spec," for it was the last straw that drove me to China again.

I had also been concerned in several speculations with Mr. Bacon, Mr. Cabot, and others, generally successful until the great crisis of 1837 took place; then bills receivable on account of consignments which had been discounted, and by the failure of nearly all who had bought the goods, became bills payable. As a sample of the disastrous condition of things, I will mention one or two of my experiences. Mr. Bacon and myself sent a credit to China for, say £20,000, to be invested by Russell & Co. in silks. The goods arrived before the great smash, and were sold at a small nominal profit to perfectly good men. The bills due the Barings were remitted in course, — they were mostly on the three W's — Wildes, Wiggin, Wilson. The crisis came, the bills were protested; costing ten per cent., they had to be replaced by others costing twenty per cent.! In the meantime the drawers had failed, and the purchasers of goods who had given their notes had failed! None of these paid

over fifty per cent., and some much less. It will be seen by any one at all conversant with business, that, in order to save our credit with the Barings and with Russell & Co., who drew our bills, we lost much more than was represented by the amount of the credit, — £20,000, or \$100,000.

Just before the great crisis, my brother had come home; and, as the representative of my Chinese constituents, he felt bound to save for them all that could be saved from the wreck of my hard-earned property. Every thing was necessarily surrendered to him. Mr. Bacon, on whom I always had relied for any bank facilities, had as much as he could do to meet his own obligations. About this time, while dining with a social club, consisting of men since prominent in Boston, failures were constantly occurring, and some one asked me how long I expected to stand it. I answered, "Until my New York agents go." Before leaving the table, their suspension was announced. As they owed me a considerable sum, this was a sad blow, and seemed to me as the last straw that was to break my back; but they had good credit, and with ample assets gave their notes in full at one, two, and three years, with interest. This paper would have been of no present use to me, had not my long-time faithful friend and uncle, T. H. Perkins, put his name to the same, which enabled me to get the money at six per cent. from a celebrated capitalist who never took more.

I will mention another adventure which fairly illustrates the condition of the times, and also is a warning to all young merchants who may read this memoir. A young gentleman of one of our oldest

families, the father of which rejoiced in many sons and daughters, came to me and said that he could get a situation as assistant supercargo in a ship going to China, provided he could furnish a credit for £2,000. Having a desire to serve him, I agreed to guarantee the credit, provided he made his investment through my friends Russell & Co., who would consign the goods to me, and I should insure the same. There did not seem to be much chance of loss. The ship went to China, where it was found inexpedient by the chief supercargo to do any thing; he went to Manila, invested the whole of my young friend's credit in sugar, at a high price, and came home just as the crisis of 1837 began. The ship took her sugar to Antwerp, and I had to remit to the Barings the full amount of the credit, against which I got no returns whatever; leaving to the debit of the operation, \$10,232! This and the other case, wherein Mr. Bacon was my partner, fairly illustrate how men of good credit, in good business, lost all during that eventful period.

As before said, I made up my mind to embark for China, and took leave of my wife and only son, then about eight months old, on the 8th of June, 1838. I went down the harbor with John, W. H. Bordman, and P. S. Shelton, in yacht "Breeze," to embark on board of the bark "Mary Chilton," Captain George Drew, — a vessel chartered to carry out domestic goods consigned to me by sympathizing friends. I was furnished also with a considerable amount of credit from Josiah Bradlee, Stanton & Nichols, Bacon, and others, and had the promise of several consignments of ships. My brother, who was a partner

in the house of Russell & Co., gave me his power of attorney to use as might seem best for my interest. I also took strong letters from Mr. Cushing to his influential Chinese friends; so that, while I left my affairs in a very unsettled state, and felt anxious as to the result, I went under the best auspices, full of hope for a successful result. My family moved into a small house on Mount Vernon Street.

At this time, the principal partner of Russell & Co. was John C. Green, a man of great experience and uncompromising ability, who has recently died (1875) worth several millions. He was desirous of returning to the United States with what was then considered a fortune, and the friends of the house thought it was a good time for me to go and endeavor to get a footing in it. We arrived at Hong Kong in October, and found a welcome at the hands of Mr. Green, Messrs. Low, King, and Hunter, the junior members. Notwithstanding some opposition by an absent member, who was not a particular friend of Mr. Green's, I made arrangements to place all business coming to me in the hands of Russell & Co., and to be admitted as the chief on the 1st of January, 1840. Mr. Green was well disposed to meet my brother's views, which were to receive me in his place under private arrangements for 1839; and I had also the full prestige of the oldest Hong merchant, Houqua, in my favor, who had been so long the friend of Mr. Cushing and my brother Thomas. The only positive condition made with me was, that in reorganizing the house, in 1840, the absent member should be omitted. As this gentleman had opposed my admittance, not knowing the amount of prestige I carried

with me, it was not my business to look into the motives of his partners in leaving him out. It is now necessary to go into a brief review of the causes that brought about the great crisis of 1839, in the affairs of the foreign community at Canton.

The opium trade had for a long time been carried on in India under the protection of the East India Company, and had reached a value of ten or twelve millions of dollars annually, from which the Company, and, through them, the British government, derived considerable benefit. This trade was carried on mostly by English and Parsee merchants, and with the connivance of the Chinese local authorities. The store-ships lay outside at Lintin, and in the Cap-Sing-Moon passage, near where Hong Kong is now located, until the smaller merchants began to run the drug into the river in small craft. The larger consignees sold the drug at Canton, and gave orders on the store-ships. These orders were taken to the outer anchorages by agents, who went in fast-pulling boats, and brought it to the purchasers. Generally, a regular understanding existed between the "smug-boats" and the mandarins, and, as a general rule, every thing went on harmoniously; but occasionally, when some one undertook to run a boat-load without paying the mandarins, some opposition was encountered. This was apt to occur about New Year's time, when new men came into office, and new bargains were to be made. The fast-boats went and came, night and day, like any honest traders; and oftentimes the very mandarin boats sent to protect the revenue came to the store-ships, and took the drug into the river. The introduction of opium was op-

posed to the law of the empire; but the officers of government encouraged its cultivation in China and its introduction from India and Turkey, not only by levying a duty on it for their own benefit, but by consuming it.

In the spring of 1839, the government became aroused, not so much by the moral effect on the people who smoked the drug, as by the large amount of specie going out of the country to pay for it; that is to say, this was one of the principal reasons given for breaking up the trade. But, in fact, most of the cash received for it went to pay for tea and silk, and the remittances to India were made mostly in bills; so that there was no large drain of specie by reason of the opium traffic. As to the effect on the people, there can be no doubt that it was demoralizing to a certain extent; not more so, probably, than the use of ardent spirits; indeed, it has been asserted with truth that the twenty or thirty thousand chests,—say twelve to fifteen million pounds,—of opium, distributed among three hundred and fifty millions of people, had a much less deleterious effect on the whole country than the vile liquor made of rice, called “samshue.” Dealing in opium was not looked upon by the British government, by the East India Company, or by the merchants, as a smuggling transaction; it was viewed as a legitimate business so long as the drug was sold on the coast, outside of the professed jurisdiction of China. It was certainly legitimate in India, where a large revenue was derived from it; it was certainly legitimate at Singapore, at Manila, at Macao, a Portuguese settlement; and it would have been very difficult to draw the line where it became

smuggling. I shall not go into any argument to prove that I considered it right to follow the example of England, the East India Company, the countries that cleared it for China, and the merchants to whom I had always been accustomed to look up as exponents of all that was honorable in trade,—the Perkins's, the Peabodys, the Russells, and the Lows.

Early in 1839, the Chinese government determined to put an end to it. Commissioner Lin was sent to Canton with full power. The merchants supposed that he was coming to make some arrangements by which he could keep it out of sight, or to feather his own nest; but he came with an honest intention of doing his duty. He did not stop to arrest and punish the well-known company of brokers, or the owners of the "smug-boats," or the agents of the government who had countenanced the trade, or the servants of the East India Company, who still resided in Canton, although the company had abandoned all trade in China to the merchants; he did not send his fleets to the outside anchorages, and capture the store-ships. He struck directly at the head and front of the offending. Without any warning, Lin made his appearance at Canton on the 10th of March, and on the 19th he issued a proclamation demanding of the foreign community the instant delivery of every chest of opium within the waters of China! The Hong merchants, through whom all legitimate foreign trade was conducted, were threatened with death if the imperial mandate was not immediately obeyed.

In order to show that he was in earnest, Lin threw

a cordon of boats filled with soldiers around the river-front of the residences of the merchants ; all the servants, compradores, and cooks were ordered off ; in one word, we were prisoners in our own factories or houses ; all trade ceased, and we were thrown on our own resources. At this critical moment, Charles Elliot, superintendent of British trade, who had some warning at Macao of the intentions of Lin, arrived off the factories. He came on shore in a boat belonging to a British sloop-of-war, not without show of opposition, landed near the companies' hong, hoisted the British flag, and summoned the merchants for consultation. He demanded free egress for his countrymen, and called on them and on all who held British-owned opium to surrender it to him in the name of her majesty, Queen Victoria. He pledged himself that it should be paid for. In accordance with this order, schedules were made out, certificates or receipts were issued, and an account of the whole, chest by chest, and mark by mark, was issued and given to Lin. It was arranged that Mr. Johnson, second superintendent of British trade, should proceed to the Bocca Tigris, the fortified entrance of the river, and deliver to Lin's officers 20,283 chests of opium of the then *nominal* value of ten millions of dollars. During the progress of delivery, the foreign community was kept under strict guard. Not desiring to starve them, the officers of government, or the Hong merchants, sent in supplies of food in the shape of pigs, fowls, and sheep on the hoof. Fortunately several boats' crews were in Canton at the time of closing the doors, and they were utilized as far as possible as servants, cooks, &c ; but the supply, not

being equal to the demand, other means had to be resorted to in order to carry on housekeeping.

In the American hong lived Mr. P. W. Snow, United States Consul, Russell & Co., Russell, Sturgis, & Co., and others. I was called upon to organize the house for work; lots were drawn to settle who should cook, and who play the part of waiters, chambermen, &c. It fell to me to be chief cook. The first thing to be done was to clean out the kitchen, into which no white man had before entered; all hands went at it, and soon made things fit for my new work. My first effort was fried ham and eggs; when the dish came to table, it was difficult to distinguish between eggs and ham: all bore the color and partook of the consistency of dirty sole-leather. It was immediately voted to depose me, and to put Warren Delano in my place, and I assumed his duties, which were to look after the glass and silver; to this end I put upon the side-board a piece of sheeting, and when I required towels I had only to tear off a strip, wipe my utensils, and throw the strip into a corner. W. C. Hunter was lamp-trimmer, and all had something to do. The live-stock was driven into the rear, and barricaded, — pigs, sheep, and fowls all mixed up together, and making day and night hideous with their smell and noises. Mr. John C. Green the chief, being much engaged as chairman of the chamber of commerce, was exempted from ordinary household duties. Bathing being important, and no coolies at hand to carry water to the upper rooms, we rigged whips, and attempted to hoist up the big pails into the verandas; but this proved a failure, the ropes twisted up, and the pails remained suspended in mid air. The

venerable consul mourned much over this state of durance vile, and lamented his hard fate. One morning I met him on the stairs, intent on some household errand, when he opened his heart to me in this wise : —

“Is this not too bad, Mr. Forbes, that a public official at my time of life, not owning a pound of opium, should be imprisoned, and compelled to do chamber-maid’s work?”

Many ludicrous scenes occurred during the five or six weeks of our imprisonment. Terrier dogs being abundant as well as rats, the younger members of the community got up regular hunts, and killed many fine specimens. The Chinese guards outside filled the square, and they imagined we lived principally on rats and beer. Foot-races were organized, cricket and ball matches, and some of the sailors competed for prizes in climbing flag-staffs. Every one tried to be jolly. Some wore very long faces, thinking something would surely happen to endanger our lives. Before the arrangements were completed to deliver the goods, at a meeting of the chamber of commerce Houqua and one or two other principal Hong merchants appeared, with very lugubrious faces and with chains round their necks ; but the chains were so very light, that I could not help thinking this was a farce got up to frighten their friends into compliance with Lin’s demands. The city authorities through the Hong merchants endeavored to induce Mr. Dent, one of the principal holders of drug, to go into the city ; but the community with one voice opposed this, — some believing that he was wanted as a hostage for the delivery of the opium, and some went so far as to fear

that if he went in he would be executed. The unanimous compliance with Elliot's demand, and the surrender of drug, day by day, according to contract, put an end to all debate as to action by the merchants, and made the poor Hong merchants happy.

Early in May, the last chest having been delivered, and the whole 20,283 destroyed by dumping into trenches and admitting the river water, the treble cordon of guard-boats was removed, and trade was opened; servants came back, and all breathed freely again. Mr. John C. Green embarked for home in the month of June, in the "Panama," Capt. Benjamin, leaving me at the helm; and very soon after Elliot induced his countrymen to leave Canton, cut off trade as much as possible, and thus alarm the Chinese as to the effects of their seizure. The English to a man shut up their factories and went to Macao, or to their ships at Hong Kong, then a mere anchorage. They scouted the idea of doing business at Canton, and seemed determined to sacrifice their own interests and the interests of their constituents, by closing trade. Elliot himself personally begged Russell & Co. to follow his countrymen, saying, "If your house goes, all will go, and we shall soon bring these rascally Chinese to terms." I replied that *I had not come to China for health or pleasure, and that I should remain at my post as long as I could sell a yard of goods or buy a pound of tea; that we Yankees had no Queen to guarantee our losses, &c.* He asked if I was willing to do business with a chain about my neck, and said he would soon make Canton too hot for us. I rejoined that the chain was *imaginary*, the duty to constituents and the commission

account were *real*; and that if he made Canton too warm I should go to Whampoa, retreating step by step, but buying and selling just as long as I found parties to operate with. My intercourse with the superintendent, who was a naval man, had been always intimate and friendly; and this interview was no exception to the rule. We continued to trade; and, by the end of August, the British merchants, getting tired at seeing us reaping the advantages denied to them, in spite of their former protestations and of Elliot's injunctions to refrain from all trade, were induced, by the accumulation of goods outside and the want of tea at home, to ship up their goods, and get out tea in American bottoms. Having an English ship to our consignment at Hong Kong, I went there and took up my quarters on board of her, and had my hands full in attending to the stream of ships coming and going, loaded to their utmost capacity, with cotton and dry goods going in, and teas coming out. At this time, the new organization of Russell & Co. had not begun; but I had induced Russell, Sturgis, & Co. to break up their China house, and had arranged for the junior partner, W. Delano, to join Russell & Co.

About this time, an outrage of a serious character was perpetrated, near Macao, on the Spanish or Portuguese brig "Bilbao." Mistaken for an English vessel, the Chinese burned her in the Taypa harbor. This caused all the English at Macao to flee to Hong Kong on board ships; the general alarm also caused Elliot to declare the port of Canton under blockade, to take effect on the eleventh of September. The only means within his reach were the sloops "Vo-

lage" and the "Larne;" but the remonstrances of all, English and Americans, soon compelled him to rescind the insane order, and trade went on more briskly than ever. By October, the commissioner, Lin, finding trade going on without hindrance under American and other flags not English, issued a new edict, making it prudent if not necessary to carry all goods to some port out of China, and bring them back; by this process, ships loaded at Hong Kong and went to Manila, and returned without breaking bulk to Canton. English ships were sold to Americans, and every thing was done to get all goods into market, and to get out a supply of teas before any competent force could come from England, to punish China for imprisoning the merchants. It was well known that something on a large scale would be done, and that it would be well done. I remained at Hong Kong until October, when the outside work was fully organized, and went to Canton. The "Lintin," then belonging to Russell & Co., made several very lucrative trips up and down the river, with all her upper spars down; cotton and tea piled up to the leading blocks, and Chinese boats assisting in towing and drifting up and down the river almost under bare poles. To give from five to seven dollars per bale for the trip up ninety miles was not out of course, and more was paid to get out teas and silk than a ship now gets to bring the same to America!

Some of the larger English houses, such as Jardines and Dents, held back until they saw that others would get all the cream; and then they, like the rest, sent their agents, tea tasters, &c., under cover of the American flag to Canton. Even the little brig "Rose,"

of only one hundred and fifty tons, went up full of East India goods under deck, and cotton piled on deck three tiers deep, with her spare spars and casks along side to keep her from turning over.

While holding my *court* at Hong Kong, a ship appeared one day, and anchored far out. I sent my aid, Captain Gilman, to reconnoitre and to report; he returned and reported the "Navigator," Captain Bridges, belonging to the Neals of Salem, full of betel nut and rattans. The captain said he was as full as a tick, and not over stiff, and could not make room for any thing. I jumped into the "fast-boat," and went to see for myself. I found the lower hold full of betel nut, the between-decks nearly full of rattans. I told the captain that rattans did not count under present circumstances; that he must pile them on deck, up to the cat harpins if necessary, and fill up the between-decks with cotton. He seemed to consider me out of my mind; but when he came to learn that seven dollars a bale could be had, and to realize that by getting down all his upper sticks he would not turn over, he came to believe I was sane, and I think took in six or seven hundred bales. I mention this as a mere sample of the way we managed. Coming down with teas, dunnage was laid on deck, tea piled up under mat-houses eight or ten feet high. The "Lintin" added much to her good fortunes by her work. The "Akbar" took a cargo of British goods at Hong Kong, went to Manila, entered, cleared, and was back again in a very short time, under that prince of good captains, Philip Dumaresq. She went to Whampoa, brought out a large cargo of teas, discharged, and went to Calcutta and back be-

fore the blockade was established, with five thousand bales of cotton, and got out again full of teas, making a splendid voyage. Russell & Co. shipped teas in American bottoms to the Dutch port of Rhio, and there transferred them to British ships. This was thought to be a dangerous move, and our English friends predicted failure; but we felt quite convinced that the Queen wanted her 2-6 per pound duty enough to make the operation secure, and, if not admitted into English, other markets would be found. The result proved the wisdom of our course. At this time, when all the energies of R. & Co. were taxed to the utmost, Messrs. W. Delano, A. A. Low, Edward King, and W. C. Hunter, were most able and efficient co-operators; and to them the concern was much indebted for its success during the unprecedented high-pressure trade from May to December, 1839, and in fact up to the 28th of June, 1840, when the port was blockaded by a large force. On the 2d of December, the absent member landed in Canton; on the 1st of January he was no longer a partner, and W. Delano was formally admitted, Mr. Low retiring. In June, being utterly used up by overwork, I went to Macao to recruit; and was there when the squadron under Sir Gordon Bremer closed the door effectually, all ships having hurried out of the river.

MACAO, 25th June, 1840.

Captain H. SMITH, H. B. M. Ship "Druid."

DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty of giving Captain Benjamin, of the American ship "Panama," this letter of introduction to you. And, as an apology for so doing, I have to state, that the "Panama" arrived here on the 19th inst., and immediately applied for her pilot; and, if it had not been for

the great delay lately incurred in procuring pilots, she would long since have been in port, and out again before the 28th inst. Captain Benjamin goes within the forts on Chuenpee, and considers himself there actually *within the port of Canton*. He may have to await permission to enter the river until after the 28th inst.; and I trust he will have no obstacles placed in the way of his entry by the blockading squadron under your orders. I would only add, that his owners, for whom Russell & Co. are agents, have property already in Canton, and that the "Panama" must if practicable go up to receive it. Trusting to your extending to the "Panama" any facilities in your power to enable her to enter the port, I have only to remind you that the Chinese, last January, would not allow ships to pass the chain, because the British ships of war were so near.

I have the honor, &c.,

R. B. FORBES.

For R. & Co., Consignees, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Command of the "Niantic," Homeward Bound — Effect of Destruction of Opium — A Tedious Voyage and a Happy Return — A Trip to Europe — Ship-Building — Changes in China — Paul S. Forbes — Review of My Career — My Last Voyage to China — A Collision at Sea.

AT Macao I met Elliot, who very cordially received me, and said: "My dear Forbes, the Queen owes you many thanks for not taking my advice as to leaving Canton. We have got in all our goods, and got out a full supply of teas and silk. If the American houses had not remained at their post, the English would have gone in. I had no power to prevent them from going. Now the trade of the season is over, and a large force at hand, we can bring the Chinese to terms."

During the winter of 1839-40, one English ship, the "Thomas Coutts," had gone to Whampoa, in opposition to Elliot's orders or advice, and this had caused much excitement. The captain owned a part, and was perfectly right in seeking good employment; Russell & Co. loaded the vessel for England. One of the largest of the English houses* had made overtures, early in 1840, to transfer one or two large ships and their cargoes to our flag, and send them to Whampoa, to be laden with teas, and to be bought back again on their return. The temptation was great;

* Jardines.

but, owing to the press of business, it was impossible to comply. I took the opportunity to recommend our late partner as a suitable flag-captain to act for them, and he was actually installed as their agent, in conjunction with a supercargo from Philadelphia.* I had not been long at Macao, when I was very much debilitated by the bleeding of leech-bites at night. I awoke in the middle of the night, and found myself very dizzy. I rang for my faithful Chinese servant, who found me fainting, and sent for the doctor. I had lost more blood than I could well spare, and was left very weak. Before getting over the unfortunate accident, I mounted my Arabian pony one day, to make a call at the missionary hospital of Mr. Hobson. When about to leave, I mounted my horse, while a cooly held him by the head; he had a bad habit of starting before I was ready, and the man, not being aware of this, let go before I had got my seat. He plunged, and went off at a gallop; and, in whirling round a corner, I was seized with a dizzy turn, and was thrown to the hard ground, lighting on my head and wrist. I was picked up insensible, carried back to the hospital, and there *bled*! I came to, and was taken home; but by the 1st of July it was evident that I must change the scene at once, or be carried to the cemetery where rested the remains of my lost brother. The ship "Niantic," Captain Doty, belonging to the Griswolds, of New York, had been hurried out of the river, and was on her way to Macao. I determined to embark in her, and on the 7th of July she appeared. I had invited the Rev. Dr. Peter Parker to avail himself of the opportunity to go home; and Captain Jauncy, who had commanded

* Mr. Ryan.

one of Jardine's opium clippers, and been badly wounded in a fight with pirates, was also permitted to avail himself of the kind care of Dr. Parker. The ship anchored far out in the roads, the captain came on shore, and exposed himself running about in the hot sun, was taken very ill, and had to be sent off helpless. Dr. Parker could not conveniently go off to attend to him until I determined to embark at once. A "fast-boat" was ordered, and we went off late in the afternoon. The second mate and four or five men were ill and off duty, and the mate was not very competent. The crew were so weak that it required the united force of the boatmen, my partners, Messrs. Delano and Hunter, and the crew of the boat, with my depleted powers, to get the ship under way. Dr. Parker devoted himself to the sick captain, who had all the symptoms of cholera, while I took command and put to sea. All who know the China seas in July and August can realize the responsibility of this undertaking.

Added to the disadvantages of the condition of the crew and officers, and the season of the year, was the fact that the ship was rather shaky, not a fast sailer, quite crank, not over-well found; and our accommodations for two sick men, mate, steward, two passengers, and a Chinese servant attached to the good doctor, consisted of a house about twenty feet by eighteen, containing five small "state-rooms," and the pantry. The sick captain hung in a cot swinging over the table; I occupied a room so well filled that I had but just standing-room to shave; Parker opposite; Jauncy in the forward compartment; the mates in another room; while the steward and the

servant occupied the remaining one. I had become so reduced by hard work and loss of blood, that I weighed but one hundred and thirty pounds; but I felt that the life of the captain and the success of the voyage depended on getting to sea. Dr. P. protested against our leaving under such circumstances, but I persevered. Before giving an account of our passage home, I must go back a step, and relate some facts in regard to my position and doings on leaving my post.

While at Macão, one day late in June, in fact a few days before the blockade was established, a ship anchored in the outer roads. She displayed the signal of the Griswolds, and, indeed, I recognized her as the "Panama," in which Mr. Green had embarked about thirteen months previously. The captain landed and came to me, and, after being informed of the condition of things, was in doubt whether to go to Manila and seek for a cargo, or to accept my advice and push into the river. I told him that he must make up his mind at once; that if the ship was mine, I should let her go in. It was concluded to let her take her chance. I had not counted in vain on the good-will of Elliot; the moment I heard of purchases being made, I went to him and stated that we had a ship and cargo at Whampoa, and, although the port had been closed a day or two after the ship entered, I hoped he would allow her to pass out, remembering our conversation of a few weeks before. He seemed very glad to comply. This voyage, as well as that of the "Niantic," resulted splendidly. I have always felt that Russell & Co., and myself more particularly, deserved more credit for this result than we

ever obtained. From the 1st of January to the closing of the port, the commission-account and the gains by the "Lintin" showed a grand result.

I cannot close this part of my memoir without noting some facts and making some suggestions as to the effect of the destruction of about half the opium crop of India. Much of this belonged to Parsees, many of whom were men of small means compared to Jardine & Co., and Dent & Co.,—about \$800,000 value in cost was in the hands of Russell & Co. as consignees. When Commissioner Lin opened our prison doors, he called upon all heads of houses to sign bonds never to have any thing to do with opium within the waters of China. This demand was the subject of much opposition, but as the English had determined to vacate Canton, punish China, and found new colonies outside, the demand was acceded to. Mr. Green signed it, contemplating early retirement from the house. The pledge was kept by us until an entirely new state of things was established by the arms of England, the drug was finally admitted on the payment of a duty. The powerful English and Parsee merchants, who controlled the trade at the time of the seizure, made up the amount declared to be on hand, and delivered it, chest by chest, and mark by mark, according to their schedules; but it is doubtful if they delivered the identical chests contained in these lists! Some of the drug was up the coast, some, perhaps, on the way from India. The market had become so depressed when the seizure became imminent, that holders were rather glad to exchange it for Elliot's scrip, which, so far as he could, pledged his government to pay the cost or *value* of it. Some of the

holders, not being able to make up their quantum, repacked, *drew out* their one hundred chests into one hundred and fifty, more or less. Some of those controlling fast clippers sent them to India to buy more, under a state of panic in the market. Many expedients were resorted to by the less scrupulous merchants to fulfil the requirements of their schedules. The Chinese were not very particular as to the weight or quality. The chests were knocked open, and the drug thrown into trenches full of water; and when the mass became decomposed, the sluices were opened and the offensive mixture let out into the main river. Meantime, many, knowing the cupidity of Chinese officials, entertained great doubts whether the drug would actually be destroyed; the moment it was ascertained that it was really being done, it became apparent that to destroy one-half the crop would certainly enhance the value of the balance. Predicated upon this reasoning, those who were not ruined by the seizure, those who considered their bonds as given under duress, and those commanding means to import more, were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity to make an enormous profit. The fact became in the course of time quite patent that some of the English houses made vast sums immediately after the destruction of the drug, and some of the dealers actually boasted of the manner in which they had manufactured opium for Commissioner Lin! This was of course not done to any great extent; and, as a general rule, the demands of Elliot, Lin, & Co. were carried out in good faith. I am not correctly informed as to the result of the payments to holders of Elliot's certificates; much

influence was brought to bear upon the government at home to prove that the opium cost, say \$400 or \$500 per chest, and to procure payment at that rate. On the other hand, it was argued with considerable show of justice, that the drug was selling at \$250 or \$300 per chest at the time of seizure, and, indeed, that it was nearly worthless. I am under the impression that the rate of payment was in some way adjusted by the amount "squeezed" out of the Hong and the salt merchants, to pay part of the cost of punishing China. Certain it is, that most of the smaller holders of scrip were great losers, and that the large agents, who sold mostly on commission, turned their attention to speculation in scrip and in the drug itself, and made large fortunes. Russell & Co. considered it important to keep the pledge made by Mr. Green, and for a long time had nothing to do with opium; certainly not within my time, between 1840 and 1844, when my interest ceased for a time, as will be shown farther on.

It was generally understood that Dent & Co. refrained entirely from taking advantage of the reopening of the traffic as above alluded to. The amount paid by the British Government to the holders of Elliot's certificates was about £60 per chest. During the exciting times between January and July, 1840, Russell & Co. controlled considerable operations for their Chinese friend Houqua, who had always been to Mr. Cushing and his successors a most valuable source of power. When it became certain that the English Government would make stringent demands on China, some anxiety was felt lest the shipments made on his account — which although

made in the name of Russell & Co. were generally known, especially by the consignees, to be for his account—should be seized in England. It was, therefore, arranged to buy all this property amounting to millions, and account to him for the returns. The transaction was booked with entire confidence on his part, whereby all the profits were to be within the control of Russell & Co. It is needless to add that he made much money, and Russell & Co. got the same commission as they charged other constituents. I mention this incident merely to show the character of the relations existing between Houqua and Russell & Co.

To revert to the “Niantic.” Putting out into the China Sea at that squally season was no joke, under the circumstances. As we approached the Straits of Northumberland, a fresh gale sprang up from the westward, with thick weather and a falling barometer, compelling us, as a matter of prudence, to haul on a wind and await a better chance to run into the Straits; we had to carry sail pretty hard to keep our offing, and during the night we had some sharp squalls which made the old ship tremble from stem to stern. We split some of the sails, which, to speak truly, were only fit for the paper-maker. In one of these squalls, the ship heeled over so much, that all loose crockery and glassware went adrift in the cabin. Dr. Parker came out in some alarm, and asked if he could be of any service. The only thing possible to do was to keep the ship close at it, and let the old rags blow away. My reply has been quoted as irreverent and ill-timed. I told the good doctor to go in and pick up all the crockery, “playing Isaac and Josh ”

in the cabin. I continued in command several weeks, the poor captain hanging between life and death, swinging in a cot over the dinner-table! Before getting to the Straits of Macassar, he was enabled to resume command, though not really well until we got fairly out into the Indian Ocean. The fresh sea-air and the physical exertions I was compelled to make agreed with me, and very soon I recovered my usual status of health. We were fifty-four days to Anjier. On or about the 4th of December, we made the land near Barnegat, the wind at N. N. E., and weather very threatening. It soon began to blow heavy, with snow; the ship's head was put off shore, under short sail, and for two days we lay to, drifting down towards Chincoteague Shoals, until we got into twenty fathoms water, when the wind came out suddenly at S. S. E., causing the old ship to labor hard against the sea from N. E. We had not been running long before the breeze, when the foremast was reported sprung; but, on examination, it was found that it had only settled in the step enough to slacken the rigging and alarm the carpenter. The gale abated, and the wind hauled to westward; we were not long in running back towards our destination.

During the N. E. gale, I retreated to the run, not deeming myself very safe in the old deck-house, which might have been taken off very easily by an ordinary sea coming over us. Our passage had been long, and our small stores were nearly exhausted; and to speak truly, we had become heartily tired of each other. In the afternoon of the day when we ran up towards Sandy Hook, I had retired to my dormitory, when I heard a bustle on deck, and, looking out, I

perceived that they were hauling up the mainsail, intending to get the pilot on board without waking me. I slipped out just in time to see him coming over the gangway, and, as he came aft, he pulled out a letter, and asked if Mr. Forbes was on board. I was not long in seizing the letter and opening it, when I read a slip in the remarkable hand-writing of John, as follows: "Dear Bennet, — Wife and family all well. Teas high here and in Europe. Go to the Astor House for letters." To those who, like myself, have been many months without news of home — there being at that time no overland mail to China — I need not say how much this short and pithy note affected me. I retreated to my den to read it. I rushed out, my heart too full for words, and handed it to my companions to read. We were all too much excited to do more than shake hands all round. In the evening, we made the lightship; a fog came on, the wind and tide prevented our running in. Dr. Parker and myself left in a pilot boat, and were nearly all the night in getting up to the city. On the way, we employed our leisure by eating potatoes and butter, in quantity sufficient to give us a life-long dyspepsia. On getting to the city, we found the streets much obstructed by snow. At the Astor House I found my letters, my cousin P. S. Forbes, John C. Green, Mr. Cary, and my cousin Joe Lyman, — from whom I borrowed twenty-five cents to pay the hair-dresser. I took the steamer "Mohican," and on the 11th of December found myself safe at home, after an eventful absence of two and a half years; during which I had made up all my losses, and had a handsome balance. I had left home, leaving many

unsettled accounts, and could not have gone but for the effective aid of my brother, who undertook to wind up my affairs, — which was a labor that no one else could undertake and carry out successfully. I had worked hard, and had earned my reward by acting in very hazardous times with good judgment and decision. I had much, in thus rejoining my beloved family, to be grateful for; and I was grateful. I found my only son well grown and handsome, and my brother the happy father of twin daughters.

In 1841, desiring to visit Europe, to confer with some of the constituents of Russell & Co., I embarked in the Cunard steamer "Columbia," Captain Judkins, in company with my long-time friend and uncle, T. H. Perkins, who had volunteered to accompany me. We arrived on the 15th of March, and together took lodgings in Hanover Square, London. Here I made the acquaintance of Sir Charles Forbes, of the house of Forbes, Forbes, & Co., who claimed consanguinity with our family, and with whom we had extensive business relations; also the Rothschilds, who were valuable constituents of Russell & Co.; also the Barings, of which house Mr. Joshua Bates was the active partner. I went also to Holland and Paris. In the latter city, being pressed for time, I probably went over more ground and saw less than any American of the day; in one week, with Galignani in my hand, I visited all the lions in and around the city. Returning to England, we embarked, on the 23d of April, in the packet-ship "Patrick Henry," Captain J. C. Delano; and, on the 22d of May, off Block Island, we called a boat to our ship, and heard of the death of President Harrison.

The wind being ahead for New York, and fair for Newport, I took my bagⁱⁿ hand and left for that place, arriving at sunset. There were no railroad communications at that time from Newport, and I therefore took stage for Taunton, and came thence, by rail, to my family, at 9 A. M., May 23. I then resided at 24 Pemberton Square, a place, at that time, occupied exclusively by private houses, — now, in 1875, almost entirely for business purposes. In the autumn of this year I was very ill, my pulse going down below thirty, and I thought my time had come; but by the kind offices of that good man, James Jackson, I pulled through, and on the 15th of November, in opposition to his orders and the prayers of my wife, I went on a deer-hunting expedition to Naushon, and returned well in a few days. My summers, for several years, had been passed at lodgings at Newton.

On the 1st of January, 1842, Russell Sturgis joined our house as partner. During this year I built several vessels, among others, a fine ship called the "Paul Jones," in which my cousin, Paul S. Forbes, embarked for China, under circumstances similar to those which obliged me to go in 1838. He took my power of attorney, under which he was authorized, if expedient, to leave me out of the concern, and take my place. He had always occupied a prominent place in our affections. Misfortunes in business had rendered this step necessary. His whole capital consisted of a good constitution, an unblemished reputation, and a growing family. In January, he sailed in the "Paul Jones," under command of Captain N. B. Palmer; and, on arrival in Canton,

finding that Mr. Delano, with whom I had left my power of attorney, had sailed for home, permanent arrangements for his admission were deferred until my brother and myself could consult with Mr. Delano. In the meantime, he was received by Sturgis, and furnished with accommodations for the consulate, for which I had secured a commission through Mr. Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. Since my departure from China, very important changes had been brought about by the British forces. Five ports had been opened to foreign trade; the Chinese had been made to pay dearly for shutting up Queen Victoria's subjects, and seizing the opium. Russell & Co. prospered; but my share had been reduced to make room for new resident partners, rendered necessary by the increased business, calling for branches at the newly-opened ports. It seemed important to keep up our name and influence in the house, and this was one of the motives for sending out Mr. P. S. Forbes. Mr. Delano, on reaching home, made suitable arrangements for his admission as a partner in due time. Delano and his family embarked on the 9th December, 1844, in the "Paul Jones," Captain James T. Watkins, and were the first Americans to eat canvas-back ducks and mutton off the Cape of Good Hope. I had given them a large supply of ice, some of which remained on hand at Singapore, when the ship was on her way from China to Bombay. The editor of the "Free Press" congratulated his countrymen on the prospect of getting fine clear ice from China: Captain Watkins having sent him a piece of New York ice! Mr. Forbes' position was not definitely fixed in the house of Russell & Co., until the

term, beginning January 1, 1846. It would be out of place here to go into the details of negotiations for this important step; the records will be found elsewhere. Suffice it to say, through the influence of retiring partners, who owed their positions mainly to my brother and myself, P. S. F. made suitable terms by which W. Delano was to retire after a time, Edward Delano to remain a partner, Spooner and Gilman retiring January, 1846,—thus, virtually, leaving Paul at the head of the house when W. Delano should leave. No pledge had been made by him in my favor; but when I found it expedient, in 1849, to go again to China, my claims were fully recognized. Before going into the history of my last voyage to that far-off country, endeared to me by so many varied recollections, I must give a brief account of the circumstances which led to my going, and revert to a few of the prominent points in my life.

Looking back to 1824, when I was content in the command of a little ship of two hundred and sixty-four tons, on a salary of \$600 per annum, it will be conceded that I had arrived at the acme of my ambition. I had been blessed with success far beyond my most ardent hopes. Beginning in 1817, with a capital consisting of a Testament, a "Bowditch," a quadrant, a chest of sea clothes, and a mother's blessing, I left the paternal mansion full of hope and good resolutions, and the promise of support from my uncles. At the age of sixteen, I filled a man's place as third mate; at the age of twenty, I was promoted to a command; at the age of twenty-six, I commanded my own ship; at twenty-eight, I abandoned the sea as a profession; at thirty-six, I was at the head of the

largest American house in China. Reviewing these facts, and considering that my education had been limited to a year in France, and two and a half at Milton Academy, it must be acknowledged that I had been blessed, by a kind Providence, with a fair amount of success. Looking back to the period from 1817 to 1832, I can conscientiously assert that, during that time, my first thought was to form for myself a character for my future capital, to help support my mother, and to contribute to the happiness of my brothers and sisters. Until my married life began, I had not thought of accumulating money for myself. When, however, I had fully established my mother in her new house (1833), had seen John fairly embarked in business with good prospects, I began to dream of an establishment for myself; and this I found in January, 1834, as already stated.

I had been engaged from the time of my return, in December, 1840, up to 1849 in commerce, most of the time acting in conjunction with my brother as consignees of shipments from China, and as joint owners of vessels. Several steam enterprises were inaugurated, some of which proved unprofitable; and as Mr. Paul Forbes wanted to come home, it was arranged that I should go out and relieve him. In accordance with this arrangement, I sailed on the 20th June, 1849, in the "Europa," Captain Lott, for England.

On our way to Liverpool, we met with a fearful experience. On the 27th June, while running at full speed in a thick fog, we ran into the American bark "Charles Bartlett," Captain Bartlett. The collision occurred about 3 P. M. I was reclining on my couch in the forward cabin, where I had gone to accommodate

Mr. Augustus Thorndike, and to get rid of a lot of small children, who made day and night hideous by their squallings. I felt a sudden shock, and knew at once that we had struck an iceberg or a vessel. I hastened on deck, and on arrival there I found a scene of horror and confusion which beggars description. Rushing to the port bow, where the ill-fated ship was in the act of heeling over and sinking, and where lay the wreck of our foretop-mast with all the sails attached, I looked over and saw the crew and the passengers filling the fore and main hatchways in a general rush to get on deck. The after-hatch and the side of the ship abreast of it were crushed in, the steam was blowing off with a noise that drowned the shrieks of the people. Our ship, with all the sails on the mainmast drawing, was forging ahead slowly. All our people were at the bow, trying to save the other crew and passengers. Seeing that I could do nothing there, I rushed aft on the port side to endeavor to clear away a boat. Only two or three servants and firemen were near, and they seemed to be paralyzed. While trying to clear the boat, I saw a woman and a child come up just abaft the port-sponson. I jumped down, crying out for a rope, and by the time one was thrown to me, a man appeared clinging to a piece of timber. The rope was thrown over him, and he was hauled up more dead than alive. By this time, the ship had drifted over the woman and the child, who were lying face downwards without any signs of life; and realizing that I could be more useful on the weather side, I mounted and ran over to the sponson just in time to see a man moving slowly by. I cried out for a rope, and, one being

thrown to me, I jumped for him; and, as the ship at the moment rolled to windward, I succeeded by a desperate effort in getting it round him, and taking a turn or two round its own part I contrived so to hold it that, as the ship lurched the other way, we were jerked out of water, against the ship's side, and when the ship came back we went under again. I cried out whenever above water to "haul up," "haul up;" but it appeared subsequently that the rope I had hold of was fastened to the side below the gunwale, probably a short main-sheet hooked into a bolt in the bends, and considerable delay ensued before another rope was bent on to it, and we were hauled out of water. In the meantime, I had taken in more than was agreeable, and had become somewhat tired of holding a slippery hitch with the weight of two men hanging to it; so that at the moment when we were fairly out of water I could hold on no longer, and down went my man. I cried, "let go!" and went again under water, but could not reach him. By this time, one of the boats came round the stern, manned by the third mate, a couple of sailors, and some firemen and stewards. Seeing my situation, they took me in. I seized an oar, and we pulled off to windward where the *débris* of the wreck could be seen, among which I perceived some persons struggling for life. Approaching one of them, I being at the bow-oar, I laid it in, and, seizing a boat-hook, made fast to his clothes and pulled him on board.* While doing this, the boat fell off before the sea, and not being very well handled, by the time we got her going in the right direction, another man disappeared. We pulled round for a short time seeking for more, but seeing

* The man had sunk, and was just visible.

none, and those we had requiring immediate attention, and the ship nearly out of sight in the fog, we pulled for her and soon got on board. Before taking me in, she had picked up the man I had been aiding, and one or two others. We immediately turned our attention to restoring these apparently drowned persons, and with the help of the ship's surgeon and Mr. Francis Peabody, who was very efficient, all save my first man were brought to. Every means was resorted to, and I think if he had had any life left in him it would certainly have been rubbed and rolled out of him by our unscientific manipulations. The man who was hooked up came out all right, and was very grateful. The "Europa" did not leak, and after clearing away the wreck of the top-mast, and hoisting up the boats, we pushed on again. Only one woman out of about forty was saved, and not a single child out of about the same number. One poor man was nearly frantic over the loss of wife, six little ones, and all his earthly possessions. The passengers generally were of the better class of Germans. It is a singular fact that nearly or quite all the watch below of the "Bartlett" crew were saved, and nearly all the watch on deck were lost. Most of those saved sprang for the bows and bowsprit of the steamer, Captain Bartlett among them; and most of the forty of the immigrants saved were hauled in over the bows by ropes. About one hundred and thirty of the steerage passengers, and eight or ten of the crew, went down with the ship. I can only account for the loss of the watch on deck, by supposing that they turned their attention to saving others, while the watch below, coming up half asleep, sprang for the steamer. The one woman,

Mrs. Bridget Conroy, who was saved, was hauled in by a bowline. A stout blacksmith was hauled up by one arm, during which process some one caught him by the leg, and the strain was such as to pull his shoulder out of joint. Great exertions were made to set his limb, but as he would not take ether, it could not be done, so that he was taken into Liverpool in great suffering.

Immediately after the accident, a committee was formed, electing Mr. Bates as its chairman, and Mr. Peabody secretary, for the purpose of giving a tangible form to the benevolence of the gentlemen and ladies on board. Subscriptions to the amount of £352 5s. were collected on the instant.

By the latter gentleman, we were politely favored with a full report of the accident and the whole proceedings, up to the close of the collection of the subscriptions.

We may here observe that at one of the committee meetings on board the "Europa," the following resolution passed unanimously :—

That we have witnessed, with feelings of intense interest, the bold and rapid movements of Captain Forbes, of Boston; that his self-sacrificing and daring leap into the sea to save the passengers of the "Charles Bartlett," commands our admiration; and we rejoice that these deeds were performed by the missionary of the "Jamestown."

The following statement has been given of the unfortunate collision by Captain Bartlett :—

The "Charles Bartlett" was a first-rate ship of four hundred tons register. She left the Downs from London, bound to New York, on the 14th June, with a general heavy cargo, of about four hundred and fifty tons weight, and one

hundred and sixty-two passengers in the steerage, one cabin passenger, and fourteen souls of the crew; had fine weather, with light easterly winds, up to the 19th. From that time to the 27th, had S. W. and W. winds and foggy weather. At noon it cleared up a little; observed the latitude 50 48 N., and estimated the longitude at 29 W.; all well on board, and every thing looking prosperous. Soon after noon, a dense fog set in, wind W. by S., ship heading to the N. W., close hauled, all sail set. At three o'clock, ordered a good look-out from the topgallant forecastle; also directed the man at the wheel to look sharp to windward. At 3.30 P. M., being on the weather side of the poop deck, heard a rumbling to windward like distant thunder; turned my ear to windward, and my eye to the horizon. The man at the wheel, noticing that I was listening, looked to windward and cried out, "Sail ho!" I at once saw what I supposed was a ship about one point forward of our beam, about four hundred yards distant. I ordered the helm up, thinking she did not discover us, and that we should have time to clear her before she could come into contact. All hands shouted at the same time to alarm the ship, and I ordered the bell to be rung, and called to the ship to "port her helm," as I saw that was the only chance of escape. There were nearly one hundred passengers on deck at the time. All was of no avail; for, in one minute from the time we saw the ship, she was upon us, going at the rate of twelve knots, striking us abreast of the after main-shrouds. The crash and the terrible scene which ensued I am not adequate to describe. I was knocked to leeward with the man at the wheel. I recovered myself in a moment, shouting for every person to cling to the steamer as their only hope. I caught hold of a broken chain on the bow, and hauled myself up, shouting at the same time to the crew and passengers to follow. I had barely time to get on the steamer's bow; and, while getting up, I noticed that her bow was into the ship within a foot of the after-hatch, and that she was stove clear to the lee side, and that full twenty feet of her side was stove in. There must have been nearly fifty persons killed by the collision, and every exertion was made by Captain Lott, his officers and crew, and the passengers on board the steamer. The boats were lowered as soon as possible. Unfortunately, only about ten were saved by the boats; the balance, making thirty-three, more or less, saved themselves by hanging to

the bow. The steamer lay by the scene as long as there was any hope of saving any. Of the crew, Mr. Thomas Parker, of Charleston, S. C., aged twenty-two years; George Parsons, of Portland, Me., aged eighteen years; and William Rich, of Gravesend, England, aged twenty-five years, were lost. A list of the passengers and crew saved will be found in the public prints. We were most hospitably entertained by the captain, officers, and passengers of the steamer.

I will notice that all due exertion was used by Captain Lott, and officers and crew of the "Europa," as well as all the passengers. I particularly observed one passenger using the most noble exertions; I saw him let himself overboard, and clench a man in his arms, and, finding him dead, let him go. I next saw him on the bow of a boat, hauling a man from under water with a boat-hook, who was afterwards restored to life on board. I afterwards found that person to be R. B. Forbes, of Boston. I cannot express myself as I feel for the noble and generous conduct of all on board in contributing to the wants of the surviving sufferers, and for the sympathy felt by all, particularly by the ladies.

Yours, with gratitude,

WILLIAM BARTLETT.

The committee appointed to inquire into, and report on, the circumstances of the collision, after a reference to Captain Bartlett's statement and the log of the "Europa," thus conclude their report:—

It appears, from the evidence tendered, that the officers and look-outs were at their posts, and the committee are satisfied that all proper vigilance and activity were used in this sudden emergency on the part of the steamer. The committee, having weighed all the circumstances of this painful and unparalleled disaster, whereby about one hundred and thirty-six souls found an untimely grave, feel bound to report that no blame can be attached to either party. They feel convinced that every thing was done by the commander, the officers and the crew of the "Europa," to prevent the lamentable disaster, and every thing tried after its occurrence, to save lives and to minister to the comforts of the survivors. They annex a list of the surviving passengers, with a recommendation to collect a subscription for their immediate relief from

the cabin passengers of the "Europa." A list of the officers and crew of the "Charles Bartlett" is also hereto appended. The committee, not doubting for a moment the liberality of the British and North American Royal Mail Steamship Company, yet venture to recommend to the Company the propriety of their giving a free passage to the passengers and crew, or such of them as may desire to go to the United States.

The following extract from the log-book of the "Europa" corroborates the above statement in the most important particulars:—

JUNE 27, 1849. — Sea account. Commences with moderate breezes and a dense fog. Set starboard foretop-mast studding-sail. At 3.30, dense fog; could not see further than the ship's length ahead. A sail was reported by the look-out ahead. The helm was put hard aport, and the engine stopped; but, before we could clear, we struck her between the main and mizzen rigging, and in about four minutes from the time she was first seen, she went down. Boats were immediately down. Altogether forty-two persons were saved of the crew and passengers. She proved to be the "Charles Bartlett," of Plymouth, United States, Captain Bartlett, from London, bound to New York, with one hundred and sixty-two passengers, and fourteen men. In sinking, she took away our head-knees and foretop-mast; the boats pulled round the pieces of the wreck until satisfied no more lives could be saved. At four, thick weather. At 4.30, set on the engines.

List of Passengers Saved from the Wreck of the "Charles Bartlett," on the 27th June, 1849.

William Cross, of Rugby, destination New York.

James Miller, of London, destination Michigan.

John Mackenzie, of London, bound to Boston.

Charles Palmer, of Godstown, destination Rochester.

Daniel Garteman, of Germany, bound to New York.

Frederick Fuller, of London, bound to Illinois.

Thomas Fitzgerald, of London, bound to Philadelphia.

John Hoyer, of Kent, bound to New York.

David Wasey, of Norfolk, destination unknown.

John Haffrene, of London, bound to New York.

John Ticken, of Germany, bound to New York.
 Horace Holland, of Sussex, bound to New York.
 Samuel Greene, of London, bound to New York.
 Thomas Bryson, of London, destination Ohio.
 Stephen Rolfe, of London, destination Michigan.
 James Berry, of Newark, N. J., bound to New York.
 William Gardiner, of London, bound to New York.
 William Gannon, of London, bound to Philadelphia.
 George Douglas, of New York.
 A. Carmichael, of London, bound to New York.
 James Kay, of London, bound to New York.
 William Barlag, a Prussian, bound to New York.
 Stephen Gaspari, Mark Gaspari (brothers), Stephen Huseck,
 and Joseph Huseck, all of Presburg.
 Petrus Blucher, of Utrecht.
 P. Reity, of Germany.
 Henry Stodola, a Prussian.
 Mrs. Bridget Couroy, of London. bound to Boston.

List of the Crew of the "Charles Bartlett."

William Bartlett, captain ; William Prince, second officer.
 Seamen — Isaac Hamson, James Fraser, John Bell, Joshua
 Carey, Levi Hunt, William Perry, John Jordan, John Jackson,
 Harrison D. White.

The "Europa" sustained but little damage, and none of the passengers or crew were injured. Messrs. D. and C. MacIver, the agents here, have, with their characteristic liberality, given £20 toward the relief of the survivors of the "Charles Bartlett," in addition to the liberal offer of the company to send free to America the whole of the passengers and crew saved.

Presentation of a Medal to R. B. Forbes, Esq.

At a meeting of the members of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society, George Johnston, Esq., in the chair, it was resolved to present one of the medals of the society to R. B. Forbes, Esq., of Boston, U. S., for his courage and humanity in leaping overboard from the "Europa," on the occasion of the

late fatal collision, and assisting to save the lives of the passengers in that unfortunate vessel, the "Charles Bartlett." Mr. Forbes is one of the gentlemen who sent to Ireland and the western islands of Scotland an immense supply of provisions, of the value of £60,000, during the year of famine—an act of generous humanity which never ought to be forgotten. The following is the resolution of the Humane Society:—

Resolved, That a medal be presented to R. B. Forbes, Esq., of Boston, United States, in testimony of this Society's admiration of his bold and meritorious conduct in leaping overboard, at the risk of his own life, from the steamship "Europa," on the 27th of June last, and his praiseworthy attempts to save the survivors of the "Charles Bartlett," when sinking in consequence of the collision with the "Europa."

The following letter was addressed to Mr. Forbes by the chairman:—

UNDERWRITERS' ROOMS, 3d July, 1849.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in transmitting to you the accompanying resolution, by which you will perceive that the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society, desirous of marking their admiration of your gallant conduct on the recent melancholy occasion of the loss of the "Charles Bartlett," have unanimously voted you one of their medals, which I shall have much pleasure in presenting to you at any hour to-morrow most suitable to your convenience.

I remain, &c.,

GEORGE JOHNSTON, Chairman.

Mr. Forbes replied:—

No. 16 SOUTH CASTLE STREET, 3d July, 1849.

SIR,—I have received, with much pleasure, your esteemed note of this date, transmitting a vote of the "Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society," by which it has been so kind

as to award to me a medal of the Society, in token of the approbation of the Society of my feeble and only partially successful efforts in the cause of humanity, on the occasion of the wreck of the "Charles Bartlett," on the 27th ultimo.

Although I do not consider myself deserving of the honor, I cannot but feel grateful for the kind offer, and have to say that I shall be here at ten A. M., to-morrow, and will wait on you at any place you may name. If it be inconvenient for you to come here, I shall take occasion to hand you a narrative of the facts, so far as I was a witness of the disaster, that the same may be entered on the records of the Society.

I am, very faithfully, your servant,

ROBERT B. FORBES,

One of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Humane Society.

To GEORGE JOHNSTON, Esq., Chairman, &c.

In pursuance of this arrangement, a handsome medal, with the following inscription, was presented to Mr. Forbes yesterday morning, at the Underwriters' rooms:—

To R. B. Forbes, Esq., as a compliment to his philanthropy and gallant conduct at the loss of the "Charles Bartlett," 27th June, 1849.

Mr. Forbes acknowledged the receipt of the medal by giving an interesting account of the collision. His letter was dated from Greenbank, the residence of W. Rathbone, Esq. After expressing his thanks, he says:—

At two o'clock of the day named, not being well, I retired to my state-room, in the forward cabin, and lay down with my clothes on, on the settee, and soon fell asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a crash and a shock which I could not misunderstand. I rushed upon deck, and to the port bow of our ship, where the most appalling spectacle presented itself. The bow of our ship appeared to be half way through the bark, having entered her just abaft the main rigging, on

the port side. She had all sail set; one glance at the ill-fated bark satisfied me that she must instantly go down; and that no earthly power could save many of the passengers. The after-hatches were obstructed by pieces of broken timbers; the main hatch was entirely filled with women and children, vainly endeavoring to get on deck. I should judge that the ladder had been knocked down in the general crush. The water, at this time, was rushing into the vessel like a mill-race. Seeing that the only chance to save any was to lower our boats, I rushed aft, taking off my overcoat and my frock-coat as I went along on my way; and, when near the after part of the port paddle-box, I perceived that men were already clearing away the quarter-boats. I stopped, to endeavor to clear away the life-boat; but, being alone, and having nothing but a small knife to cut the lashings, I saw that my efforts would not avail in time.

Just as I was abandoning the effort, I perceived a woman and a child, the latter some ten feet from the woman, floating past the paddle-box. I instantly jumped down on the grating or sponson, abaft the wheel, crying to the many spectators about the main rigging for a rope: "For God's sake, give me a rope!" but every one seemed stunned and paralyzed by the sudden and awful scene. A man came floating along, alive, and partially sustained by a broken spar. The only rope thrown over, which I should otherwise have got, was thrown to him; he got hold of it, and put the noose over his shoulders, and was hauled up. The first part of this act, for the moment, took off our attention from the two floating and apparently insensible persons before alluded to; so that, by the time the man was safe, the others had sunk too far to be reached. As the sails on the mainmast had not been backed, and the wind was on the starboard quarter, the ship forged ahead and to leeward at the rate of one to one and a half knots. Supposing that the wrecked matter must be to starboard, I jumped on deck, and passed immediately over to the starboard paddle-box, as low down on the sponson as I could get, and just in time to see a very stout man drifting along, partly face down, and near the top of the water.

Several persons were collected on the rail, about the main shrouds, to whom I called loudly for a rope. One was thrown over, about ten or twenty feet abaft me. I scrambled quickly along the side, and, seizing the rope, jumped for the drown-

ing man. The rope was rather short, but luckily the ship, not being steadied by the wheels, rolled towards me. I took advantage of this, and got the rope round the man's body, and the end up, and twice passed round its own part, before the ship rolled to port again. As I was, with the man, partly under water, and the time very short, this required a great effort. As the ship rolled to port, she jerked us both to the side rather rudely. I cried, "Haul up, haul up!" but it appeared, on subsequent examination, that the rope I had used was the main sheet, a four-inch rope, and that the upper end was fast, by a moused hook, to the ship's side, several feet below the gunwale, and at least eight feet below the upper or monkey rail. The effect of all this, and the continued rolling of the steamer, was to drag me and my man out of the water, and again suddenly immerse us. I could do nothing but cry, "Haul up!" and endeavor, at each roll into the water, to shut my mouth in time, and to try to make the rope more secure, as it gave way a little every time we came out of the water, — the man weighing, at least, two hundred, and myself one hundred and seventy-five pounds, when dry, all of which was to be supported by my hands holding two round turns of a short end passed round its own part, and slipping at each ascension.

Finally, some hands succeeded in getting hold of our rope, and hauled us up, so that my burden and myself were above water, or nearly so. At this time, I called to one of the party to come down and help me to jam the turns, as the man was gradually slipping, in consequence of my weight being partially on him. The individual, mistaking my order, put his foot on my hands, and on the turns, and bearing down, caused the man to slip out and go down, apparently quite lifeless. I ordered the rope to be let go, and went again far under, but I did not reach the body. Being now nearly exhausted, I thought it time to take care of myself, and took advantage of a boat which came to my relief. I got into her, and took the bow oar, the officer (the fourth mate, I think) putting her head toward the pieces of floating wreck. We soon discovered two persons; the first I had the pleasure of reaching with a boat-hook; hauled him up on board, and the officer immediately went to work on him, reporting signs of life; the other person sank out of sight, while we were getting the first on board. We continued to pull round among the wreck until there appeared no chance

of saving any more, and some danger of losing those we had saved, unless proper means were used ; it being very foggy, and the ship nearly out of sight, we unwillingly gave up the search for more, and returned on board.

The brief extract from the "Europa's" log-book, given heretofore, does not state all the important facts which were elicited during the long trial, which resulted in the payment of £20,000 to the owners or underwriters of the "Charles Bartlett." The facts are, that the officer of the deck, seeing the ship, ordered the helm put to starboard, expecting to cross her bows. Captain Lott, who was in his room on the quarter, immediately rushed into the wheel-house, and, seeing the situation at a glance, countermanded the order before the wheel had been hove once round, and, consequently, before the starboard helm had been felt by the ship. Captain Lott no doubt hoped and expected to clear the ship; or, in the event of not clearing her, he knew that it would be much safer to strike her stem on, than to receive her stem on his bow at an angle that might be fatal to both. Whether all this passed through his mind or not, he was right; he was fully justified, by the law of self-preservation, in porting his helm. It was contended at the trial, that there was some appreciable loss of time in heaving the wheel to starboard, and in reversing it to port; and that, if the original order had been *hard-a-port*, she would have gone clear, or only slightly damaged the other. Having studied the situation pretty thoroughly, I am well convinced that this would have been the case; and I think this was the principal reason for the verdict against the "Europa." I have, besides the medal of the Liver-

pool Society, one from Lloyd's Shipwreck Society of London, and a gold medal from the Humane Society of Massachusetts. In connection with the latter, I give the letter of the committee and my answer. The gentlemen composing that committee have all gone to their reward; and, of those whose names appear on the medal itself, the following are no more: Robert G. Shaw, Dr. John Homans, Abbot Lawrence, David Sears, Samuel Austin, William Appleton. The following members, who have since become trustees, are also in the far-off country: Dr. Mason Warren, David Sears, Jr., Jos. P. Gardner; and I still live to do duty as chairman of the standing committee.* The medal given to me is of gold, and is the only one ever given of the kind; owing to the fact, that it cost more than the by-laws warrant. With an apology for my egotism to those of my readers who do not belong to my family, I give the letters alluded to:—

Boston, Nov. 22, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—The fact that you, our brother trustee of the Massachusetts Humane Society, were a passenger on the steamer "Europa," has brought the calamity that occurred on her voyage to Europe very near to us. We have noticed that the exposure of your own life to save the lives of others, on that dreadful occasion, has attracted the attention and admiration of several humane institutions in the Kingdom of Great Britain, and that you had been presented with their escutcheons. As that occurrence took place on the high seas—on the broad ocean—it is the subject of the care and admiration of the Massachusetts Humane Society, equally with the societies of Great Britain. Useful and various have been the passages of your life; none have been more stirring than this:—

"It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness."

* Since this was printed, F. Bacon and B. F. Crowninshield have died

Herewith you will receive the Society's medal, presented to you for your manly efforts to save life in this sudden and overwhelming disaster on the wide ocean.

We recollect for many years your active philanthropy, your zeal for the mariner, and your high character as a merchant. Very often we are reminded of your absence by the want of your services. We trust that prosperity and health await you, and that you will be safely returned, long to continue your useful destiny among us.

Accept our high esteem and warm regard, and sincere desire for your return to us.

By order of the trustees of the Massachusetts Humane Society.

(Signed)	E. H. ROBBINS, FRANCIS PARKMAN, DANIEL P. PARKER,	} Committee.

To ROBERT BENNET FORBES, Esq.

CANTON, March 25, 1850.

To Messrs. E. H. ROBBINS, FRANCIS PARKMAN, DANIEL P. PARKER,
Committee of Massachusetts Humane Society.

GENTLEMEN, — I have much pleasure in acknowledging your kind and flattering letter of the 2d November last, which came to hand only yesterday.

The medal so kindly awarded to me for an attempt to succor my fellow-creatures, under circumstances of some peril, from the confusion of the moment rather than the state of the elements, has not yet come to hand, but is expected in the ship "Samuel Appleton."

Your kind expressions relating to my poor efforts in the cause of humanity, at home and abroad, are no less grateful to my feelings than is your more tangible reward, — the golden testimonial. The *first* will be gratefully remembered while my life continues; and the *last*, when my lamp shall be extinguished, will remain to stimulate my sons, and my sons' sons, to flinch not when the way is opened for them to do their duty, whether on the land or on the sea.

For your kind wishes in regard to my health, for my success during my exile, and for my return to share your agreeable labors, accept my best thanks; and, with a sincere

prayer that you and my "brother trustees" may long be spared for good works, and that I may be able to help you,
I am, very faithfully your servant,

R. B. FORBES.

I find, among my old papers, a letter to one of my sisters, containing an account of the accident to the "Charles Bartlett." With it are the following lines. I think they were adapted or made up from some poem, — but of this I am not sure: —

Captain Bartlett says, that, just before the collision, some of the passengers were playing on musical instruments, and the women and children were playing and dancing between decks, and on deck; then came a shout, a crash, a bubble, and all went down, — not one child, and only one woman saved.

Their doom came on like God's lightning sent
For human wonder and astonishment;
One moment in their merry infant glee —
Laughing and prattling at their mother's knee —
The next, gay, wandering in summer air,
To meet their welcome and their farewell there.
Did some low voice, unheard by all beside,
Summon thee out so helpless and untried,
To tread, with thy small feet and faltering breath,
The valley of the shadow of thy death?
No; God, whose frown spread o'er the heavens that day,
Bore them himself along the watery way.
Grieve not, ye mothers, that ye were not there;
Swift was the passage, tender was the care.
That brief pang o'er, we scarce can say they died,
So swiftly sank they in the briny tide.

The following lines, by Mrs. Addie Whitney, were sent on the occasion of the "Europa" affair; they do credit to her head, heart, and imagination: —

A ship upon the surging sea,
Close-veiled in vapor dark,
Majestically kept her way, —
A richly-laden bark.

For noble *hearts* were beating there ;
 And *one* to whom seems given,
 In every generous enterprise,
 A work to do for heaven.
 Those glorious opportunities
 For acts that gild a name,
 And on the doer's heart bestow
 A joy outlasting fame.

A thunder crash ! a sweep of waves !
 A mingled shriek of dread ;
 A shock, as earth itself were riven, —
 A hurrying overhead :
 And quick his heart misgives the truth,
 Ere yet a word is spoken ;
 Well can the practised seaman guess
 What sounds like these betoken ;
 A moment — and he's on the deck,
 The next — he's in the sea !
 God of the waves protect him now,
 While thus he serveth thee !

A *woman* and a *child* : the thought
 Of *home* was with him then ;
 A sacred — an inspiring one,
 To all true-hearted men.
 The will, the courage, both were strong,
 The eager wish to save ;
 But what could even these avail,
 Alone, against the wave ?
 In vain he shouted back to those
 Who gazed upon him there ;
 Dismayed and horror-struck, they heard,
 Or heeded not his prayer.

Time, life, were speeding : all around
 Was work for such as he ;
 And while there aught remained to do,
 He did it manfully.
 No fear for him : the promise stands,
 Engraved on Holy Writ :
 " Whoso for me his life would lose,
 The same still findeth it."

And, " He who for the least of these "
 Has done a deed of love,
 Has done it unto him who sits
 At God's right hand above.

Oh ! may the boon of life he sought
 To save for other men
 Be, in the beauty of his own,
 Returned to him again.
 May love of friends and length of days,
 And every gift of heaven,
 His heart could ask or hope for here,
 Be bountifully given.
 And, till he turns his face again
 To home and fatherland,
 May guardian angels fold their wings,
 And round his hearthstone stand.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Jamestown" Expedition—The "Macedonian"—The "Midas"—The "Edith"—The "Massachusetts"—The "Iron Witch."

THIS seems to be an appropriate place to bring into my record a brief history of the voyage of the "Jamestown," which I consider one of the most prominent and agreeable episodes of my somewhat varied life; it is one in which I take an honest pride. During the famine in Ireland, 1846-1847, New England came forward most generously. At the suggestion of my brother, who was instigated by a similar movement in New York, I headed a petition to Congress, and procured prominent signatures, asking for the loan of a vessel-of-war. This was about the 1st of March, at the very end of the session, and during the war with Mexico. My friend, Robert C. Winthrop, took active measures, and was the means of getting passed a joint resolution of the two houses, granting the use of the "Macedonian" to Captain George C. DeKay, of New Jersey, and of the "Jamestown" to myself, for the purpose of conveying supplies to the famine-stricken Irish. By aid of voluntary, unpaid labor, the ship granted to me began to load on the 17th day of March, — St. Patrick's day. Taking as volunteers Captain F. W. Macondray, who had served so long in the "Lintin," as chief mate, and Captain James Duma-



resq Farwell as second, with other trusty men of less note, we sailed from the Navy Yard, Charlestown, on the 28th of March, at 8 A. M., with about eight hundred tons of supplies, contributed by New England ; and, without serious accident, anchored off Cork on the 12th of April, just fifteen days and three hours from Boston, — which, considering that the ship was very deep, the crew rather light, and the season very unpropitious for going to Europe, was a very remarkable passage. The act of Congress, a copy of which I have before me, bears the name of John W. Davis, Speaker of the House, and David R. Atchinson, President, *pro tempore*, of the Senate, and was approved *on the 3d of March*, by James K. Polk.

The relief committee consisted of Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston, Patrick T. Jackson, Thomas Lee, David Henshaw, James K. Mills, George W. Crockett, and J. Ingersoll Bowditch ;* the latter acting as Treasurer. Most of these are gone. A deputation, in a tug bearing my name, took leave of us off Boston light, and we went on our way merrily, with a fine northwest wind. Before morning the scene had changed ; the wind came out to the north, with sleet, and our heavy ropes were covered with a coat of ice. Arriving in Ireland in fifteen days and three hours, we were received by the authorities with every token of kindness. Admiral Sir Hugh Pigot gave every facility for the discharge of our cargo and its delivery into the hands of a committee of citizens.

As I required some competent and disinterested person to aid me in the disposition of this cargo, as well as of other invoices coming in merchant ships to my orders, and a part, also, of the “Macedonian’s”

* Bowditch and Quincy still live, 1878.

cargo, I had written to Mr. William Rathbone, of Liverpool, for advice. On our arrival at Cork, or soon after, he came over with his good wife, his son Samuel, and one of his clerks, and devoted himself personally to the work of distribution. On the 22d of April we sailed for home, and arrived on Sunday morning, the 16th of May, forty-nine days to an hour from the time of sailing. We found the same pilot, Mr. Phillips, off the harbor, who took us to sea. At Cork, I saw much of that good man, Father Matthew, and went with him personally to inspect some of the places where the famine-stricken poor were suffering. One day, I imprudently filled my pocket with sixpences, and as we went along I scattered some of them among the poor beggars who ran after us, invoking blessings on America. I soon found an overwhelming crowd at our heels, and was compelled to take refuge in a shop, and to escape by the back door. I was invited by Lord Bessborough, Lieutenant-general of Ireland, to go to Dublin, and by Mr. Bancroft, our Minister, to go to London, where I might have been presented to the Queen; but my mind was bent on returning the "Jamestown" to the government without delay. On arrival at Boston, I entertained the executive committee on board the ship, made my report, and handed the ship over to Commodore Parker.

I found that the "Macedonian" had not sailed; she was lying off the Battery, at New York, with only about two thousand barrels of supplies on board. As I had told the people of Cork much about the coming of that ship, under command of a gentleman known as Commodore George C. DeKay, who had

distinguished himself in the navy of the Argentine Republic, I naturally felt much interested in seeing her fully laden. At my request, Messrs. Henshaw, Mills, and myself, were appointed a sub-committee to go to New York, and make arrangements, if practicable, for her early despatch. It appeared that Commodore DeKay had given out that he intended to call on the British government to pay the equivalent of the ruling rates of freight on his cargo, and thus meet the expenses. That government had already agreed to pay freight on all donations of supplies carried by merchant vessels, and the commodore thought that he might follow this course in the "Macedonian;" but the New York merchants deemed it to be in opposition to the sentiment of the voyage, and as our committee concurred in this, we could only agree to fill up his ship on the following conditions, namely: That he should not demand or receive any compensation as freight from the British government; that the Boston committee should send out an agent in charge of their bill of lading; that the whole enterprise should be carried out as a private matter, and without flying a pennant or wearing any navy uniform; and that the commodore should report to the Boston committee all particulars as to his voyage. As I had fully heralded the going of the frigate, I was personally willing to have her go on any terms; but my coadjutors, Messrs. Mills and Henshaw, would only consent on the signing of the stringent terms above recited.

This being done, and ratified by the Boston committee, the ship was filled and sailed about the middle of June. Father E. T. Taylor went out in charge of

our bill of lading, and delivered his cargo into the hands of the agents I had appointed. Commodore DeKay went to the Clyde, and delivered the two or three thousand barrels which he had received before the return of the "Jamestown;" he then returned to Cork for supplies, and finally arrived at New York in October. As the commodore had failed in filling his ship in New York, and had not found among her merchants the same amount of sympathy which characterized every movement of the Boston committee, his outlay from his own resources was very large, — more, I think, than \$30,000. He could not afford to lose this sum, and sought relief through Congress, and got about \$24,000. Before accomplishing this, his health failed, and he died, still leaving his family in arrears. I believe Congress finally voted his estate some \$8,000 more. The voyage of the "Jamestown" cost nothing to the committee; on the contrary, all the expenses were met by donations of supplies, and by the contributions taken up in the churches of Boston and the vicinity, and a balance of about \$1,300 was paid over to the committee on my return. The contrast between the two voyages was very marked. The fact that the "Macedonian" had been captured from the English during the war of 1812–15 made her a very unpopular ship for the purpose. In her case, there was no executive committee of notable men to give prestige to the movement. It was all up-hill work from beginning to end. In the other case, the first step was a petition from the leading merchants of Boston, and this was properly presented by Mr. R. C. Winthrop. There was no time for debate, the session was on the point of closing. De-

Kay's bill was pending. The call for the "Jamestown" was tacked on as an amendment, and, by a joint resolution, both ships were granted. Commodore DeKay may be said to have sacrificed his life to the voyage of the "Macedonian." I made no sacrifice; all was smooth and pleasant from beginning to end.

My good wife thought I was undertaking too much; but she made no serious objection to my going. I give here a characteristic letter from a very dear friend, which will serve as a sample of the warm interest felt by all in the voyage of the "Jamestown":—

COURT STREET, March 17, 1847.

TO MRS. R. B. FORBES:—

MY DEAR ROSE,—You must not only consent to Bennet's going away, but rejoice in it. We all love and value him the more for his generous self-sacrifice. You must send him away in the spirit in which a Spartan wife buckled the sword to her husband's side. "Peace has her victories not less renowned than war." Such an act enlarges the inheritance of your children, and will make them more proud of the name they bear. The whole thing is beautiful to think of; the sympathy, the quickness to give relief, the warm benevolence, running, like an electric shock, through the whole land, in aid of a distressed foreign country, are truly exhilarating,—and a comforting relief, as far as it goes, to the disgrace and inhumanity of the Mexican war.

In England, when a man does any thing noble or excellent, they have a fashion of making an addition to his coat of arms, suggested by the act. Bennet's taking charge of the "Jamestown" fairly entitles him to a new coat, with a loaf of bread for a crest, two Paddies jubilant, for supporters, and the ship, in full sail, on the escutcheon.

I have told you before that your ancestor, the Lord President Duncan Forbes, had a monopoly for distilling whiskey,—*"loyal Forbes's chartered boast,"* as Burns says,—for his services to government in the rebellion of 1745-6. We must find something equivalent for Bennet; say, a monopoly in the milk of human kindness, of which he has enough to supply the world.

See, then, that you send him away with an erected spirit and a serene countenance. Send him away in that mood of mind in which Laodamia despatched Protesilaus to the Trojan war, as Wordsworth has told the tale. Feel more proud that you have such a husband, and your children such a father! If he were my father, I should feel more filial pride and pleasure in such a voyage as this, than if he had made half a million of dollars by a voyage to Canton.

Yours, faithfully,

G. S. H.

The people of Cork, though suffering from sickness and want, were very enthusiastic in their demonstrations; many of the children born about the time of our advent were named "Forbes," "Boston," or "James." I had not long returned, when I received from the people of the famine-stricken city, through Messrs. Barings, a splendid silver salver and other tokens of their regard, — which my family hold in trust, hoping that the Treasury of the United States will, sooner or later, return the seventy-five dollars' duty exacted at the Boston Custom House, with compound interest, and a full apology for the grab!* Among the pleasant incidents of the voyage, the voluntary services of Dr. Luther Park, as surgeon, and the offer of services as private secretary, by my cousin, Joseph Lyman, ought to be mentioned. The doctor went, and did his duty. Lyman was notified that the ship would sail at 8 A. M. All things being ready, sails set, the fasts singled, the breeze fresh, the ship struggling to be free, when the time came, the bow-fast parted, and she swung off. I cried, "Let go!" and off she went. My mind and heart were so full, that I never thought of Lyman until we had gone half way to Long Island; then the fact of his absence gave me a shock. I called to

* Now in the hands of my son, James Murray.

my namesake, the tug, to go back for Mr. Lyman ; but I instantly countermanded the order, knowing that it would cause delay. His not going was a great disappointment to me ; his presence would have added much to the interest of the voyage, especially in the relation of its incidents, as he was fully qualified to make it more interesting than my humble pen could do.

At Cork, I was presented with a fine cow, by a Mr. Jeffries, near Blarney Castle, where I went to kiss the stone. After getting to sea, I paid a visit to the cow, and found a young fellow, named Jimmy Cotter, rubbing her down. Not having shipped any such man, I was naturally inquisitive as to how he came to be there. I found that Mr. Jeffries had put him on board, without so much as mentioning the fact to me. The pedigree of the cow was given carefully, but the healthy boy Jimmy was not deemed to be of sufficient consequence to be named ! The cow was with calf ; on arrival at Boston she was sold by auction, and her progeny are still known as the "Jamestown" breed. The proceeds of the sale were sent to Mr. Jeffries, for the poor of his vicinity. As I could not sell Jimmy with the cow, I took him into my employ, as a helper on the farm. When I went to China, in 1849, he was promoted to in-door work, and partially educated in reading, and writing by my wife. On my return, in 1851, I found him fully installed as butler, in a black coat and white gloves ; but he had lost his rosy cheeks, and soon begged to be let out of doors. Jimmy never spent any thing, and his wages gradually accumulated, enabling him to import a brother and sister, and finally to estab-

lish himself at Detroit or Chicago, where I saw him in 1870. I look occasionally into the Congressional Directory, expecting to see his name among the M. C.'s!

A pleasing incident in connection with this expedition ought to be mentioned. Not long after my return, I received a letter from Maria Edgeworth, which was intended to have reached me at Cork. In this communication, she made an earnest appeal in favor of some of the poor in her neighborhood, requesting a passage to America for some of them. I felt rather glad that I did not receive this letter while in Ireland, for it would have been difficult to refuse, and altogether out of order for me to comply. I could have filled the ship with emigrants if I had so desired. We were very glad to receive on board some Americans who had been wrecked on the coast, and who desired to get home free of expense. On receiving the letter of Miss Edgeworth, I induced the relief committee of Boston, who had funds remaining, to send out one or two hundred barrels of provisions to that good lady. Mrs. George Ticknor also interested herself to forward donations from many children to whom Miss Edgeworth had contributed so much of information and amusement in her works. In return, she sent to us many little tokens of her gratitude.

I may also mention the fact, that, while at Cove of Cork, Captain Bartlett, of the "Charles Bartlett," afterwards, in 1849, run down by the "Europa," came aboard with some other American captains, to pay their respects. The next time I saw him, he was hauling on the rope to which I was attached alongside the "Europa."

The gratitude of Ireland was unbounded, though the relief was small. Herewith is an extract from a newspaper:—

Relief to Ireland and Scotland.

The statement which we publish below is of a character of unusual interest. It is an official account of the amount of relief-money, provisions, and clothing which has been contributed from New England, including portions of the contributions of some of the western States, for the alleviation of the sufferings of the people of Ireland and Scotland, caused by *famine*, that terrible scourge of mankind. These contributions have been made in that spirit of pure disinterested benevolence, which looks beyond kindred, country, or climate, and is one of the noblest traits in the human character.

The New England Committee for the Relief of the Distressed Poor of Ireland and Scotland have received contributions as per table below:—

Where from.	Cash.	Provisions, &c. Value.	Total for each State.
*Massachusetts	\$99,691.96	\$15,950	\$115,641.96
Maine	6,815.03	3,566	9,881.03
New Hampshire	10,706.38	7,695	18,401.38
Vermont	2,974.02	1,397	4,371.02
Rhode Island	950.50	80	1,030.50
Connecticut	731.00	337	1,068.00
Indiana	223.16		223.16
Illinois	20.00		20.00
Wisconsin	216.25		216.25
Arkansas	153.75		153.75
Total	\$121,982.15	\$29,025	\$151,007.05

* The City of Boston contributed \$51,641.19 in cash, \$521.75 value in provisions, &c. Total, \$52,162.94.

Other towns in Massachusetts contributed \$48,050.77 in cash, \$15,428.25 value in provisions, &c. Total, \$63,479.02.

The Committee have forwarded the above as follows:—

Per steamer Cambria, for Liverpool	\$ 1,085.00
„ U. S. ship Jamestown, for Cork	40,038.80
„ barque Tartar, for Cork	29,752.23
„ ship Morea, for Glasgow	23,609.95
„ ship Reliance, for Cork	27,946.27
„ U. S. ship Macedonian, for Cork	23,840.94
„ ship Mary Ann, for Liverpool	684.13
„ steamer, remitted	3,813.33
Sundry charges paid	236.40
	\$151,007.05

A large quantity of produce was brought to the city without charge for freight, by the Concord Railroad Company, and by the Nashua, Lowell, and Northern Railroad Companies.

Considerable parcels were brought, free of freight, by the Fitchburg, Worcester, Western, Eastern, and Maine Railroad Companies.

A large portion was trucked, free of charge, by Mr. Bancroft, and some parcels by Mr. Miles and others.

Wharfage was given free by the proprietors of India Wharf; also, by the proprietors of Commercial and Long Wharves.

Printing free of charge by the principal newspapers.

JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., Chairman,
 THOMAS LEE,
 J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH,
 JAMES K. MILLS,
 GEORGE W. CROCKETT,
 DAVID HENSHAW.

IRELAND'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Pale Erin toward her rocky strand
 In frantic anguish prest,
 And shrieks of wild, imploring pain
 Burst from her laboring breast.

Her children in their vigor fell
 To secret shafts a prey, —
 And, marr'd by famine's plague-spot dire,
 In fearful numbers lay.

For all around her mournful realm
 The smitten harvest spread,
 While sad the furrow'd church-yard told
 The planting of the dead.

Wake! glorious Nation of the West, —
 Wake to thy sister's woe,
 Her earnest hands to thee are spread, —
 Thy liberal aid bestow.

Bid thy rich harvests load the wave,
 Unlock compassion's stream,
 And with the surplus of thy wealth
 Her misery redeem.

Haste! — pluck the poisoned arrow forth
 That rankles in her breast, —
 And win the blessing of the skies,
 O fair and fruitful West!

The so-called "overland" route to China, in 1849, may now be said to have become obsolete, owing to the Suez Canal, which completes the water communication between India and China, by the East. The inconveniences of the overland route of 1849 are described in the following: —

OVERLAND TO CHINA IN 1849.

To the Editor of the Commercial Bulletin:

As you seem disposed to admit old yarns into your columns, I give you one only twenty-five years of age, which, if not too modern, may amuse your readers.

The contrast between a trip to China, by the "overland" route, at that time and a trip to-day, by steamship and railroad all the way, either through the Red Sea and Suez Canal, or by California and steamer to Japan, is very strong.

At that time, a happy concatenation of circumstances rarely experienced would take you out or home by way of Southampton in sixty-one or two days, but it generally required seventy-five or eighty. Now we can go by way of Europe in forty-five, and by way of California in less than forty.

At that time, 1849, about four months were required to get an answer to a letter to Canton, and nearly five to get one to and from Shanghae. Now it requires only five or six hours to get an answer; in fact, your answer *comes in less than no time*,—an expression which, meaning nothing in 1849, has become a daily fact.

Cannot some one of your correspondents, who loves to write, give us a description of a passage to China by California, or over the Cairo and Suez Railroad?

Yours very truly,

R. B. F.

The “overland” route to China, in 1849, was one great lie from beginning to end, the only land travel being from Cairo to Suez—85 miles—and this over a sea of sand, dust, and gravel.

The commencement of the voyage, by a fine steamer, the “Hindustan,” newly fitted up, and bound on a trial trip, commanded by a worthy old salt, Captain Soy, was well enough; that is to say, less disagreeable than might have been anticipated,—the principal *désagréments* being a want of good water and good bread, total absence of ice, or any other cooling process for wines and for water.

We sailed from Southampton on the 20th July, and arrived at Gibraltar on the 25th, having pleasant weather and smooth sea all the way. At Gibraltar, we remained in quarantine a few hours, coaling and receiving mails, &c.; left Gibraltar at 6 P. M., on the 25th; arrived at Malta on the 29th, at 2 P. M.; remained there twenty-four hours, under a broiling sun, disgusted with every thing about us,—the ship’s ports closed in order to keep out the coal dust; I escaped to the shore at sunset, and endeavored to rest, but the incessant tinkling of bells, concerts of cats, and humming of numberless insects and reptiles, rendered this a hopeless experiment.

ALEXANDRIA.

We arrived off Alexandria on the evening of the 2d August; but, not getting a pilot, did not enter the port until the morning of the 3d. Here we took leave of the “Hindustan,” a perfect paradise compared to any thing we afterwards encountered.

On landing at Alexandria, imagine yourself to be assailed

by a host of naked savages, each pushing a donkey on to your toes; each vociferating in bad English — “Dis good donkey” — “Dat bad man” — “Me berry good” — “Come my donkey, master.” Imagine the host of cab-drivers who assail you on landing at New York from the Boston steamer, of a hot summer’s morning, all transformed into donkeys and Moors, and all yelling at once, and you will have a pretty good idea of landing at Alexandria.

One fellow seizes your coat, another your portfolio, another your umbrella. Finally, in self-defence, you jump on the nearest donkey, apply your cane to the nearest objects, whether man or donkey, and off you go in chase of your apparently lost chattels. Arrived at the hotel, every thing wears such an unpromising aspect that you immediately make arrangements to leave and see the lions, under a broiling sun, the thermometer at 88° in the coolest place.

You order a carriage, and are driven by a fellow who has taken possession of you to Pompey’s Pillar, Cleopatra’s Needle, Medusa’s Head, and are thankful to get back out of the heat and dust. Fortunately for me, I received a kind invitation to dine with Mr. McCauley, United States Consul General, and was spared the pain of dining at the hotel, though not the pain of paying for my dinner there.

At sunset, we started on the Mahmoudi Canal, in a small, crowded, and inconvenient boat, at first towed by some half dozen Arabs at the rate of one or two miles an hour; by-and-by, we were met by a little propeller steamer, and were then towed along at the rate of five or six miles the hour to Atfeh, forty-eight miles from Alexandria, where we passed through the only lock into the Nile, at about six A. M. The night on board the canal-boat was one to be remembered, not simply by the marks left upon our bodies.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

Imagine a boat constructed of iron, thoroughly heated by the sun’s rays, with a small cabin below, and a thin awning overhead, and the deck nearly filled with baggage and passengers. After an unsatisfactory meal, the party of seventy or eighty undertook to compose their weary limbs to rest, some on trunks, some on bags, some on the seats, and some on the deck; the dew of Egypt and the rays of a full moon falling on their devoted heads. Imagine this boat steered abaft, the bowman constantly shouting to him at the helm

and to the steamer ahead, the captain of which as constantly shouted to the many craft on the canal to clear the way. Imagine a host of horrid dogs barking at every village; a host of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, attacking us; and last not least, imagine the curses, deep and loud, of the said "overland" passengers,—and you will have a pretty good picture of a trip from Alexandria to the Nile.

After a delay of a couple of hours at Atfeh, you embark on board a little iron steamer, about one hundred and thirty feet long, as little calculated for comfort as can be imagined, especially in hot weather. You start at the rate of ten miles, against a turbid current of three miles an hour, making about seven miles net, from Atfeh to Cairo. By the Nile it is one hundred and twenty-two miles, a most uninteresting stage through a tortuous, muddy stream, varying from an eighth to a half-a-mile in width, passing many mud villages where the only decent quarters appear to be tenanted by the pigeons.

A NILE STEAMER.

The accommodations on board this boat (which, by the way, was under the control of the Pasha, like every thing else in Egypt) consisted of a cabin below, uninhabitable from the excessive heat, being immediately abaft the engine-room; a forward cabin scarcely less hot and dirty, both being thickly inhabited by crawling and jumping animals of various kinds, armed to the teeth, and hungering for your blood; a deck pretty well filled up by baggage, freight, and passengers, all trying to keep cool, the whole covered by an awning thin enough to pull a lark through, stern foremost, without ruffling his feathers.

You are cautioned (quite unnecessarily) against drinking the Nile water, and are compelled to drink hot beer, or hot claret, &c. By the time you have composed your Mahmoudi-Canal-broken bones for a nap, a bend in the river brings the sun down under the awning, where you had imagined yourself safe from his beams.

You endure this from eight A. M. to two P. M. of the next day, when, if fortunate, you arrive at Beulac, a mile or two from Cairo. The hammering, pounding, flaying, broiling you have undergone make Shepperd's Hotel seem a palace. You throw yourself upon a bed, and for two or three hours make out to sleep, unconscious of mosquitos or any phlebotomizing insect.

Here you are told of palaces, mosques, bazaars ; of places known to Scripture history ; of pyramids and armories : but the heat being at or near 90° , you forego all these, unless you have curiosity enough to go to the house-top and see the pyramids at seven miles, distance, as I did.

TAKING A BATH.

Thinking only of getting a bath, you order a donkey and proceed to a distance ; dismount, enter a low doorway into a courtyard. Around this are rude divans, spread with what might easily be mistaken for foul linen from a hospital. Here you unwillingly strip, after giving your valuables to your dragoman, a fellow you never saw till he attached himself to you *volens volens*. You are wrapped up in what you would consider at home dirty towels, and are conducted into a passage-way, steaming hot, and constantly increasing in heat as you go, until you enter a room in which is a tank six feet square and four feet deep, filled with hot water. A stream runs into it from a spout, and a corresponding stream escapes, perhaps to bathe some one else.

After sweating in the clothes first put on for ten minutes or more, you are made to sit flat on the stone floor by the side of the tank, are stripped and scrubbed with a coarse fibre-like coir oakum until your skin appears to be coming off. You then plunge into the tank and stay as long as you wish. Thence you are led into a cooler room, where a fountain supplies you with hot or cold water. Here you sit on a horse-block, and are again scrubbed with soap and rinsed off.

You then put on the clothes you first wore, and are conducted back to the starting place, and laid out on a bed to dry. At this stage you may have coffee or a pipe, if you like ; but our party of four concluded to get out of the *scrape* as soon as possible. The process of rubbing, cracking the bones and joints, &c., now commences, and is generally carried to a considerable extent ; but as we did not care to undergo these tortures we dressed and made off, somewhat refreshed.

ACROSS EGYPT.

After this exercise, we were content to remain quiet until the hour for starting in the vans for Suez. These vans are two-wheeled carriages, with three shafts in front in lieu of a

pole, and an entrance behind, much like an omnibus. They are made to stow six, although really only large enough for four to sit easily. They are propelled by four horses, or sometimes two mules and two horses on the lead; are driven by Arabs, assisted by a runner who stands at the heads of the leaders, giving you the idea that, on letting them go, they really go off. Sometimes they do all right, but generally one leader bolts to the right, the other kicks up, the mules in the shafts refuse to budge; but, after a time, they get off as we did, amid dust and heat, at 3½ P. M.

The runner, after the start is fairly made, jumps on behind the carriage, or on the shaft near the body; in turning a corner you run over a donkey or a man, and break a leg; no one looks behind. Away you go at a gallop, or at a combination of trot and gallop, to the next stage, six or seven miles. You stop again to tea at eight, to supper at twelve, and rest an hour or two. Again a stop of an hour for breakfast, and you finally arrive at Suez at ten A. M., dislocated, covered with dust, thirsty, and cross.

A HALT AT SUEZ.

You put up at the worst managed hotel in Egypt, and undergo all the tortures of canal boat, Nile boat, Cairo and Alexandria, without cool water, without baggage, and in an increased heat, say about 95°; and, by way of consolation, are told by the passengers who have just landed from the "Haddington," that it is delightfully cool as compared with the Red Sea.

After undergoing all sorts of disgusts, including a sleepless night, made horrible by the barking of a dozen worthless curs, you rise dripping and seek a bath, and finally take one in the harbor, with the chance of encountering a shark. This is the only luxury you can enjoy at Suez, without paying an exorbitant price for it. You learn, after breakfast, that the steamer is to start at four o'clock, and that passengers may go on board at any time.

Our party consequently hire a boat, with a gauze awning, and start for the "Haddington" at half-past ten o'clock. We row and sail, under a burning sun, some five miles against the tide, and arrive on board at noon. The ship is taking in coal, and is necessarily shut up so that you can hardly estimate the heat; but you console yourself with the pleasing reflection that you have at last arrived on board of

a decent ship, where (as you have been told ever since leaving England) there is a constant supply of ice, the produce of dear old Massachusetts.

You call for the steward, thinking your sufferings are on the point of being mitigated by a long, cool drink. The steward looks doubtful; he attempts to meet your wishes, but is compelled to acknowledge, when he sees your disappointment, that the ice is nearly or quite gone. "Well," as we Yankees say. You wait as patiently as you can until seven P. M., and then start down the Red Sea.

DOWN THE RED SEA.

The Red Sea; what shall I say of it? It is a lie, like every thing else. It is as blue as indigo. The shores appear as barren and as hot as exhausted craters. Not a particle of green; not a shrub to be seen. You steam — personally — six days and some hours to Aden, passing Mounts Horeb and Sinai, and other places known to Scripture history; Mocha, famed for its coffee; the Straits of Babelmandel, &c. The mind is too much occupied in vain attempts to keep cool to dwell for a moment on any thing so remote as ancient history. How can I describe the weather, the atmosphere, of the Red Sea? It is nearly calm, sea smooth, the sun's rays almost vertical.

You smoke, drink, lounge about the deck; and then eat, smoke, drink, lounge, and try to sleep, being constantly told that it was much hotter on the way up, that one or two died of exhaustion. You look at the ship's thermometers, and find they give only 90° in the coolest place; in the engine room 130° to 140°. You know this is false. The thermometers are made for the company to gull the travelling public into the belief that the temperature is only 90° in the shade in the gangway, exposed to a constant draft.

The "Haddington," or, as she is called to save labor, the "Adington," is an iron ship and pretty well got up, though not so well ventilated as the "Indostan." She steams, under favorable circumstances, ten knots, but has seldom made more than nine throughout the day. Her boilers are said to be out of order, and her bottom not very clean; but it is also said that steamers do not go on this side the Cape of Good Hope as they go on the other side. Captain Field, our commander, is a "clever" fellow, both in the English and American sense of the word. He has just succeeded

Captain Harris, and is desirous of making everybody happy ; but how can he be expected to succeed with the thermometer at 90° or 100° ? Every one becomes selfish under fire, — “*sauve qui peut*” is the motto.

MORTIFYING THE FLESH.

No one dares ask another how he feels ; there is no necessity, no doubt about it. He feels cross and uncomfortable ; he finds fault with Rev. Mr. C.’s sermon ; he hates the forms of the Established Church. He is told to “mortify the flesh,” and to lead a regular and abstemious life ! The sermon done, the cracked bell summons us to lunch ; we forget the precepts of the good clergyman, and follow his example by fortifying the flesh with a pound of Cheshire, a bottle of ale, some soda water, and a cigar. But this is a libel on the reverend gentleman ; he does not smoke only because he does not like it, I am sure. “Well,” we arrive off Aden at 11 P. M. and cruise about until 1 A. M., when the moon rises and lights us into a snug harbor.

We now attempt to sleep, but soon the infernal process of coaling commences, the ports and the doors and the skylights are closed. Some go on shore to enjoy the rays of the sun at 100°. Some lounge about the decks, vainly trying to keep clean and cool. Both attempts are futile. Every thing is hot and full of coal dust. You take a bath in the harbor at the risk of losing a leg, and come out hotter than ever.

AN ENGLISH COALING STATION.

Aden is easily described. John Bull, wanting a *dépôt* for coals, and a key to the Red Sea, *took it* ; simply seized it without pretence of right, fortified it, and now holds it by the strong hand, much to the profit of the former owners, who are disarmed as they enter the gates. It is situated on a peninsula, and consists of high barren rock, looking like an exhausted crater. By a careful scrutiny with a good glass, I discovered two small patches of green, as large, may be, as a *piece of cloth*.

I had not courage to land and undergo a ride to the cantonments, several miles from the landing, nor to enjoy a game of billiards, nor to partake of a good dinner at Captain M——’s, the agent’s. I was satisfied to visit Aden through a spy-glass. We got under way after a hard day’s work, during which we received four hundred tons of coal, on the

evening of the 14th of August. Not one regret was expressed, and I am sure none was felt, at leaving Aden.

AT SEA AGAIN.

We are now fairly at sea, clear of Cape Guardafui, the southwest monsoon blowing freshly, the sails trimmed with double reefs in them to a fine breeze on the quarter, and we go majestically, $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots or less. The thermometer, thank Heaven, has fallen to 76° , and we are nearly frozen!

We will now take it for granted that the run to Ceylon will be favorable; that we find a good steamer to carry us on comfortably to Penang, Singapore, and thence to Hong Kong, arriving there on the 14th of September, say fifty-five days from England, and, peradventure, seventy-five or eighty days from Boston.

Now let us make up an account current, and see how fearfully the balance is against this "overland route." We will suppose, in the first place, that the victim has the opportunity of going in a good sailing ship.

Dr.	OVERLAND ROUTE.	Cr.	
To Cost of Passage . . .	\$1,000	By Saving of not over 15 days' time . . .	\$75.00
„ Risk from Boston to Liverpool, running down ships, icebergs, and personal frights . .	500	„ Information procured .	1.50
„ Expenses in England and Scotland — lionizing .	250	„ Gratification at getting away from all places on the road . . .	100.00
„ Wear and tear of Liver	150	„ Balance, showing the loss in coin . .	2,324.50
„ „ „ Lungs	150		
„ „ „ Bowels	150		
„ „ „ Soul	1		
„ „ „ Mind	200		
„ Disgust at „ Scripture, History, Egyptian Antiquities, &c. . . .	100		
	\$2,501		\$2,501.00

E. E.—xpected—Aug. 16, 1849.

Dr.	SEA VOYAGE TO CHINA.	Cr.
To Cost of stepping on board in Boston, and landing on the 1st of October in Chioa	\$450	By Health in general saved \$500 „ Satisfaction in going by sea 250 „ Information procured from books 150
Time lost	75	
Balance gained	375	
	\$900	\$900

E. E., Aug. 16, 1849.

It follows, then, from these figures, and figures "never	
lie," that by coming "overland" you lose	\$2,324.50
And by coming by sea you gain	375.00
Making an actual saving of	\$2,699.50

Let no American, then, delude himself with the ideas held forth to him in guide-books (all got up by the "P. O. S. N. Co."); let him not be humbugged by yarns relating to St. Paul, Pyramids, Moses' Well, Pompey's Pillar, Mounts Horeb, Sinai, &c. — they are all deceptions of the enemy, delusions of the devil.

Take a good ship, with a good captain, and go by sea. The overland journey may do for those bound from England to Bombay or Calcutta, and possibly China; but one runs a fearful risk of being disgusted with Scripture history, human nature in general, the clergy in particular; one runs a fearful risk to health of body and peace of mind.

To revert again to the incidents which induced me to go to China. The steam enterprises which resulted unprofitably I mention in the order in which they occurred. First, the twin-screw propeller "Midas," named after the little schooner in which I went to France in 1811.* She was expected, like her prototype of old, to turn every thing into gold; she belonged to J. M. Forbes, W. C. Hunter, and myself. Her hull was built by Samuel Hall, her machinery by Hogg & Delamater, under designs by John Ericson. She was one hundred and eighty-eight tons, old measurement. She sailed from New York, under command of William Poor, on the 4th of November, 1844, under sail, with her wheels shipped. She was the first vessel I rigged with the double-topsail, and the first American steamer to pass the Cape of Good Hope, and the first to ply in Chinese waters. She put into Mauritius to stop serious leaks in her stuffing-boxes. Lignum-vitæ bearings were then unknown.

* A model of this vessel may be seen at the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

She left Mauritius, 22d March, 1845 ; went to Singapore, and arrived at Hong Kong, May 14. While in no sense a fine vessel, she sailed one day two hundred and thirty knots, with her propellers ungeared, but impeding her considerably. On her way out, steam was occasionally used, but most of the time she was under sail. Going with her wheels shipped was a fatal error. She arrived in China with her brass bearings much injured; her boiler nearly ruined by neglect and bad engineering, and her reputation damned. She was run for a time between Hong Kong and Canton, and was used in towing, until her boiler was wholly ruined ; her propellers were then stowed in the hold, and, after a disastrous trip up the coast, she returned to New York, *via* Rio Janeiro, her motive power was taken out, and she was sold to Padelford & Fay, who owned her for some years. The result of this expedition was disastrous. When she was preparing to go, every one acquainted with China predicted failure, on the ground that the Chinese would not permit steam on their waters ! At this day we are running steamers into the heart of the empire, and much of the trade formerly done by junks is now done by steamers owned by Chinese. I am thus particular in giving the history of the "Midas," because of her having been the first American to go east of the Cape of Good Hope.

Having thus purchased some experience in steam, and having full faith that the propeller would come to be the moving power, I built, in 1845, a bark called the "Edith," named after my daughter. She was about four hundred and fifty tons, with double top-sails, and masts fidded abaft. She was built

by Samuel Hall, engineered by Hogg & Delamater, under John Ericson's plans, and was a fine model with full rig. She left New York, January 18, 1845, under command of George W. Lewis, for Bombay and China. She took a cargo of coal, went out in about one hundred days, nearly all the way under sail. Her propeller-shaft came out on one side of the rudder and stern-post, and was arranged to turn up by withdrawing the shaft from the hub ; so that, when under sail, she would not have to drag her screw, as the "Midas" had done. She belonged to Thomas H. Perkins, Jr., and myself, and was intended to run between India and China, in competition with the fast English opium clippers. Captain Lewis had had no experience of steam, and his engineer was not much better posted than he. I had instructed them to use steam liberally on the first moderate spell, so as to get the bark into good sailing trim, and then economically until they arrived within the calm latitudes of the Arabian Sea. On one of the early occasions for getting up steam, the heater — which had been placed between the beams, under the cabin floor, and covered over by planking, the spaces between the beams being filled in with sawdust, in order to prevent the sound of the machinery and the heat from coming into the poop-cabin — leaked steam, and this, percolating among the sawdust, made every thing damp and uncomfortable in the cabins and engine-room ; and, instead of seeking for the cause, they became alarmed, and shut off steam, and went on under sail, deep as a sand-barge, until within a week's sail of Bombay, when they again got up steam, and found the same trouble ; but they ascertained

what was wrong, caulked the leak, and went on, having lost much valuable time by their stupidity. On the arrival of this novel craft, the first of her kind to visit British India, it was found that great prejudices existed against high-pressure engines; underwriters were unwilling to insure cargo, especially opium, in a vessel thus propelled. It was said that opium would be ruined by the heat of the hold; in short, there was no end to the grave objections against the "Edith." She had then in port a formidable competitor, the brig "Antelope," a famous clipper, commanded by one of the most competent men, P. Dumaresq; a vessel I had built by Samuel Hall, in 1843, for Russell & Co. The "Edith" could get no freight until she should be out of the way. She finally got off, — sailing ten or more days after the "Antelope," — and arrived only a day or two after her in China, in less than twenty-five days from Bombay; at that time an unprecedentedly short passage. The value of auxiliary steam was fully illustrated on this occasion: the "Edith" and Captain Lewis were no match in sailing qualities in competition with the favorite "Antelope" and the energetic Captain Dumaresq; she owed her superiority solely to being able to steam six or seven knots in the Straits of Malacca, and sometimes a few hours elsewhere, while the other was becalmed.

On arrival in China, my agents and late partners transferred the command to Captain Johnson, of Salem, who had no experience of steam; and, instead of sending her back to India for the trade she was well adapted to, they put a cargo of domestic goods into her, and ordered her to go to Shanghae, and at

an unpropitious season of the year, particularly for mere auxiliary power. She encountered very rough weather on the coast, which wrecked a number of sailing ships; and Captain Johnson put back to Hong Kong, with the loss of his jibboom, reporting that he could do nothing under steam! The cargo was transferred to a sailing ship, the propeller was unshipped, and, like the "Midas," she was pronounced a failure, and sent to New York, *via* Rio Janeiro. Although my old partners and excellent friends, Paul S. Forbes and W. Delano, were on hand at the time, they became infected with the general idea that the "Edith" was a failure. On her return to New York, the Mexican war was raging, and transports were in demand. I shipped the "Edith's" propeller, cleaned out her neglected boiler, lubricated her machinery, appointed a reliable man, Kenny Couillard, to the command, chartered her by the day to the War Department, which loaded her with the heavy parts of ordnance stores and supplies for General Taylor, then at Brazos Santiago. I was surprised to find on board guns without carriages, wagon wheels without bodies, &c., and inquired what it meant. The officer in charge of the loading said that, as the "Edith" was practically a sailing vessel, and could not go fast, all the lighter parts of the ordnance stores were going by a paddle-wheel steamer, with the despatches, and would arrive long before the "Edith," and prepare for her reception! Knowing something of the old box that was going out to beat my favorite clipper, I smiled in my sleeve. The "Edith" made a very quick run, consuming only twenty-five tons of coal; and, on arrival, found no orders. No one but Captain Couillard knew

any thing of our cargo, or of the old paddle-box. The quarter-master at Brazos was in a fix. My agreement was to deliver the cargo on shore; but, as the ship lay in an open roadstead, this was not easy to do. Captain Couillard, being wide awake, arranged for the delivery by the steamer under the control of the quarter-master; and, in consideration thereof, agreed to remit several days' pay. Fortunately for the "Edith," a norther came on, and nothing could be done for some days. By-and-by, the paddle-steamer's cargo came along, *via* Key West, where she had put in for coal, and *via* Alvarado, where she had broken down,—sending her stores by a schooner! This long delay was very good for the "Edith." The War Department had chartered her with the refusal of her at a certain price: liking her, they finally bought her, and kept Couillard in her during active operations in the Gulf of Mexico; sent her round Cape Horn under his command; there she was transferred to a navy officer, and was lost in a fog off Santa Barbara. I am thus diffuse in stating the history of the "Edith," in order to show that she was *not a failure, either in sailing or steaming.*

Soon after the "Edith," in 1845, I built, in conjunction with my brother and a number of merchants, the auxiliary packet ship, "Massachusetts," seven hundred and seventy tons, old measurement. She was built by Samuel Hall, and engineered by Ericson and Hogg and Delamater. She had the same general arrangement as the "Edith" for turning up her propeller, and was intended to go in smooth water about eight knots, with a consumption of about nine tons of anthracite coal per day. I sailed in her on

the 16th of September, 1845, for Liverpool, under command of A. H. White; my uncle, Thomas H. Perkins, and my sister Emma accompanying me.

The intention of the parties engaged in this enterprise was to organize a line of propeller packets from Boston; but it was thought expedient to make the first trip from New York. We went out in seventeen days and a half, with a very unfavorable chance of winds. The ship was full-rigged, with double topsails and masts fidded abaft. We steamed nearly two-thirds of the way, and, on arrival, attracted much notice. We returned in November, in twenty-eight days; using steam very sparingly, owing to the bad quality of the Welsh coal, which melted down our grate bars before we were aware of it. The Atlantic was found to be practically too rough, even when the winds were moderate, to enable us to use our propeller to advantage; and, at that day, no one thought of running up to eighty or one hundred turns with a pressure of seventy pounds of steam. Although we beat all competitors in this, the *first voyage of an auxiliary steam-propeller packet ship to Liverpool*, the enterprise was not looked upon as a success; and the projectors did not feel inclined to build more ships. Besides the rough Atlantic requiring full power, we had to encounter the opposition of the large packet interest of New York. Our competitors, ignoring the patent fact that we had beaten the celebrated Captains Nye and West, and others, pointed out the no less patent fact that we had been badly beaten by the Cunard full-power steamers! The ship went one more voyage, in mid-winter, to Liverpool, in command of that very able

captain, David Wood, of Newburyport. She encountered very severe weather; and, although making long passages, she showed her superiority over all sailing ships. The Mexican war having created a demand for such vessels, she, like the "Edith," was chartered to carry troops to General Taylor, and, like her, was found so useful that she was bought by the department of war; and, under Captain Wood, had the honor of taking General Winfield Scott and his flag to the siege of Vera Cruz. When the war came to an end, she went—still under his command—to California, and was transferred to the Navy Department. She was for a time employed in locating or selecting sites for navy-yards and lighthouses, &c. Captain Knox commanded her, and Captains L. M. Goldsborough and Van Brunt, with General Smith,—whose name will be mentioned ere long as my room-mate,—were members of the board that was engaged in this work. Finally, the Navy Department, failing to make an end of this ship, as they did of the "Edith," returned her to the Norfolk Yard for repairs, where I saw her in the hands of Mr. Delano, naval constructor, who, by-the-by, was foreman in Samuel Hall's yard when she was built. Captain Richard Meade took her again to California, losing his main-mast on the way. She was rechristened "Farrallones,"—I never could imagine why, unless because they had got tired of owning a purchased ship for so long a time, and desired to obliterate the record by a change of name. When in California in 1870, I went one day to visit the Mare-Island Navy Yard; on my way, on board of a steamer, being desirous, as usual, to economize my time and

procure some information, I selected a slab-sided, Yankee-looking man, and rigged my pump-break. I asked if he could tell me any thing about an old hulk belonging to Uncle Sam, called the "Farrallones," and found that he was the owner of her. He said that he had bought her, took out her machinery, gave her some repairs, and that she was then a good ship, on her way to Europe with a cargo of wheat, and was called the "Alaska." I have seen her name within a year or two in the newspapers, and I presume she is still running.*

Early in 1845, I signed a contract to build an iron steamer, to be called "Iron Witch." My associates were J. M. Forbes, J. K. Mills, W. S. Wetmore, John E. Thayer, Edward King, M. O. Roberts, and John Ericson, the eminent engineer, who designed her, and expected to beat all competitors on the North River. Hogg and Delamater were the builders. She had sea-going inclined engines of great power, intended to operate small paddle-wheels. She was very nicely built, and had superb engines, plenty of boiler, fire, and grate surface. All American engineers, who had long pinned their faith on the beam-engine and long-stroke, with wheels of large diameter, predicted the failure of the "Iron Witch." On trial, it was found that she could just beat the old "Troy," but stood no chance with the more modern boats on the route to Albany. She ran for a time in charge of Captain Roe, continually losing money; when it was determined to try an experiment suggested by Ericson; namely, to remove her side-wheels, and put on geared side-propellers; with these she made no increase of speed, and added much to

* Afterwards lost on the coast of Chili.

the vibration. Some five or ten thousand dollars were thus wasted, and the material went into the scrap-heap. The "Iron Witch"—known in my books originally as the "Allegania"—proved to be a grand failure. Her machinery being very massive, it was concluded to put it into a sea-going steamer. A contract was made with a Mr. Brown, who built the "Falcon," taking the "Iron Witch's" hull in part payment. He fitted her with an ordinary beam-engine; and, for a long time, she ran in connection with some railroad on the North River. The "Falcon" was sold to George Law, and, I believe, was the first to run in connection with the Chagres and Panama route to California. It will readily be conceived that the "Iron Witch" "spec" resulted in a heavy loss to all concerned. The wise men of Gotham who predicted her failure had no doubt that her powerful engines would revolve her small wheels up to any desired speed; but they said she would not go fast. Ericson had no doubt of his power to work up to more than thirty turns, and had full faith that she would go over twenty miles per hour. The result proved that no amount of steam could get the wheels beyond about thirty turns; and with this she went about seventeen statute miles, or, just enough to beat the old "Troy." With an active competition, under the control of such men as Daniel Drew, this slow rate was a failure.

Besides the unfortunate steam adventures specified, other less prominent causes led to my going to China in 1849.

CHAPTER X.

Arrival in China—The Journey Home—A Flying Trip—"Hard up" in London—Captain Page and the La Plata Expedition—The "Argentina" and the "Alpha"—The Voyage of the "Nan-kin"—Scenes on Board.

ON arrival in Canton, by the overland route and the Red Sea, on the 11th of September, with the powerful help of my old friend, Houqua, and the good-will of P. S. Forbes and the other members of Russell & Co., I made suitable arrangements to relieve Mr. Forbes, and remained until the 24th of April, 1851. During this time, nothing special occurred to mar the even tenor of our affairs, unless I except a severe illness, brought on by unnecessary exposure. Dr. Parker, however, brought me out of it. At one time, I was so ill, that I thought my chance for recovery was very slight. During this crisis, I requested Dr. Parker to have my coffin made from a piece of the main-mast of the "Lintin," which ship had been sunk in the river below the Dutch Folly, leaving her mast out of water. In December, 1849, I heard of the death of my little daughter, Rose,—a sweet child,—who died on the 5th of September, 1849, aged about fourteen months.

I returned by the same route that I took going out, arriving in Boston on the 3d of July, about seventy days from China; at that time, this was considered a

rapid transit. General Smith, before mentioned, was my room-mate at starting. Mr. D. W. Olyphant and his son were also passengers; the former was very ill all the way, and I had the satisfaction of helping to make his last days more comfortable. It was fearfully hot in the Red Sea; and, on arrival at Suez, Messrs. Olyphant, the ship's surgeon, and myself, left for Cairo in a sick-van, and proceeded by slow stages on our melancholy journey. Mr. Olyphant became so much worse by the time we reached within about twenty miles of Cairo, that the doctor said we must stop; that we could not reach Cairo in time to join the other passengers. As I could be of no further use, I concluded to avail myself of an order I had obtained from the agent of the company at Suez, for horses, in the event of requiring extra despatch. I called on the Turk having charge of the station with my order; he said, "Got plenty horse, but no got saddle." Not liking to mount bareback a wild, half-broken Arab, under a heat of 90°, and encumbered with a case of despatches from the United States Minister to China, John W. Davis, I felt very much discomposed. No time was to be lost.

While revolving the situation in my mind, a Turkish officer, who was the general road-agent of the government, and a man of some consequence, — judging from the amount of gold lace about him, — came along in an English dog-cart, and alighted. I inquired as to his powers, and was told that nothing could be got out of so big a man. Not discouraged, I "boarded" him, and informed him of my predicament; stated the immense importance of getting on to Cairo with my despatches; described myself as United States

Consul in China, and gave him to understand, in good French, that I was a man of much *prestige*, and that he *must* let me have his dog-cart. He gravely informed me that he was a government officer, — a colonel mustapha, — and that he could not let me have his carriage. Still not discouraged, I appealed to his pocket. I said, in my country all things came down to the money level ; “ how much ? ” that is the question. He shook his head. I pulled out shining sovereigns, and counted out five. No response ; but I saw that he was relenting ; his hard heart and grave demeanor were giving way. I added two more. He gave in ; but he said the horse had come twenty odd miles, and he could not go back at the rate I must go to reach Cairo in season to join the steamer for Alexandria. Here was a new fix. I went to the agent of the station, who said : “ Got plenty horse ; don’t go in single harness, only go in four-horse van.” “ Never mind ; give me a driver, and I shall make the horse go.” Soon a large horse was brought out, very restive ; wholly unused to going single, and only half broken to go in the vans. One man blinded him with a shawl, another held up his fore leg ; and, finally, after much coaxing and many imprecations, we jumped on the cart, they let go of him, he made one plunge, and sprang off at a gallop. The stations are about six miles apart. At the first he bolted in, out of breath and covered with foam ; thus we changed twice. The last stage necessarily carried us over a country road much travelled. Donkeys, mules, camels, were *en route*, and we had to steer very small ; but my driver, fully impressed by my magnificent generosity to every one, and also with the yarns

I told him on my way, pushed on, crying out in a loud voice something, I suppose, to the effect that a great man was coming, and all must give way. Not understanding Turkish, I know not what commands he gave; I only know that all scattered right and left as we went at a gallop. Finally, when within a mile or two of the city, and my time about up, we came to a long file of soldiers crossing the road from a camp, on their way to bathe. They had no arms; but the leader, an officer, seeing us coming, rushed to the road, and, waving his sword, gave unmistakable signs that we must halt. My man, becoming alarmed, wanted to pull up, saying that it was more than his head was worth to disobey a government officer. I seized the reins, and made a rush; the line opened, and we went by. Barely escaping shipwreck in crossing a bridge, nearly filled by camels, we arrived at the steamer just in time to get on board. Mr. Olyphant died at Cairo the next day.

On arrival at Southampton, I found that I must go at once to Liverpool if I wanted to catch the "Baltic." I took the first available train; telegraphing to Barings to send my letters to the Euston Station. In London, I took a cab, offering the driver some fabulous amount to get me across the city in time for the Liverpool train. He accomplished the feat at the risk of our lives, and of the lives of various women and children. I rushed into the hotel, and found a pile of letters, and had to pay several shillings. I then went to the ticket office, my appearance certainly warranting caution on the part of the agent. He gave me, what I found afterwards to be, a second-class ticket. By the time I had got to the scales,

where my trunks were being weighed, there remained only two or three minutes before the starting time; a demand was made for some large amount of shillings and pence for extra weight. I found that my liberality to the cabman and others had nearly exhausted my means; I had literally but half-a-crown remaining. In vain I protested against the barbarity of keeping the trunk of a United States Consul, — a bearer of despatches, on the speedy transport of which depended the integrity of the Union, and of three hundred and fifty millions of people in China! One trunk was detained, and, while the guard was shouting "All aboard!" I ran for my car, and found myself thrust into a second-class apartment, apparently full of fat cooks and hob-nailed farmers, who had come to London to see the Crystal Palace. The day was very warm; I was hungry and dusty, and wore an old leather hat that Paul Forbes had discarded. When the guard came round, I slipped into his willing hand the last shilling, and told him briefly of my situation, and asked him to let me into the *coupé* of a first-class car; and, if any one attempted to enter, to say that I was staring mad, or infected by some dreadful contagious disease. I told him I would make all right on getting to Liverpool. He believed me, and I found myself established, at the first stopping-place, in sumptuous quarters. I telegraphed to Mr. Rathbone in regard to my coming; he met me at the station, settled my account with the guard, and sent by telegraph for my trunk. We then went to his hospitable home at Greenbank. I sailed the next morning in the "Baltic," Captain Comstock.

It will be seen from this brief recital, that I had saved a delay of a fortnight at Alexandria, and some days at Liverpool. The only notable incident of my return happened at Quincy. I came by the steam-boat train, and, on approaching that station, was informed that the cars stopped only on Sundays. I told the conductor of my very long absence, and of my earnest desire to get home to Milton (where I had built my house in 1847). He finally said he would "slow down" so as to let me out, but could not stop. I prepared myself to leave, and, taking my hand-bag, I waited until the train came down to about seven or eight miles, and landed on the platform. I trundled along some yards, feeling as if all my joints were coming apart; but I kept my legs. I resolved, from that day, never to leave a car while under such headway. I ran a greater risk than in my ride to Cairo or across London.*

My visit to China was a fortunate one in many respects. I retained an interest in the house until the end of 1854; and, through a private arrangement with Paul Forbes, I had a contingent interest up to the end of 1857. My connection with Russell & Co., as partner, began on the 1st of January, 1840, continued till January 1, 1844; and, again, from January 1, 1849, to January 1, 1857. While in China, on my last visit, I held the vice-consulate, and at one time acted for France in the same capacity. My old friend Goldsborough made me a visit, and went home *via* Suez, and built two vessels for Russell & Co., at Portsmouth, N. H. I also made the acquaintance of Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, of the United States Navy; and, on my return to the United States, we pro-

* I see that conductor, Mr. Clafin, daily, on the East Milton train, 1878.

cured an appropriation from Congress for a reconnoissance of the dangers not well defined in the China Seas and the Pacific Ocean. He expected to have the command of it; and was much disappointed when the Secretary of the Navy appointed Captain Ringgold, with Lieutenant John Rogers as his executive, and who went out in the only United States vessel ever rigged at a naval station with my rig — the “John Hancock.” Page, having been disappointed at this result of his labors in getting the appropriation, made interest with the Secretary for the command of an expedition to the La Plata, for surveying the tributaries of that river, and went in the “Water Witch,” in 1853; returning, 1856. While prosecuting his work, he was fired into by one of President Lopez’s forts; a man was killed, and this led to the fitting out of a squadron, under the command of Commodore Shubrick, who, with the help of a commissioner or “plenipo,” went out and came to an understanding with Lopez without burning any powder.

Not long after Page’s return, in May, 1856, he consulted me as to a new expedition to finish up the work begun in the “Water Witch.” An appropriation of \$25,000 for that object was procured. Secretary Toucey said nothing could be done with that small sum in a government vessel. I offered to build a small iron steamer, and he agreed to pay at the rate of \$300 per month for her, and find her armament, fuel, &c. I built the “Argentina,” in Boston, a small paddle-wheel steamer of iron, about one hundred feet long, and sent her out, mostly under sail; leaving in January, 1858, in command of Captain J. B. Breck. She arrived in the La Plata, and was de-

livered into the hands of Captain Page. It was soon discovered that she drew more water than was found in several of the small tributaries of the La Plata, — as the Vermejo and the Pilcomayo, — and that her boiler was defective. Not desiring to see Page fail in the enterprise he had at heart, I built a little steamer of iron, called the “Alpha,” the Secretary agreeing to let her go into Page’s hands without any extra pay to me. I also sent out another boiler for the “Argentina.” At this time, Commodore Shubrick’s expedition was in the La Plata, or on the way. Desiring to get rid of a winter, and having a brig called the “Nankin,” about to sail for China, I built the little “Alpha” expressly to fit her deck, diagonally, the bow resting against the top-gallant fore-castle on the port side, while the stern rested in chocks, near the half-poop, on the other side. The boiler was stowed on deck; one of the paddle-wheels and its box was stowed over the stern of the brig, on skids, and the other on the main deck; the cavity amidships in the “Alpha,” where the boiler and fire-room were to be, was utilized as the cook’s quarters, covered with a roof, and he lived in her fore-castle.

On the 18th of November, 1858, we left Boston. My companions, on this expedition, were Professor Jeffries Wyman, Augustus Peabody, nephew of the gentleman who was with us in the “Europa,” and William G. Saltounstall. Before putting the “Alpha” on board, she had her trial trip, and, while in the water, I went to the Custom House to clear her for Buenos Ayres. When the collector found that I wanted to clear a little steamer of twenty-two tons for that dis-

tant port, with a crew consisting of a captain and an engineer, he very naturally opened his eyes, and inquired how I expected to 'get her there. Deeming this to be an impertinent inquiry, and knowing of no legal objection to her clearance, I became rather reticent, and intimated that when I received my papers I would inform him. Suffice it to say, she was duly cleared and put into her cradle. The gentlemen above named went for pleasure; the doctor fully prepared with alcohol, arsenical soap, and wonderful instruments to gather, dissect, and set up any reptile, fish, bird, or animal he might find; the others were equipped with all kinds of death-dealing implements: rifles, — muzzle and breech-loaders, — fishing gear, and waterproof dresses. They paid no passage-money, but each contributed to the larder. I acted as commissary-general, putting all manner of canned meats, fruits, vegetables, essence of coffee, and condensed milk, to say nothing of samples of wines, beer, and liquors of all nations and qualities. We were accompanied down the harbor by several anxious friends, some of whom, looking with green eyes upon our lumbered deck, probably took what they considered a final leave of us. Besides the inanimate matters named, we had three sporting dogs. Our captain was Joseph Moseley, of Salem. To make our excursion complete, I had despatched my iron yacht, the "Edith," about two weeks previously, for the La Plata. Her captain was the same man who went in the "Argentina" as mate with Captain Breck, and her mate was Mr. Melzard, who, on our arrival, was to become second mate of the brig; while the real skipper of the yacht, who was not a navigator in the

meantime, filled that place. The mate of the brig was a man whose name I have not anywhere recorded ; he will therefore only appear in this history as Mr. Delirium Tremens.

The little iron brig was of about two hundred and fifty tons, built by Otis Tufts, at East Boston ; she was rigged *à la* Forbes, with her pole-topmast fiddling abaft, a cross between a hermaphrodite and a top-sail schooner. We left Boston with a fine fair wind, and ran rapidly off the coast. It was soon discovered that Mr. Tremens was wholly unfit for his place, and he was locked up in the trunk cabin of the "Alpha," as crazy as a loon. The crew consisted of six men, two of whom were ordinary seamen, a cook, and a carpenter. One of the men was to be skipper of the "Alpha," and she had also an engineer and fireman all in one, who was very soon *hors du combat* from sea-sickness. The dogs occupied the coal bunker of the "Alpha." I had placed, under the half-poop deck, two long iron tanks full of fresh water ; but the apertures through which they were placed, in the hurry of departure, had not been well secured by calking, so that, when we got into the gulf stream, with a strong southwest wind, much water came in and washed across the cabin, to the great disgust of my passengers, who were compelled to wear rubber boots until ready to jump into bed. Wyman and myself occupied the two state-rooms abaft the "grand saloon," and were comparatively dry. Under the settees, at the sides of this apartment, were stowed many articles of stores, many of which were not packed to stand this rush of waters, and were ruined, — as were our nice carpets.

Wyman and Peabody were soon sea-sick, and presented countenances of unmitigated disgust; our steward, a colored boy named George, shared the same fortune. The cook, whom we called Dr. Robinson, was a perfect hero; he lived in clover in the galley and forecastle of the "Alpha;" he had charge of the dogs, and lent a hand everywhere, never missing a meal, — good in volume and quality. The second night out was, to say the least, a very uncomfortable one. The morning opened dark and squally, and as our rigging had become slack, I suggested to the captain to set all hands to work after breakfast to put it into shape. Having but one mate, he requested me to take the deck and look out for squalls. The little brig was running off at her best speed, the wind on the starboard quarter; the try-sail was furled, nearly all sail set on the foremast; that is to say, top-sail, upper top-sail, top-gallant sail, main, and main-topmast stay-sails, and three head-sails; the square fore-sail, intended only for trade-winds, and moderate weather, was not bent. The young man at the helm, one of the ordinary seamen, steered remarkably well; and, as I stood by him watching a coming squall, I complimented him upon his good steering. The squall came, and I ordered Mr. Bessie, the acting second mate, to clew down the fore-top-gallant sail. The squall not proving very severe, I left the wheel for a moment, and went forward on the poop to give some order, when I saw the brig coming-to rather fast, and cried out sharply, "Mind your weather helm; hard a starboard!" Whether the young man misunderstood me, or lost his head, I know not; certain it is, he put his helm the wrong

way. She came to at once, and away went the foremast, just above the eyes of the rigging, carrying with it all the sails then set, except the main stay-sail, and also the main top-mast; the fore-yard flew up a-cock-bill, breaking the cross-trees and the truss, and the main stay-sail sheet being well off, that sail was badly split in thrashing, when the brig broached to. There was no need of calling all hands; sick and well, Tremens excepted, came tumbling up. The first thing to be done was to save the main stay-sail, and set it with the bonnet off; the next, to get the balance-reef into the large try-sail. This required some time, and all our forces. In the meantime, the wind had canted to the west, and blew a gale; the brig, naturally lively, rolled and pitched merrily, and the wreck of spars were thrashing about in a style to endanger the hull as well as the other spars; the fore-stay had come down and hung over the bow, with all the head-sails; the jibboom still remained, but it was apparent that, unless we soon cleared the wreck, the weight of sails hanging to it would soon carry away the bowsprit, now quite unsupported. As soon as we got her steadied by setting the three-reefed try-sail, our united efforts were turned to saving what we could of spars and sails, and in getting the foremast secured by a toggle through the hawse-hole, and a tackle to the masthead. We saved the lower top-sail and the royal, cut away all the rest, and, for a time, indulged hopes of saving the head-sails, which were now out on the weather bow doing duty as a drag, all hanging with the broken masthead and topmast to the bowsprit and jibboom. But, as above said, fearing to lose our bowsprit, the order

was unwillingly given to go out to the cap and nick the jibboom, which soon broke off, and so we got clear of the wreck.

Before night set in, we were comfortably lying to, dry enough to windward, but lurching lee rail under. During this busy interval, from 9 A. M. to sunset, no one had had time to eat or drink; all were pretty much exhausted; our captain ruptured and helpless; one of our best men disabled; Tremens and the engineer and steward off duty. Wyman and Peabody were constant in their efforts to help, but, being out of condition, not much seamen's duty could be expected from them. Saltonstall had been to sea, and was a host within himself. I remember seeing his jolly countenance eight long hours at the helm. In the evening, I went on the forecaskle to splice a new eye in the fore-stay, and get it lashed aloft and set up. I had not done much at rigger's work for twenty-five years, but I contrived to finish the job. While sitting on the forecaskle, employed in this duty, the little brig dipped up the top of a sea, and nearly washed me into the lee scuppers. I always thought that the helmsman, W. G. S., let her come up suddenly, in order to give me a ducking. Dr. Robinson, during all this trying time, behaved admirably, risking life and limb to clear the wreck, and to save something. Fortunately, the "Alpha" was well secured; and all the paddle-box and boiler and water cask incumbrances stood firm. Nothing could behave better than the brig, save that unlucky leak in the front of the poop. What little oakum remained in the poop-ports was washed out, and our cabin, to leeward, was knee-deep in water and the washings

of the lockers. During all that night, and the next day and night, the gale continued at northwest; and we lay bobbing at it, waiting for a change to get our rough spar out of the channels, so as to make a topmast, and to get the fore-sail on her. In the meantime, I consulted with Captain Moseley, who was laid up, as to our proceedings. He said Bermuda was to windward, and difficult to reach in our crippled state; Fayal far away, and not a good place to refit at this season. He seemed quite discouraged, and asked what I proposed to do. I said we must not think of putting in anywhere, except Monte Video. I recommended him to keep still, and let me play captain and boatswain and sailmaker. Having no other recourse, he submitted, and I found myself, practically, captain of the "Nankin." As soon as the sea went down a little, the fore-yard truss-band was fleted down four or five feet, the lower rigging was frapped in, the yard crossed, and the trade-wind fore-sail, with a reef in it, was bent; the try-sail was set, with one or more reefs in it; the main stay-sail, and a stay-sail for a jib, were set to the bowsprit, and we went on our way merrily. The long spare spar lashed outside was got on board, and the carpenter went to work on it to make a pole topmast, for which it was designed, as well as for a jibboom or a top-sail yard. As the little brig jumped about a good deal for want of sufficient sail to steady her, the making of the mast, on a deck already full of steamboat, boiler, and fittings, was not an easy task, and the carpenter had neither brains nor tools to spare. Finally, after two days of hewing and planing, the mast was got ready to go aloft. The captain was sorely

exercised as to how it could be pointed, and as to what use could be made of it when in position; for we had no top-sail yard, no top-gallant yard, and only a spare top-sail. But as I had seen every rivet, and every bolt, spar, and sail put into the brig, I felt sure, with the help of Providence, of seeing her "all a-taunto," before getting to the equator. The mast was pointed; having no cap, it was securely lashed and wedged to the foremast, the heel resting on the fish davit; then it was found that the main-staysail boom would just spread the head of the top-sail, and so it was promoted, and the top-sail was set. This enabled us to carry the whole try-sail. Then we went to work on a top-gallant sail or upper top-sail, the captain wondering all the time of what use it could be without a yard. Saltonstall and myself sewed the canvas together, sometimes being obliged to work in the "grand saloon." By the time we got the sail ready, we fell in with a Hamburg bark; we got out the skiff of the "Edith," and I went on board of her, and stated our unfortunate crippled condition, and required spars, ropes, &c. The captain demurred, saying that he was bound on a winter's coast, and could not prudently spare any thing, unless we were short of food or water. I persisted, and finally coaxed out of him a spar long enough for a top-sail yard, a coil of rope, some canvas and twine. I drew an order on the Barings, and returned rejoicing to the "Nankin." We were not long in getting the yard fitted, and the sail set. Now we wanted only a main top-mast, and a jib-boom and jib, to be nearly full-rigged.

When near the southern limits of the northeast

trade-winds, one fine morning a ship appeared, coming before a light wind, and on our weather or port bow. As we could not fetch her, we made signals, and I again put off in the "Edith's" skiff, with Willard and Albert, to cut off the ship. We pulled several miles before we were seen, when she came to us and hove-to. I went on board and told the same tale of a want of spars for jibboom and topmast, and the captain made the same reply as the Hamburger: a winter's coast, &c. The ship was the "Zulika," of London. I remembered to have seen the name in a Canton circular, and asked the captain if he had been to China, and, if so, if he knew Russell & Co., Canton. He answered in the affirmative, and I think said he was consigned to them. I then stated what my relations were with that house. He at once ordered the mate to cast off the spar-lashings, and pitch over that spare jibboom spar—much too large for our little craft. He gave me also some canvas, twine, and rope. By the time we were ready to start, what with the drifting of the vessels, both lying to and the forging ahead, we were several miles from home, and a squall coming up. We put off in our little twelve-foot skiff, towing a spar about sixty feet long, and large enough for a main boom. Our captain could not or would not wear round and come to us, so we pulled to him; I wondering all the time whether it was true that a spar tows best butt-end foremost. We arrived alongside just as the squall came; hung the spar to the channels, and went on our way rejoicing. We enlarged a stay-sail, made a jibboom, and set the sail on it the day we passed under the lee of Fernando N'Orhona. We had saved

our studding-sail booms, so that, by the time we got into the southeast trades, we could carry nearly full sail. I had contrived a condenser to make fresh water in aid of a cargo of mules which I contemplated sending from the La Plata to Mauritius. The exercise of this machine by the engineer of the "Alpha" gave us interesting employment during the passage. We lived, not "like fighting cocks," for they are kept short, but like aldermen, — Dr. Robinson proving himself an excellent cook. Dr. Wyman amused himself in fishing up sea-weed, mollusks, Portuguese men-o'-war, and all sorts of crustacea and medusas; flying fish afforded food, and enabled the Dr. to give lectures. I give extracts from my journal in regard to this gentleman, and other matters of interest.

"In tolerably smooth water it is very pleasant exercise to start from the paddle-box and wheel stowed over the stern, jump on to paddle-box number two, thence step on to the trunk, and so on over what may be likened to the Portillo pass over the Andes, — I mean the little 'Alpha,' — and then over a narrow plank fastened to her starboard bow, and to the fore-castle of the brig; but it is very dangerous to attempt it unless you are quite sober, and have good sea legs. The principal dangers to be avoided are, first, the yawning gulf between the poop and the quarter of the 'Alpha,' the iron paddle shaft crossing her deck, and you must beware of the dogs who live in the coal bunker, and might seize you by the leg; it will be well also not to disturb Dr. Robinson, who sleeps with a knife between his teeth, ready to defend himself. The professor, so called in contradistinction to

the doctor, and the two gentlemen named are bent on bloodshed. They are fitted for it by an array of guns, revolvers, landing nets, harpoons, &c. Our cabin is a perfect museum of death-dealing, as well as life-preserving, materials; cans of meats and vegetables, put up in homœopathic doses, so that one may carry enough in his vest pocket to keep him across the Andes; coffee, so concentrated, that a thimbleful will make a pailful of 'café au lait' already sweetened. It would require Motley, the historian, and Longfellow and Holmes, the poets, to describe all our fittings; I shall not attempt it. The professor sleeps, if at all, with his spectacles on, and his microscope at hand; and leaves orders to be called night or day if any bird, beast, fish, reptile, whale, infusoria, or other animate or inanimate thing is seen. One man sits on the end of the bowsprit continually watching the sea and the sky. The result is, that countless unknown things are fished up and put into alcohol, or submitted to the microscope. A mere speck, not so large as a small piece of chalk, attached to the exterior of a small worm, which you can't see with the naked eye, develops into a living creature, with eyes and pulsations; and the professor asserts that it will soon become one of us, and perhaps may attach itself to our brig's bottom, and there try to bore a hole through us. In a calm, the sea is full of myriads of living creatures. Dr. Robinson, the other day, harpooned a big porpoise. At the first alarm, the professor and the other bloodthirsty passengers rushed over the Portillo pass, and all hands cried 'Haul in, haul in, a bowline, a bowline!' In came the mighty fish, measuring seven feet; the dogs were let loose, and

went in with the rest to kill him and cut him up. The professor, not having any can or bottle large enough to hold the fish, stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and cut him up, root and branch, head and tail; then he measured his outside, then examined his stomach, then his bowels — inch by inch, and yard by yard; then the liver, lights, spleen, and pancreas, and wound up his lecture by insisting that it was an animal called *dolphinius*; not a fish, but a warm-blooded *animal*; and then he said it was like a whale, and also like a pig.

“My blood was now up; had I not passed the Capes many times, and always heard a porpoise called fish? But remonstrance was of no avail; the professor swore it was no fish, and we had to indorse him by eating the liver and heart for breakfast.”

In writing of our accident, I say: —

“I picture to myself what will be said in the newspapers, under the head of ‘Marine Disasters;’ something to this effect: ‘On the 24th November, the ship “Tell-the-truth-and-shame-the-devil” (rather a long name), in lat. 37°, long. 52°, fell in with a lot of floating spars and sails; they were quite new, and belonged to a vessel with the Forbes rig.’ The marine reporter of the ‘Courier’ facetiously remarks, in large type: ‘There cannot be a doubt, considering the time the ‘Nankin’ sailed, the direction of the winds since her departure, the position and kind of spars, that this stuff belonged to that vessel. We have interviewed the sparmaker, the sailmaker, the rigger, and the blacksmith, who worked upon the ill-fated craft; and they say, that although none of their work ever breaks or gives way from any natural

cause, they admit that the wrecked material looks very much like the work of their hands, and, therefore, our worst fears are confirmed as to the wreck of the 'Nankin.' Whether she came in collision with some steamer or ship, and was dismasted, or whether she went down bodily, with all hands, time only can determine. We have seen Mr. Otis Tufts, her builder; he says she cannot sink; that she has two water-tight bulkheads, and is loaded with lumber. He has proved to our satisfaction by figures, which never lie, that the cargo, the wooden deck, and frame are amply sufficient to buoy up the hull and passengers, even though fractured in every compartment; which, he says, is a moral impossibility. We therefore recommend the many friends and creditors of the distinguished gentlemen on board the 'Nankin' not to be anxious; though, to say the truth, the aspect, under the best circumstances, seems to us to be any thing but agreeable, considering the inclement season of the year. We are consoled by the reflection that there were several persons on board of her not *born to be drowned*. There is one circumstance that occurs to us *en passant*, which causes some anxiety. She sailed on Friday; that is to say, she cast off from the wharf at East Boston, at two minutes past noon, on Thursday; making it Friday, sea account. It is for those who know the difference between civil and sea time, which we do not pretend to, to decide whether this fact militates against the 'Nankin.' Mr. Tufts is quite confident, that, if the 'Nankin' ran into any thing, that vessel must have got the worst of it, and must have gone down with all on board! With our benighted vision, we cannot

quite see how all the sticks can be knocked out of a vessel, and the hull meet with no serious damage. A kind, considerate, well-informed seaman suggests, that, if the 'Nankin' went down, her company probably floated off in the 'Alpha,' and that we shall hear of her at Bermuda."

CHAPTER XI.

At Monte Video — Launch of the “Alpha” — Honors Declined — Up the River, an Eventful Voyage — A Hunting Expedition — To Buenos Ayres and Home — A Remarkable Dream — Captain Page’s Expedition — Dr. Robinson’s Advice — The Humane Society — The Snug Harbor and Sailor’s Home — Nautical Schools — Beginning of the War.

My journal continues — from Monte Video: —

“ We arrived on the 12th January, and anchored at 10 P. M., within sound of the bark of a small dog off the city; and found the ‘St. Lawrence,’ the ‘Falmouth,’ the ‘Sabine,’ ‘Perry,’ ‘Harriet Lane,’ and others, preparing to visit Lopez, and demand satisfaction for the insult to Captain Page in the ‘Water Witch.’ The little yacht ‘Edith’ had been in a fortnight, carrying away her main-mast in lat. 26° south. The sloop of war ‘Preble,’ Captain T. A. Jenkins, sailing from the Capes of the Chesapeake three days before us, had been in only four days, and on the equator was only one hundred miles ahead of us. The propeller ‘Southern Star,’ Captain Pen-nock, is here, and was seventy days coming, touching at Barbadoes and Pernambuco. The ‘Edith,’ of only thirty-six tons, came out in forty-seven days from Provincetown.* The natives were nearly as much astonished at her run as they were at our appearance with a steamer on deck. Some asked if

* She was only forty-two to Cape St. Mary.

the brig was built round her, or if she was built on the way. I, of course, said the latter. Now came up the question as to how we were to get the 'Alpha' into the water. Page, the captain of the fleet, being interested in her success, obtained an order to go with the 'Nankin' alongside the store ship 'Supply,' Captain Stanley; heavy tackles were rigged to the 'Nankin's' masts, and to the yards of the 'Supply,' and, when all was ready, the steamer, weighing about eighteen tons, was lifted and swung over to the side of the brig; the tackles of the 'Nankin' were come-up, she hauled off by anchors planted away off on the beam, and the order was given to lower away. At this critical juncture, the main-yard pennant gave way, and down went the 'Alpha,' stern first; she slipped out of the forward slings, and made a beautiful launch. Dr. Robinson, who had made the 'Alpha' his home for about two months, loth to part with her, was at the moment standing on the forecastle ladder looking out of the scuttle. The sudden plunge precipitated his chest and a lot of empty bottles from the extreme end down upon the ladder, knocking it from under him, and bringing him down upon the *débris* among the broken glass. Thus perished the savings of many days and nights! The spectators, not fully realizing the situation, imagined that this mode of launching was premeditated, and gave due credit to the officers in charge. After a short delay, the paddle wheels and boxes were shipped, the boiler put into the cavity, where the doctor had cooked so many substantial meals, the connections made, the smoke-pipe put in place, and steam was raised. I proceeded to the custom-house

with Charley, the captain, and Leavitt, the engineer, and entered the 'Alpha' in regular course, as a recent arrival by sea from Boston. The collector opened his eyes even wider than the collector of Boston had done, and made some pertinent inquiries as to how a steamer of twenty-two tons, with only two men, had come from Boston; how much fuel she had consumed, how many ports she had visited on the way, and whether she used steam or sail? All of which questions I answered truly: that she came in fifty-four days; put into no port; that she was under steam many times (making fresh water); that she had her fires going every day; never shipped a sea, and brought two men in her cabin as passengers (Mr. Tremens and the second mate)! The collector made some remark as to the indomitable energy and ingenuity of the Americanos, and requested his deputy to make note of the facts stated, in the custom-house archives. It will readily be seen by my readers, that the 'Alpha' could not have been brought out and entered as cargo without subjecting me to heavy expenses, nor could she have been permitted to navigate the waters of the La Plata and its tributaries in any other way.

"The 'Edith,' in the mean time, had been refitted, and her furniture, which went out in the brig, was put into place. Her fine cabin had been somewhat damaged on the way out. She was pretty well loaded with stores, in jugs, bottles, and boxes, and had two casks of salt provisions stowed in the tanks formed under the cabin table. While lying-to in the gulf, with a small piece of her fore-sail set, in a northeast gale, a sea broke over her, breaking the fore-boom,

and throwing her over on her beam-ends. The companion-way was the only hole open, all others were securely battened down, so that no water came below deck; but every movable thing, from the many lockers on the weather side, went with a rush against the centre-board box, and to the opposite side. Beer and wine, pickles and mustard, preserved fruits and sugared juices, were distributed in profusion among broken glass; the meat and pickles left the tanks, which had no other covers than the movable top of the table. The little boat righted instantly, and knocked about fearfully, until the drag was thrown over, when she rode out the gale like a duck. The accident happening at night, putting out the lights, made the situation any thing but pleasant; the nice paint work was much injured.

“When the boats were ready, the brig’s cargo sold, and arrangements completed for re-rigging her, and for shipping a cargo of mules for Mauritius, a pilot was engaged, and we left at early dawn to proceed up the river.

“Before reciting the incidents of that eventful day, I must give an account of a laughable incident which befell me at Monte Video. The advent of an expedition so remarkable as ours had excited the admiration of the people; the newspapers had published exaggerated accounts of the inception, progress, and future movements of our squadron; the learned professor had been endowed with merits far beyond any thing warranted by his position at Cambridge; my young companions were supposed to be scions of nobility, and I was spoken of as something far beyond Cook, Humboldt, and Bowditch. Some

tried to make out that we were in some way connected with the large squadron of Uncle Sam, then preparing to negotiate at the cannon's mouth with Lopez. And some contented themselves with the idea that we were bound up the Paraguay and down the Amazon, bent solely upon scientific discoveries and explorations. No one could be made to believe that three sane men could have left their comfortable homes, to come so far, purely for health and amusement. Under this remarkable *prestige* it was determined to make us the recipients of an honor not rare in South America; namely, to give a benefit at the only theatre of Monte Video,—the ostensible motive being to do us the honor; but the real motive, to profit by us. Such honors were tendered only to crowned heads, admirals of fleets, and other great officials, such as Judge Bowlin and Commodore Shubrick! Judge of my surprise,—not then knowing the customs of the country,—when a deputation came on board, and presented an address engrossed upon yellow silk, setting forth our great and good qualities with high-sounding titles, and praying that we would do them the honor of appearing at the Imperial Theatre on such an evening. At first, I was inclined to consider the whole thing as a poor joke. I received the deputation with becoming dignity; and, after testing the quality of our champagne, promised an early answer. Consulting with friends who knew the customs of the country, I found that I must soften the acuteness of a disappointment by sending a roll of doubloons, or leave at short notice, and run the risk of being lampooned before the public. As we were ready to leave, I deferred

my answer for a day, and then, sending it in without the doubloons, got under steam, and left. The wind was fresh off the north shore; and, after bidding adieu to our naval friends, we made sail, and stood up the river. We soon found that the 'Alpha' could not keep up; we therefore took her in tow. All went well until the wind abated, and hauled into the southeast. We then cast off the steamer, ordering the skipper to keep within convenient distance. By-and-by, towards night, the wind freshened up, and the tide ran strong against it, kicking up a bobble of a sea. The steamer, getting out of trim, and steering wildly, kept in shore; while we, under short sail, kept abreast of her, but far out. Night came on, and our light was set, also the 'Alpha's;' but she made slow progress, and sometimes we lost her light, and had to haul our wind in search of her. Finally she blew her whistle, which had been arranged to be done if she needed aid. We hauled up in her direction under short sail, and soon found her. The skipper said that the sea lifted her rudder entirely out of water occasionally, and that she would not steer; that the boiler-space and stoke-hole were half full of water, and that he must have more help, and means to bale out the water.

"The skipper of the yacht, Willard,* and the only other man, Albert, were accordingly sent in her boat with all the buckets; and, as they left, I told Willard, in the event of her going down, to buoy the spot, and take to the boats, and, if they required any more help, to whistle and show their light. This was about 10 P. M. We then ran on, sometimes under our jib alone, and sometimes we set our reefed

* Willard Bessie.

main-sail, and hauled to in search of her light. As we had only Dr. Robinson and the boy George for working hands, and our passengers and pilot as assistants, the labor was considerable. About midnight, a loud whistle! We hauled our wind, and burned a blue light; and, when we found the 'Alpha,' she was at a stand-still, — her engine-room half full of water, coal getting short, and both the boats had been stove under the paddle-wheels when she broached to. I confess to a feeling of satisfaction at this news, for I knew they could not leave her. Colonia Light was not far ahead. I encouraged them to keep her free; and, telling them to come to anchor round the point beyond the light, we made sail, and pushed into the anchorage. By the time we had got our sails furled, it was 1 A. M., — everybody very hungry and tired. Then we heard a long blast from the 'Alpha,' now out of sight round the point. I called all hands to get up the anchor, and went to work. Fortunately, the 'Alpha's' light appeared again, showing that she still lived. 'Hold on, boys!' 'Burn a blue light!' &c. By-and-by the little steamer, now in smooth water, approached, and was heartily welcomed. In response to my inquiry, as she anchored, Captain Willard said they had on board two shovels full of coal, and two or three hogsheads of water, and four very tired and very hungry men. Never was Dr. Robinson in more request; it required an hour or two to fill up. The engineer had got up steam at 3 A. M., and had been at his post, firing, oiling, and baling, all day; while Charles, the skipper, had steered. While cruising about in the dark, looking for the 'Alpha,' we were at one time somewhere

in the vicinity of a rocky shoal, called 'Las Pipas;' the pilot, more alarmed for his skin than for the safety of the 'Alpha,' protested against our tortuous course, saying we should be lost on the rocks. I paid no heed to him, but said, 'Confound Las Pipas! we must look to the "Alpha," hit or miss.' I consoled him and our anxious company by telling them there was nowhere more than two fathoms of water, and that we could not sink very far, if we ran on the 'Pipas.' I have passed many long days in the course of my sea experiences, but seldom one that seemed so long as this.

"At Colonia, we replenished our wood, and made some arrangements for keeping the water out of the boiler-room of the 'Alpha,' and proceeded up the Uruguay, into the Rio Negro; ascending as far as we could go in the yacht, and then going to the head of navigation, at this season of the year, in the 'Alpha.' At one time, we went to what appeared to be the end of all things. A rapid prevented our further progress; the trees came down to the water's edge, and all Nature would have seemed to sleep but for swarms of mosquitoes and white moths. We came to this lonely spot just before sunset, and blew our steam whistle, making the forest echo with the unusual sound. Never before had the American flag been seen there, and no steamer had penetrated so far. Not expecting any response to our whistle, save the echoes of the woods, we were surprised to see a man approach the water; hailing him, I asked him, in Spanish, to come on board. He answered in good English, 'I cannot swim very well; send a boat.' He proved to be an Englishman, married in

Brazil, who was on his way into the Argentine Republic with his sons, escaping from the conscription then going on. He said we could find some large game not far off, at a sheep-farm occupied by Mr. Samuel Akland, a Scotchman; and that on the morrow he would go with us, he having horses for the journey. The next morning, we mounted and went to Don Samuel's, where we found a hearty welcome in a house with earthen floors, and, as usual, an abundance of fleas and mosquitoes. Don Samuel said it was not the right season for hunting, but that he would try to find a puma, or a jaguar, or a wild-cat, or a pavo del monte, if we would come up armed and equipped. The next day we prepared our expedition, taking Dr. Robinson and a lot of comestibles and drinkables. A mule was loaded with all sorts of necessities, and we mounted; but the sumpter mule proved unruly, and wrecked our commissary department. Then it was proposed to find a cart. Pending these arrangements, I walked ahead, rifle in hand, and revolver and knife in my belt, expecting to fall in with some deer that I had seen the day before, and agreeing to meet the party at a certain point where we had crossed a creek. I went on, taking little heed of time or course; saw some deer, and had a shot at a buck. While seeking for blood among the bushes, I saw, at a distance, two horsemen approaching at full speed, their ponchos streaming behind them. They had heard my shot, or seen the smoke. They came very near, and gave me the usual salute, and inquired whence I came and where bound—it being very unusual to see a stranger, or indeed any one, on foot in that country. I answered that I was one of

a party not far off, bound to Don Samuel's; that I had wounded a buck, and wanted help to find him. The spokesman then asked to see my gun, remarking upon its beauty. I looked him in the eye, cocked my double-barrel rifle, and bringing it to my hip said, 'I never give up my arms when among strangers.' They wheeled their horses, and went off as fast as they came. I walked on and was entirely lost, though I knew the general direction. I was well tired, and began to entertain visions of tigers and pumas, when Saltonstall appeared, and gave up his horse to me. Arriving at Don Samuel's, I related my adventure with the Guachos, and found that the men I described were regular cutthroats, and would have made an end of me if I had surrendered my arms. We remained a few days with Don Samuel; but owing to the heat we found no pumas or jaguars, and we lost the services of our best hunter, owing to a wound accidentally received from his own knife. This accident caused our return to the steamer, and to our head-quarters on board of the 'Edith.' At a large estancia, near to Mercedes, on the Rio Negro, we were very hospitably entertained by Señor Bento de Lima, a gentleman to whom we carried letters. He cleared his 'campo' by driving in several thousand head of cattle, and gave us an opportunity to hunt deer, and also to look for more royal game; but we found only one deer, and the remains of a heifer, which had been killed by a jaguar within a few hours. Here we lost one of our best dogs, and suppose he was imprudent enough to attack some large beast, or that he had a fit and perished in the woods.

“ From the Rio Negro, we went up the Uruguay to Salto, where only Captain Page had preceded us in a steamer, the ‘ Water Witch.’ Here we organized an expedition into the country in search of large game. The only vehicle obtainable was a covered carriage, a cross between an ambulance and a diligence. Through the kindness of a gentleman to whom we had letters, an outfit, consisting of about twenty-five horses and a couple of peons, was obtained. Our party consisted of the professor, the doctor, Messrs. Saltonstall and Peabody, and two Spanish friends, mounted. The vehicle was loaded down to deep water-line with stores, arms, cans, bottles, and a ship’s cot for my dormitory; four horses were harnessed, and the balance were driven along loose by a mounted peon. Away we went, over the open country; sometimes crossing gullies and brooks, where no wheeled vehicle ever had been. Our first day’s journey brought us to an estancia, or farm, belonging to our escort, where we had some hunting. We went on the next day, encamping on the bank of a stream, on the other side of which the country was well wooded. Here we expected to find a jaguar, but were disappointed. At this place, I killed a buck at a long shot; just before night, he was dressed and hung up to a tree. After our usual supper, consisting of our own stores, reënforced by beef, killed as we went along, we turned in; that is to say, I suspended my cot between two trees, while my companions slept upon the ground. During the night, there was a great row among the dogs, and the camp was astir. It was suspected that some wild animal, attracted by the scent of our camp, had come near it; but we saw

nothing. Nothing remarkable occurred during our journey, beyond the usual incidents of shooting some small game, collecting snakes and reptiles, hornets' nests, &c., by the professor.

"Going to Salto, we visited, on the 4th of March, President Urquiza at the San José Quinta, some six leagues from Conception del Uruguay. Here we were hospitably entertained. On the first of March we had met the 'Water Witch,' and saw Judge Bowlin and Commodore Shubrick, who called on their way to a grand ball given in their honor by the people of Conception. We were too tired to go. The next day we went in the 'Water Witch' to the flagship, the 'Fulton,' lying some distance below, and returned with the captain of the port in his boat. Running down from Salto, in passing the rapids, the 'Edith' jumped over a rock, going ten knots, without injury. On the 31st of March, on our way down, we anchored at Fra Bentos, and the next day at Higueritas. On the 3d of April, arrived at Buenos Ayres, where I sold the 'Edith' for a pilot boat. On the 12th of April, the professor and his two aids left for Rosario, on their way to Valparaiso, and home by Panama. I should have gone with them, but for the lateness of the season for crossing the mountains. I was influenced also by a very remarkable dream at Conception, in which I saw my wife in great distress, mourning over a member of the family. This dream made so great an impression on my mind, that I decided to go home by the first vessel. It was afterwards proved that the dream occurred simultaneously with the funeral of my wife's mother, Mrs. Smith. I had become somewhat tinctured by superstition in regard to dreams, by the fact that, on my

way to China in 1849, I had had a similar premonition as to the death of my little daughter, Rose. While at Buenos Ayres, I visited the cemetery where rest the remains of my uncle, John M. Forbes, who died June 16, 1831, and ordered the monument put in order.

“On the 19th of April, I embarked in the bark ‘Swallow,’ Captain Stephen Upton; left her during the night of June 11, in Boston Bay, and, in the pilot boat, ‘Friend,’ stood in near Squantum, and landed; took conveyance for home, arriving about 7 A. M. My friends, the professor and Messrs. S. and P., arrived home about the end of the month.”

Here let me mention, that the “Alpha” was taken over by Captain Page as an auxiliary to his explorations in the “Argentina.” When the negotiations with Lopez, by Commissioner Bowlin, were over, resulting in suitable indemnity to the sufferers, and a large bill of costs to the United States, Captain Page explored the Vermejo and the Pilcomayo, and went into the interior of Bolivia, in the “Alpha,” up to lat. 14° south. A theory existed that the upper waters of the Paraguay united with the upper waters running to the northeast into the valley of the Amazon. One of Page’s objects was to prove the fact. He went far into the country at a time when the waters were high, — so high, that the “Alpha,” drawing about two feet, went over lands usually cultivated; by-and-by the waters began to subside, and she had to make her escape into the channel of the river in the province of Matto Grosso. The results of the interesting explorations of Captain Page have never been published, owing to the breaking out of the rebellion, when he considered himself bound to

go against the North. There must remain in the musty archives of the country much information procured by Page, which ought to be utilized.

I ought to mention, that Dr. Robinson came home with me in the "Swallow," doing duty as steward. He found much fault with the cook of the bark, and scolded him roundly; whereupon, I cautioned him against any interference with him. I reminded him that we were mere guests of Captain Upton, and had no right to blow up the cook. The doctor promised strict obedience. One morning as I was in the act of shaving, looking forward out of the half-deck window, I saw him pitching into the cook, who was in the galley. I ran out, and, catching the doctor by the collar, I availed myself of a lee lurch of the bark, to pull him over the spars, and help him down to the lee scuppers by a blow planted vigorously on his forehead. I threatened to have him put in irons. So far from resenting this interference with the punishment he thought due to the poor cook, he seemed pleased with my demonstration, and said nothing. I returned to my quarters, and very soon found that I had strained my knuckle-joints so far as to be painful in the extreme; a large swelling came on, and I was helpless to finish my toilet. As Dr. Robinson was doing duty as my valet as well as steward, I sent for him. I exhibited my swollen hand, and consulted him as to the cause. He chuckled over it and said, "Well, sir, you should never strike a darkey on the head." With his help I finished my toilet. He was much amused. An examination of his head showed only a slight abrasion of the skin; my hand still shows a joint unnaturally enlarged!

Having devoted a rather long chapter to the La Plata expeditions, I have only to add, that, after Captain Page finished his work, the "Argentina" and "Alpha" were sold, resulting in a loss of some \$8000 to my treasury.

The record of my experiences cannot be considered complete, unless I mention some other facts commemorative of my endeavors to do some good to my fellow creatures, and especially the sailors.

On the 11th of May, 1841, I was appointed a trustee of the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At that time, the board of trustees consisted of Benjamin Rich, president; Robert G. Shaw, vice-president; John L. Gardner, treasurer; Dr. John Homans, Daniel P. Parker, Henry Oxnard, Samuel Austin, Rev. Francis Parkman, Dr. Edward H. Robbins, Abbot Lawrence, David Sears, and myself.

In 1859, of these only Mr. John L. Gardner, Mr. Sears, and myself remained alive. The board then consisted of David Sears, president; William Appleton, vice-president; Charles Amory, treasurer; Rev. S. K. Lothrop, corresponding secretary; Samuel Hooper, recording secretary; Dr. John Homans, Francis Bacon, William Amory, F. B. Crowninshield, George B. Upton, Dr. Mason Warren, and myself. Of these only remain alive, 1875, Lothrop, Bacon, W. Amory, C. Amory, and Crowninshield.*

In 1866, the board consisted of the following persons, in the order of their appointments: R. B. Forbes, May 11, 1841; Samuel Hooper, May 10, 1842; David Sears, May 9, 1843; F. B. Crowninshield, May 8, 1849; J. Mason Warren, May 15, 1850; F. Bacon, May 13, 1851; S. K. Lothrop, May

* Bacon and Crowninshield dead.

10, 1853; George B. Upton,* May 10, 1853; W. Amory, May 9, 1854; H. A. Peirce, May 12, 1863; John P. Bayley, James Davis.

At this time, 1875, the board consists of F. B. Crowninshield,* president; R. B. Forbes, first vice-president; Samuel K. Lothrop, corresponding secretary; Augustus T. Perkins, recording secretary; Francis Bacon, James Davis, Nathaniel Thayer, Dr. Charles D. Homans, John P. Bayley, H. A. Whitney, Caleb A. Curtis,† and one vacancy, created by the death of Mr. Jos. P. Gardner, treasurer, in June last.

Of retired members there still live: John L. Gardner, William and Charles Amory, H. A. Peirce, John Heard; and of deaths of members intermediately not named above, there is David Sears, who joined on the death of his father.

At the time of my election,‡ in May, 1841, the Society had only eighteen boats and some houses of refuge on the coasts of the State. There are now — including boat and mortar stations, and houses of refuge — eighty-one stations. The apparatus of the Society, although very far from being as complete and well organized as that of similar institutions in England and France, has done much good, and is capable of doing much more. The State has several times contributed considerable sums to its funds; also the General Government. But the latter, having recently undertaken to establish life-saving stations along the whole coasts of the country, will not be likely to contribute in the future to the Humane Society. The influence of the Society has been evidenced by the establishment of a similar society in New York, as well as in promoting action on the part

* Dead.

† Resigned.

‡ See Note on p. 380.

of government; and I take to myself a fair share of the credit.

In 1852, I was one of the founders of the Snug Harbor of Quincy, at Germantown, and for many years I had the honor of being president of the corporation; contributed to its funds, and induced others to contribute large sums. Among these, \$20,000 from the estate of Samuel Appleton; \$30,000 from the estate of Pascal P. Pope; \$10,000 from Josiah Bradlee in money, \$3,500 from the same in a stable; besides many smaller sums, probably given at my instigation. Among the inmates who have died there, I may mention that the man Shoultz, one of the principal mutineers of the "Canton Packet," mentioned on page 65, had, under the name of Hammond, entered the institution by my orders. When I built the house for my mother in 1833, I found this man among Carns's gang of riggers, whom I had engaged to raise the frame. Mutual recognition took place; we had not met since 1820. He informed me that he had sown his wild oats, and was married in Boston. About twenty years after this, he found a home in the Snug Harbor; and died grateful to the young man whom he would have pitched overboard. I have alluded already to this mutiny, as well as to the man Goss, who married a relative of George Peabody, and was mate of the "Midas" in 1811.

I was also one of the original trustees of the National Sailors' Home at Quincy, and assisted at the great fair, when about \$240,000 were raised for the purpose of giving a home to such as had served in the navy, and had no claims on the Naval Asylum near Philadelphia

I have expended much time and ink in trying to establish nautical schools. When the State School at Westborough was burned, I took an active part, under the *prestige* of Governor Banks, in establishing the reform school-ship "Massachusetts," and was one of the commissioners appointed by the governor to purchase and organize a ship; but, owing to my intended absence in Europe, and to other reasons, not necessary to mention here, I resigned. I have continued to work for the establishment of floating schools, not reformatory; and am happy to find that the government is now taking steps to promote nautical education, and I hope to live long enough to see the example of England followed in this country, by the establishment of a school-ship in every large seaport of the Union.

When the Southern States began to secede, and the Southern forts were seized, in the latter part of 1860 and the early part of 1861, I, in common with many others, thought that our government was very slow to take means for saving the Union. I find in my diary a list of forts, seized as hereunder named:—

	Guns.
Barancas, Pensacola, and Navy Yard, Jan. 12, 1861	49
Moultrie and Pinkney, Charleston, Dec. 27, 1860	79
Arsenal at Charleston, Dec. 30, 1860	
Pulaski and Jackson, Savannah; also the Arsenal, Jan. 2, 1861	164
Fort Macon and Arsenal, Fayetteville, Jan. 2, 1861	61
Fort Morgan and Arsenal, Mobile, Jan. 4, 1861	132
Forts Johnson and Caswell, Smithville, N.C., Jan. 8, 1861 . .	91
Fort McRee, Pensacola, Jan. 10, 1861	151
Forts Pike, St. Philip, and Jackson, Mississippi, and Arsenal at Baton Rouge, Jan. 11, 1861	328
Fort Macomb, Louisiana	49
Pierced for	1090

These forts are said to have cost near \$6,000,000. On the 27th of December, the cutter "William Aiken" was given up. January 9th, the "Star of the West" was fired into on her way to Major Anderson with supplies. January 10th, steamer "Marion" seized by South Carolina, and released on the 11th.

Notwithstanding the attempts to reconcile our difficulties by a peace commission, — of which my brother, John M., was a member, — in the early part of February, it was apparent to me that the South meant fight. This view seemed to me to be fully confirmed, when, on the 12th of March, the news came of the election of Jeff. Davis as president of the Confederacy. And, when Fort Sumter was fired upon, and finally evacuated on the 13th of April, no hope seemed left of preserving the Union, save by the most active measures. On the 26th of March, I went to Washington, and had an interview with the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, and did my best to convince him of the importance of building at once a number of gunboats. He said that he had no power in the absence of Congressional action. I went from Washington to Annapolis, thence back to Washington. During these days, I heard about as much in favor of the South as against it. In Baltimore, on the 6th of April, I met a distinguished general, who spoke freely of the situation, and who went with the South not long after. When the news of the fall of Sumter came, on the 14th of April, the North seemed to awaken from its slumber. On the 15th, Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men struck me as trifling with the situation.

CHAPTER XII.

The Coast Guard — Inspector of Gunboats — The "Pembroke," the only "Letter of Marque" during the war — Dinner in honor of Commodore Wilkes — Organization of the Union Club — Protection of the Fisheries — The "Nippon" — The "Cherokee" — the "Meteor" — At Richmond and Washington — Sale of the "Meteor," and the Government Award — The "Calliope" — Heavy Losses

ON the 16th of April, I called on Governor Andrew, and tendered my poor services. Not seeing any place where I could be useful in a calling for which I was wholly unfitted, on the 17th, I published an appeal to the public for action in organizing a corps of sea-going men for drill and discipline, to be called the "Coast Guard." On the 18th, at a meeting of the Board of Trade, my proposition was unanimously indorsed; and, at a meeting of merchants on the 19th, liberal subscriptions, amounting to \$6,500, were made on the spot. The governor approved of my plan, and promised to invoke the aid of government in my favor. On the 20th, the news of riots and loss of lives at Baltimore came; also the burning of bridges between Baltimore and Washington. The whole community was roused to action by these insane measures. On the 22d, more than one hundred and fifty men offered to enlist in the Guard. On the

25th, the Guard was partially organized; I being elected commodore. About this time, I was very much engaged with my brother in fitting out two steamers for the State and the merchants, — the “Cambridge” and “Pembroke.” On the 6th of May, Jeff. Davis’s virtual declaration of war came to hand. I must here pause to give some account of the object I had in view in undertaking an organization somewhat amphibious in its character. I find a copy of a notice published in the papers of the day.

NOTICE.

A meeting of merchants, underwriters, and others specially interested in the proper organization of a volunteer association for the purposes of drill and instruction in gunnery, as practised in the navy, is to be held at the Merchants’ Exchange, on ———. All applicants for service as acting lieutenants, masters, or masters’ mates, are particularly requested to be present.

R. B. FORBES.

All papers are requested to copy.

My general idea and intention was to call for volunteers, and establish a school of instruction for the purpose of exercises in marine gunnery and infantry tactics, in which I found myself, like most of my acquaintances in the merchant service, *very deficient*. Money was freely given; and while organizing and drilling in small arms, I caused to be built four launches and four brass howitzers, on the navy pattern. I felt quite sure that we were on the eve of a long war, and that many of our merchant captains, mates, and seamen would be wanted to man the navy. I knew that very few had any knowledge of gunnery, especially shell practice, and I imagined

that I could make myself and many of my friends useful, by teaching the use of projectiles new to them and to myself. I felt that I could do nothing better to serve the flag, than to assist in preparing merchant seamen for the great work before them. My card published on the 15th of May will more clearly define the objects of the enterprise, and was as follows :

COAST-GUARD ORGANIZATION.

Boston, 15th May, 1861.

As there appears to be some misapprehension on the part of the public in regard to the organization called the "Coast Guard," I have to say, that the principal object is to furnish an opportunity to masters and mates of vessels, and to first-class seamen who aspire to become masters and mates, to become familiar with the use of small-arms and cannon, according to naval tactics. It is quite notorious, that, while we have men second to none in the management of our ships under ordinary circumstances in times of peace, very few of these know any thing of scientific gunnery and military tactics. It is quite probable, that, for some time to come, our first-class ships will be armed; and it is right, if armed, that they should be commanded, officered, and manned, in part, by men who know something about the tools which they are required to work with. It is probable, also, that the requirements of the navy will soon be such, as to make it highly expedient to receive into that branch of the public service many of our gallant and hardy shipmasters, to serve for a time as "masters" or "masters' mates;" and it will be good policy, *if not an absolute necessity*, to place them in the line of promotion. The young men of the Naval School, who are taken from their academic studies to re-enforce the navy, are thoroughly drilled in the science of war, and are well grounded in naval tactics by shore and sea exercises. I look forward with pride to seeing them maintaining in our navy the high character which the graduates of West Point have given to our little army. Most of these gallant young

men have had but little sea-experience; and the responsibilities now resting upon our officers, of the rank of lieutenants up to the highest grade, have become too arduous for a time of sudden war. In short, *the navy must be re-enforced by the mercantile marine.*

If the Coast-Guard organization shall prove to be a success, it must be by the active co-operation of the merchants and the seamen.

With a view to doing what I consider to be an important service, I have devoted a considerable portion of my time and some little money to the arming of the corps; and, in aid of this object, I have received about ten thousand dollars from sympathizing friends, and I am in hopes to receive further aid from the fund appropriated by the city for military purposes. In the meantime, we lack money for the purchase of a plain uniform, as well as money to pay drill-officers, and an armorer to take care of our arms, — the other members of the corps serving without pay until they shall be called, by small instalments, into active service, in armed transports, into the navy, or into private armed ships; or if I should be called upon to man a gunboat, they and I will be ready to go in her, and serve the United States.

The Coast Guard, for the present, is simply an organization for teaching ordnance and military tactics to those who, like myself, acknowledge themselves to be deficient in these matters. When members leave it for permanent situations on pay, their places will be filled up by other suitable men. If masters and mates of vessels temporarily off duty, desire to come into the corps under my command, and attend drill two or three times a week, they are invited to do so; and they shall have the use of all the facilities furnished by the liberality of my kind friends.

My heart is earnestly engaged in the cause; and I invoke the aid and sympathy of the citizens of this vicinity, in the confident belief that my appeal will not be in vain.

Finally, the armament and material of the Coast Guard will always have a money value; and will be held by me in trust, to be returned to the contributors whenever the organization shall cease to exist.

R. B. FORBES,
Commanding Officer of the Coast Guard.

From many causes too complicated to explain in detail, the Coast Guard was not a success although it did its measure of good. Notwithstanding the favor of Gov. Andrew and of Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who were personal friends and who, amid their other arduous labors, did what they could in our favor, there were intrinsic difficulties in creating an amphibious corps, intermediate between the army and navy, and entirely outside of the existing laws of the United States.

Over ten thousand dollars was subscribed for the Coast Guard expenses by the merchants of Boston, but owing to the difficulties referred to and after doing some good work, it was disbanded and the boats and arms were by arrangement transferred to the navy.

Commodore Hudson had received orders to take over the boats and howitzers, which were duly delivered, after speaking a salute. We then marched to our armory, at North Grove Street, and disbanded the Coast Guard. The Navy Department paid about the cost of the boats and guns; the small arms were sold; the clothes given to the men, and a dividend was paid to the subscribers. Many of my officers and men were taken into the navy; and one of them, McIntire, I have heard, fired the last gun from the "Cumberland" or the "Congress" at the "Merri-mac," as the ship went down, March 9, 1862. I have reason to believe that all whom I recommended served the flag faithfully during the war. Much good was undoubtedly done, but the history of the undertaking is interesting, first as showing the difficulty of trying to do anything outside of existing

systems and custom, but chiefly as an example of the zeal and spirit with which we, in common with so many others at the North, took off our coats and set to work in 1861 to do our share in saving the Union.

Our good Governor Andrew had led off in this direction, acting, as he expressed it, as if there was not an inch of red tape in the world, and Massachusetts followed his lead with her accustomed vigor.

Soon after this I received an appointment to supervise certain gunboats which had been contracted for by the Navy Department, the duties of which were rendered easy by my long experience in ship-building.

On Monday, the 15th of July, I went to New York, and reported to Admiral F. H. Gregory, as inspector of gunboats to be built in Massachusetts and Maine, and received my orders. Mr. S. H. Pook, now naval constructor, and Mr. Ellis, a joiner, were associated with me. From this time until the first of April I was very busy travelling to Maine, Newburyport, &c., and East Boston on the gunboat business. At Boston were built the "Sagamore," "Huron," and the "Chocorua;" "Kineo," at Portland; "Katahdin," at Bath; "Kennebec," at Castine; "Penobscot," at Belfast; "Aroostook" at Kennebunk, and the "Marblehead," at Newburyport. My pay for this considerable labor was a secondary consideration, amounting to a little more than enough to pay for expenses contingent on my moving into the city to be handy to my work. These nine gunboats were part of some twenty-five, more or less, ordered to be built by the Navy Department, prior to appropriations by Congress. Instead of twenty-five, fifty should

have been begun before July. My next adventure was a private one, although the vessel was provided with a commission to carry on war against the common enemy—in short a letter of marque. It was on the 16th of November, 1861, that I had despatched the propeller “Pembroke,” Captain J. A. Cunningham, for Batavia and China, under sail. She was the only vessel, during the war, furnished with a “letter of marque;” which fact is attested by W. Hunter, Assistant Secretary of State, under date of 21st July, 1865.

Among the incidents of 1861 may be mentioned the arrival of Mason and Slidell at Fort Warren on the 25th November; and the dinner at the Revere House on the 26th, to do honor to Commodore Wilkes, of the “San Jacinto.” Among the notable men present were Governor Andrew and staff, the mayor, and president of the Board of Trade. I was there also, and shared the general feeling that Wilkes had done right; or if he did wrong, as the sequel proved, he should be censured and possibly promoted. My diary, under date of December 16, says: “Loud growl from John Bull; are we right, or are we wrong?—that is *the* question. If right, off coats and fight; if wrong, off hats and apologize.” On New Year’s Day, January 1, 1862, Mason and Slidell were sent to the “Rinaldo,” at Provincetown. They had a cold sail in a little tug-boat. Their lives ought to have been insured for the benefit of Wilkes and Fairfax, his executive officer, and some very reckless man should have been sent in charge.

In April, 1862, I made experiments in firing guns at a target, the muzzle five feet below the surface of

the water, and the body of the gun in a dock at East Boston. The gun was a twelve-pound rifle, carrying a Shenkle-elongated shot weighing seventeen pounds; charge, three pounds. Passing through twelve feet of water, the shot went into the target of hard wood about two feet; the recoil of the gun, nine feet. The success of this experiment induced me to plan a gunboat, to be armed with a submarine gun. I made a contract with the Navy Department to build one of iron; but, before commencing, materials had advanced so rapidly, that I begged off, and thus saved myself from considerable loss. Changes in armor and projectiles were effected so rapidly, that my gunboat, when done, would have been little better than a wooden shell.

In June the rebels were actually in Pennsylvania and Maryland; the enemy's cruisers off the Chesapeake, and off Nantucket, where several vessels were taken by the "Tacony;" off Portland, a revenue cutter was captured. The war seemed to be coming to our very doors.

On the 28th of June, I received orders by telegram to act in conjunction with George B. Upton and A. A. Frazer, in fitting out vessels to protect the fishing interests. This order came in consequence of a petition to the Secretary, headed by myself, on the 26th. On the 1st of July, the last of three schooners sailed. This movement, hastily planned, was of no use for the protection of the large fleet of fishermen off the coasts of the British Provinces; and orders were soon given for the return of the vessels. On the 3d of July, in response to an order to stop the outfits of the schooners, I said to the Secretary: "The large interests involved in the fisheries, and in the trade

passing near the fishing grounds, calls for protection of a character to cope with the cruisers of the enemy, some of which will, before long, be found on our eastern coast." On the 10th, reports of a Confederate bark-rig steamer seen near the coast.

On the 13th, parted from my son Murray, who embarked with James Jackson in the "Northern Light," Captain Tinklepaugh, for San Francisco and China; his capital consisting of a good character, a letter of credit on the Barings, and a letter of introduction to my old partners, Russell & Co. Here I may state that he procured employment as a clerk, and was very early promoted to a responsible place. He came back to us at Ems, on the 24th August, 1868, went out again to China, and was admitted as a partner in 1869. He returned again, and, on the 10th of June, was married to Alice Bowditch, a granddaughter of the celebrated navigator, on one side, and of Eben Francis, the eminent merchant, on the other; and here his connection with Russell & Co. ceased.*

During the intervening period between July, 1863, and the surrender of the rebel armies under Lee, I did not permit the grass to grow under my feet. I had much to do with naval affairs, and undertook some operations which ended unsuccessfully, and some which were eminently successful. Among the unfortunate ones, I mention the building of the composite propeller "Nippon," for myself, H. A. Peirce, and James B. Endicott. We intended to send her to China, where she would have sold well; but the demand for blockading vessels was so urgent, and I so anxious to stop the runners, that I offered her to the

* Since connected with them as agent.

Navy Department. She was launched on the 20th February, 1863, and delivered complete to the government on the 22d of April. She sailed in command of J. B. Breck (who commanded the "Argentina" to the Rio de la Plata), for Fort Monroe on the 27th. I went in her. She was stationed off the forts near Wilmington, and was very successful in capturing blockade runners. Owing to an exuberance of patriotic folly in furnishing this vessel, the owners lost about \$3000, considerable interest and time, and a good market in China; and the Navy Department is in my debt to-day, not reckoning interest, about \$2,500.* This I hope to get some day through Congress, all means having failed in procuring justice from the Navy Department. The "Nippon" was sold after the war closed, being bought by the Atlantic Works, who made her machinery and her frame. She went to Brazil, under command of Captain John Codman, and has probably finished her career in that country. In her construction, I proved satisfactorily that galvanized iron fastenings, passing through oak planking, and carefully countersunk and plugged, when covered by yellow metal sheathing, cannot long endure the galvanic action. The same is true of its destructive effects on a cast-iron propeller.

I had been actively employed by the government in examining and appraising prize steamers, and in keeping the Navy Department informed as to the value for war purposes of those which were brought into Boston. On the 25th of July, I bought the iron steamer "Cherokee," which had been examined by naval experts and condemned as unfit for naval purposes. The price paid was \$38,100. I had previously

* Never have got anything, 1878.

procured the opinion of an eminent naval engineer that her engines alone, when put in order, would be worth \$45,000. I took out all her wood-work, and built upon her a hurricane deck, and a berth deck, expending \$25,000 upon her, and offered her to the Navy Department for \$75,000 ; thinking that I should get out of her with some profit, and thus make up my loss in the "Nippon." The vessel was nominally inspected, and condemned as unfit for naval purposes, and valued at \$45,000, which was the sum at which the motive power had been valued. Not being satisfied with this valuation, I procured an order for a new inspection by another naval constructor, who valued her at about \$90,000. Being satisfied that the first inspection was the result of a prejudice conceived against her, when she came as a prize, full of cotton and covered with filth ; and that the last was also influenced by a preconceived opinion in her favor, which opinion, in fact, induced me to buy her, — I objected to this latter figure, and asked for another survey by disinterested parties. This was another evidence of my folly in ignoring any opportunity of making money out of my "bleeding country." Considering the treatment I have received at the hands of the Department, and from Congress, I cannot now look back with any equanimity on this abnegation of my interest. A new commission was sent, composed of Commodore C. S. Boggs and two commanders of the navy, who examined the ship on the 29th of October, and reported that my price, \$75,000, was cheap for her ; but owing to many unnecessary impediments on the part of the naval agents, she was not paid for until the 31st January, 1864. Before the accounts

were made up, the loss on her amounted to \$14,000 ; showing that the second valuation was very near the mark, and proving that I had foolishly sacrificed my interest. She, like the "Nippon," would probably have done much better if sent to China.

In the latter part of October, 1863, I contracted with Tobey & Littlefield, Portsmouth, N. H., for the hull of a fast steamer, to be called the "General Grant," afterwards named the "Meteor," as being *faster* than Grant, who was then struggling doubtfully against the rebels. The "Meteor" was launched on the 21st of May, 1864, and was the first steamer launched at a private yard at Portsmouth. She was 1480 tons, o. m. On the 20th of June she was towed to Boston. The machinery had been contracted for in Glasgow ; it arrived on the 21st of August, in the "Emily," and on the 7th of November I left in her for New York. Thus, in two and a half months from the day of arrival, the machinery was at work at sea. My friend, Mr. Thomas Motley, went with me. Alfred Drew commanded her. Although the season of the year was not particularly favorable for water-parties, we expected to have a good time. Arriving off Pollock Rip, on the morning of the 8th, — when in a critical position, — the valve-stem broke, and we came to a stand ; fortunately the wind was favorable for clearing the Stone-Horse Shoal, by making sail, and we soon came to anchor. The wind increased to a gale ; a second anchor was let go, and our attention was given to fitting a spare stem to the valve. On the 9th, at 5 P. M., we left for our destination. On the 10th, at 3 A. M., a northeast snow-storm coming on, we made for Newport, and arrived at 4 A. M. Our riding gear

had given out while at anchor near the Shoal, and a new windlass was ordered. On the 23d of December, having repaired damages, we got under way for New York. Commodore C. S. Boggs and Engineer Cunningham were on board, to inspect the ship and report upon her to government. Before getting into Fisher's Island Sound the weather shut in thick, and the pilot talked of going back; but he was overruled, and, after a night of intense cold, we arrived safely in New York, on the morning of the 24th. In passing Hell Gate, the propeller, in spite of plenty of steam, went down from sixty to thirty-six turns, and for a moment we were in danger of going on the rocks. It would have been fortunate for the owners if she had finished her career then and there. On the 5th of January, 1865, the ship was tried at the measured mile below New York, and pronounced fast. The gallant Admiral Gregory, having charge of making a favorable report, was unavoidably prevented from doing so till near the time of the fall of Fort Fisher, on or about the 15th of January; when Congress, considering the war nearly over, cut down appropriations, and the Secretary decided that no more vessels were wanted. The elephant "Meteor," fit for nothing but a cruiser against "Alabamas" and "Shenandoahs" and "Floridas," was left on our hands. The history of the reason for building her can be told in few words. The merchants grumbled, and grumbled with reason, because the government had few or no ships fast enough to catch such craft, nor fitted and rigged so as to keep the sea any length of time. The best ship in the navy could not go to the equator and cruise there many days without coaling. There was not a

single ship in the navy perfectly adapted to keep the sea under canvas, sail fast, and keep her steam ready for use. Myself and friends imagined we could build one for the purpose, and offered to do so. The Navy Department would not contract for one, but we were told to go on and build; and, if the war continued, it was supposed our ship would be wanted. Upon this very slight encouragement the "Meteor" was built. The ship was offered to the government at her actual cost, a sum not much exceeding what they were paying for the engines alone of ships not so well adapted to cruise after the Confederate ships; but she was rejected. The "Alabama" had been sunk on Sunday, the 19th of June; the "Florida" had been captured; but the "Shenandoah" was still doing mischief.

Not knowing what to do with our elephant, we chartered her to the War Department, and on the 31st of March I left in her for Beaufort, N. C., with about eleven hundred men and officers. The weather was very unpleasant, and the pilot did not recommend going to sea; but I was very desirous of getting the troops to the scene of action in time to take part in the last struggle. We got over the bar all right, and made sail to a fine northeast wind. Running along in the evening, congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune, the engines came to a stand, about 10 P. M. The feed-pipe, owing to ice having collected around it, burst, and we lost several hours of steam while cooling off and repairing the fracture. During the night, a soldier named Richard Cotgrove had his leg broken by a chest fetching away. As the surgeons were helpless from sea-sickness, Captain Hallett

became useful as surgeon. On the 2d of April anchored off Beaufort, and the next day went in and landed the troops. On the 4th, left for Fort Monroe, towing a large schooner, the "Jonathan May," having a cargo of coal and a deck load of railroad cars. Off Hatteras Shoals the wind freshened from northeast, the sea got up, and the schooner in tow behaved very badly; our ship knocked about a good deal, the boilers foamed, and carried water over into the cylinders, the steam went down, and for a time it was very doubtful if we should be able to weather the Shoals. Finally we made sail on the ship, and hauled out E. N. E. At one time we actually thought of tacking, a predicament too ludicrous to contemplate in a full-power steamer, towing a schooner of three or four hundred tons. On the 5th, about 7 A. M., we cleared the breakers, and squared away for Fort Monroe. Two steamers left Beaufort in company; one of them was near to us without her tow in the morning. Our engines, our engineers, and our firemen, could not have done worse; and I was thoroughly disgusted with the performance of the ship.

Arriving at Fort Monroe at midnight, the next morning I proceeded to City Point, having heard of the fall of Richmond. On the 7th, Admiral D. D. Porter sent me, with a French lieutenant named Rivet, to Richmond, in a tug. Mr. Lincoln was on board the Admiral's ship the evening I called there. When we arrived at Richmond, the ruins were still smouldering. Visited Jeff. Davis's house, lunched at General Devens's headquarters, saw the Libby prison where my friends had suffered so much, and left in the evening for City Point. Went on to Washington, where I

heard of Lee's surrender. The "Meteor" went again to Beaufort, and to New Orleans, with troops; and then went into Cromwell's line to New Orleans, in command of E. Kemble. Finding her losing money, and wearing out, we concluded, in January, 1866, to fit her out for a market. On the 23d she was cleared, and about to sail, when an officer came on board and seized her, on pretence that she was sold, and was fitting out to make war on a friendly power. She remained in the hands of the sheriff for many months, and was condemned by Judge Betts on the 13th of July. On the 20th she was released, upon our giving bonds to stand trial before the Supreme Court. On the 22d she was again seized, because, as was alleged, all the names of the owners were not in the register; a most unwarrantable proceeding on the part of our old enemies. Mr. J. M. Forbes went to Washington, and procured her release, on condition that the seizure should not entail any expense on the government. I went, at New York, to the custom house, to arrange for sailing on the 28th. The custom-house attorney went with me to Mr. Evarts's office, where his partner drew up the necessary guarantee. We then supposed our troubles were over; but, before leaving the office, the attorney demanded \$500 for his fee for approving the paper containing five lines, which was drawn up as above stated.

While finishing our business on the 28th, orders were sent to the ship to get up steam, and a crew was sent on board. Admiral Alden, Senator I. W. Grimes, and J. M. Forbes were to go with us, and I promised to call for them off the Battery at 4 o'clock. On going to the ship, about 2 o'clock, I

found no steam up, and nothing doing ; the pilot said that the ship *could not get out of her berth until the tide slacked*, and as this would not occur until near night, she could not go to sea. I instantly ordered steam, sent for two tug boats, and after considerable pulling, and sawing off of posts of the wharf, the ship was got out, and was off the Battery at the appointed hour, and anchored to receive our guests. The weather was rainy and squally, and the pilot still insisted that we could not get to sea on account of the draft of the ship and the low water. I asked if he could get to Staten Island ; he said "yes," and we got under way. On arrival at the Island, I asked if he could get to the buoy, on the west bank ; he said "yes." We kept on, and then I inquired if he could get to Sandy Hook anchorage ; he said "yes." On getting there, I again urged our going over the bar. He objected on account of low water, and said he could not find a pilot-boat to take him off. I overruled all his objections, which were purely imaginary, and we got to sea late in the evening. The ship had been laid up six months, the machinery was not in condition to work smoothly, and the whole force in the engineer's department were unacquainted with it ; so that we made slow progress that night and the next day. Arriving off Tarpaulin Cove about midnight, we landed our passengers, and soon after anchored at Holmes Hole, for a pilot to take us over the Shoal. In the early morning of the 30th we left, and found a dense fog off the Stone-Horse Shoal, where we just cleared the buoy, and came to anchor. After a time, the fog clearing, we got under way, and arrived in Boston about midnight.

The ship was discharged, and put in order at considerable expense, docked and cleaned, a new four-bladed propeller was supplied, and, on the 11th of September, she was sold at auction to Thomas Walsh, for about \$200,000 below her original cost! On the 21st of September, being ready for sea, she sailed for Singapore, on her way to Japan. Feeling an earnest desire to see her off, and yet not wishing to go down in her, I went to Long Wharf, and found her just starting. I took a cab, drove to the Old Colony Railroad, and got into the 1 o'clock train for Milton; mounted my horse, and put him into a gallop; drew rein at the large public house, since burned, beyond Hingham, and saw the ship stop off Boston Light to drop the pilot. I again made sail, and arrived at John Codman's cottage, on the Jerusalem Road, in time to see her pass, under full sail and steam. with a fine breeze at southwest. Starting again, I came to at Edward Cunningham's house, at Cohasset, in time to watch the ship until she disappeared. The owners, deeming that they had great reason to complain of the illegal and unjust action of the government, and particularly of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, who, as a political movement connected with "Alabamas" and "Shenandoahs," influenced her condemnation, made every effort to induce the government to indemnify us. After long delay Congress passed a bill to submit the case to the Court of Claims, with the understanding that we should be paid only for the actual expenses connected with her detention of six months; such as putting the ship back to her condition when seized, and for the contingent cost of taking care of her, and for the deterioration of her cargo.

On May the 4th, 1875, J. M. Forbes received the award of the Court, amounting, after the expenses were paid, to \$75,964; my share being \$9,113.52, much of which had been spent in law. Our claim was for, say \$160,000, the interest of which, for ten years, at 7 per cent, would have been \$112,000. This is certainly a very bad result, and a very unsatisfactory return for all the anxiety and labor bestowed on this enterprise. The other owners of the "Meteor," all of whom went into it from patriotic motives, were loyal and true men. Their names are a sufficient guarantee against any attempt to do an illegal or mean act. Here they are:—

William H. Aspinwall,* Michael H. Simpson, James Lawrence,* James Davis, A. A. Low, Paul S. Forbes, L. W. Jerome, John M. Forbes, John P. Bayley, W. B. Bacon, G. Howland Shaw,* John G. Cushing, E. B. Ward,* Richard S. Rogers,* J. Francis Tuckerman.

Four of these did not survive to see the award of the Court of Claims paid. I cannot say that I feel particularly grateful to the paternal government under which I live; but I still love the Stars and Stripes, and I doubt not, if any similar emergency should arise, I should repeat the folly of sacrificing something to serve my country. My theory, when we came to realize that we had a long war before us, was that, if every capitalist would give one-third or one-half of his possessions to the government, and put down the war early, he would be the gainer in the end. Still, I made no offer to that end, well knowing that it could not be carried out; but I offered my services to command a naval ship, and I did all in my power to help out the good cause by active work and disinterested advice.

* Dead, 1878.

I have devoted more space than I intended, to a history of the most prominent of my unfortunate operations, all of which were undertaken in the belief that I was serving my country to the best of my ability. Among the few good operations in which I had an interest, I may mention the following exceptions to the general rule. A credit for £10,000, sent to China in 1866, resulted in a net gain of over \$45,000. The sale of the "Pembroke" in China, and of two other steamers sent out on the decks of vessels, also resulted most favorably. The amount of net gain on the "Pembroke," my share being one fourth, was \$13,354. On the 25th of September, 1861, I cleared the schooner "Calliope," Captain C. Kinsman, for Shanghai. She had, on one side of her deck, an iron-paddle steamboat, seventy-five feet by sixteen; and to balance this, on the other side, three iron barges in a nest. The inner one was finished, and the decks of the others, all of iron, were put on temporarily, so as to exclude water and admit of going down the hatch-ways into the inner one. This deck load occupied the entire space from the windlass to the half poop, the steamer being wider than half the beam, on deck. A hole was left in her side, through which the main mast of the schooner was shipped. The channels of the schooner were widened, so as to allow the rigging on the starboard side to clear the steamer's gunwale. The whole was secured by stout beams running across, these being held to the schooner by heavy bolts and straps, fastened to the bends and to the deck-frame; so that the deck load, weighing about thirty tons, was, to all intents and purposes, a part of the schooner. The

“Calliope” was a single-deck schooner, of about three hundred tons, with large beam, having been built for the Georgia pine-trade. Underwriters were very shy of taking risks on the “Calliope” and cargo; her hold was full of coal and domestic goods. Some of the old fogies said she would turn over, and all thought that it was a very hazardous adventure. On the other hand, I knew that my boats weighed less than half of what a deck load of hard pine or molasses would weigh, and I was afraid of her being too stiff rather than too crank. I went down the harbor in her on the 27th, and left her in full faith that she would get out safely. She had rather a long passage out by the Eastern Straits, having put into the Cape of Good Hope to repair damages sustained by a most remarkable fire. I give the following extract from the captain’s journal:—

“On the 14th of November, forty-nine days out, in lat. 19 S. and long. 30 W., the wind being very light and the weather very warm, at 7 A. M., discovered the fore mast-head to be on fire, and before it could be extinguished the fore-gaff top-sail and main-topmast stay-sail were on fire; cut the hal-yards as soon as possible, and got the remains on deck, and threw them overboard. The head of the fore mast, the main top-mast, and the rigging attached, were badly burned. The fire was supposed to have caught from the friction of the iron work connected with the fore gaff, by its continual swinging.”

The schooner put in at Cape Town on the 18th December. She sailed again on the 21st. January 13, spoke a ship from New York, bound to China, one hundred and thirty days out, the “Calliope” then being one hundred and seven days out; showing that, while she was getting on slowly, others were still more behind time. No mention being made in

the journal before me of the deck load, I inferred that it was not considered an incumbrance. My interest in the schooner and deck load, and the cargo of coal, was one-third. The amount carried to the credit of profit and loss for that share was \$16,591. The cost of my share was \$16,323. The schooner sold at a loss; the barges also. If the steamer alone had been sold and remitted for at the then enormous value of exchange on London, and putting into the cost that of the barges, and allowing \$6,000 for freight out, the amount received here would have been just *five times the cost*. As it was, I had to be content with the beggarly pittance of one hundred per cent. net gain! These figures are given principally to illustrate the difference between selling ships to Uncle Sam, and fitting them out on one's own account. Against these agreeable items, I regret to record heavy losses when the war was over, in trying to cultivate cotton with free labor, and in loaning to a southern General moneys on apparently good security; my share of the actual loss in this was about \$20,000, which I tried to retrieve by speculating in cotton, and thereby lost a much larger amount.

Another unfortunate operation, in the latter part of 1863, was the building of the brig "Jeannie" to carry out two complete propellers on deck, and one in frame, to China and Japan. The result was a loss of more than \$30,000. This is enough to show the vicissitudes of trade in time of war, with a disturbed currency.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Winter at Pau—Fox-Hunting—Excursions—My Last Hunt in Pau—Hunting Anecdotes—Travels in Great Britain.

ON the 6th November, 1867, I embarked, with my wife, in the steamer "China," Captain Hockley, for Liverpool; and arrived at Pau, Basse Pyrenees, on the 30th. Here we remained during the winter. Here I made my *début* as a fox-hunter. For the first part of the season I contented myself principally as a spectator, always going to the meets two or three times a week, on an Arab mare of much experience, which was christened "Pic-du-midi," from her prominent hip-bones. She had a single eye to my interests, being blind; but she had good legs and a brave spirit, and often carried me to the final scene by the high-ways and by-ways. Once, when I was escorting a young lady, she departed from her usual dignity, and carried me over a small brook, leaving the lady on the other side; no coaxing or spurring could induce her to recross, and, if it had not been for a gallant English officer who came along, we should have been left to find our way home by ourselves. Finally, not relishing these half-way measures, I borrowed an Irish mare, named Nora Creena, of the master of the hounds, Captain Alcock; with the understanding that I should try her, and, if I liked her, should buy her for three thousand francs or \$600. When I

mounted her for the first time, she, having always been accustomed to be at the front, was much excited, and very anxious to go. Captain Alcock said I had nothing to do but to sit still and let her go, to follow where he went; and he guaranteed that she would not carry me into danger. This advice was all very well for an old hunter; but as I had never hunted any thing but ostriches in South America, and chased bulls over the open country in California, I felt that I was going into something new and wholly untried, and I informed the master that I should only try a few easy jumps, and then haul off to repair the damages which I felt sure would befall me. The company consisted of some forty well-mounted and experienced men, in red coats and corduroy breeches, booted and spurred, and eager for the start; a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, mounted and in carriages, looked on. Here I must describe the *modus operandi* of a Pau hunt.

Foxes are brought in by farmers from the country about the foot of the mountains, and are kept on raw meat for several days. When the hunt is to come off, all hands meet at some given point several miles from the city. The earth-stopper carries Reynard in a box, and lets him go free, putting a slow hound on his track, and leaving a flag to show the hunt where he was put out. No one but the master and his aid, the whipper-in, knows where this point is. Now the gay party move off slowly, followed by the spectators and by the pack. By-and-by the flag is seen, and the dogs are put on the scent, and away go the hunters. The course generally lies over earthy banks and dry ditches, stone walls and streams; over fields and

through woods and bushes. On the memorable occasion, when I began my break-neck career, we started by going over a high bank, into fields and out again. My mare, not liking to be out of her usual place, was anxious to be among the leaders. I kept my eye on Alcock, and wherever he went I followed — *nolens volens*; finding it pretty much as he said, “only necessary to sit close and let Nora have her own way.” I soon became interested in the sport, and kept close to my pilot; by-and-by we came to a bad place, — a high bank with an intervening ditch, and a narrow rough lane beyond. About half the hunt had dropped far in the rear. Alcock pulled up and said: “Do n’t go there, I know that place; we must dismount and lead our horses down.” He got off. I allowed Nora to go to the brink of the ditch and bank; she looked over, and sprang on to the bank, and went down some seven or eight feet, partly sliding on her haunches, and skipping off like a dog. I let her go, leaving Alcock in the rear, and soon came up with one or two stragglers and the whipper-in, and went on. Very soon the dogs came upon the fresh scent and made the welkin ring; then we got a view of Reynard, who doubled to the left. I cut off a big corner and gained on the party; in a few moments more the dogs ran into the fox, who had taken refuge in a small canal, and, I being a stranger and no ladies up, the brush was given to me. Not many days after this, my mare ran a stake into her hock-joint, and was laid up for the remainder of the season.

In England and Ireland, where the foxes are protected and their haunts known, they are started from their native covers; the consequence generally is

that Reynard runs round and round, trying to get home; but the earth-stoppers close his front door, and he is compelled to make for some other point.

Sometimes this course is pursued in Pau; but, as a rule, the hunted fox comes from some distant point, and, being in a strange country, makes better play than if let out or started nearer home. Finding myself thus early unhorsed, I had to go back to my ancient Arab, excepting a few times when I procured a mount from a friend. Early in the spring the farmers begin to plant, and, the weather becoming warm, the hunt ceases.

In April we made excursions into the mountains, visiting Cauterets, Luz, Luchon, Pont d'Espagne, Argeles, Pierrefitte, Bagnères de Bigorre, Eaux Chaudes, &c. We also went to Biarritz, Maurajean, Cascade d'Enfer, St. Juan de Luz, and other places on the sea coast, and saw some magnificent surf.

Then we went to Marseilles, visiting Toulouse and the amphitheatre at Nîmes and other places of interest on the way, that I had seen in 1812. At Marseilles, I visited the rock of Plania, as already described; from Marseilles we took steamer for Genoa, and thence went by Milan and the Italian Lakes, across the Simplon to Geneva, remaining some time in Switzerland, visiting Chamouni near Mont Blanc and other notable glaciers; then on to Ems, Hamburg, Coblenz, and other places on the Rhine.

We arrived at Ems in August, and were joined there by our son Murray from China, on the 24th. We then went to Paris, remaining about there until I went over to Ireland, and bought several hunters for myself, Murray, and Dr. Whipple, and sent them to

Pau ; where we followed early in October, and began our housekeeping at the Grand Hotel. During this season I hunted constantly. My diary, under date March 19, 1869, when the season was over, says : “ Ther. 45°, 9 A. M. ; the meet at Morlass ; had a fast run of about an hour, lost the fox in a hail squall, got a fall, and came near being run over. So ends my hunting here. I have been out sixty-two times since the eighth of October.”

This day deserves a more full record. As it was to be my last hunt at Pau, and as I had sold Nora Creena, deliverable the next morning, provided she came out all right, I had requested the master of the hunt, Mr. Livingstone, to give me a chance for the brush : having got the brush of the first fox I ever hunted, I wanted that of the last. He promised to give me a fair chance. The day was very unfavorable, being squally and rainy at times. After running and jumping some miles, we came to a lane, out of which to where the dogs were at fault it seemed quite impossible to go. There was a high bank and a dry ditch ; the bank topped with trees and thorny bushes, and no one knew the condition of the landing in the field beyond. Here the hunt came to a pause. Livingstone ordered the whip to go over and see what was up. Being a light weight, and well mounted, he put his horse at a small gap, and disappeared from view on the other side ; showing that the drop was considerable. I gave Nora a hint with my heel, and she went at the gap, some six or seven feet from the road, there being no room for a run. Arriving at the top of the bank, where the Irish hunter generally lands, and hops off like a dog, I would

have given all my old boots to be safely back again. As she went down the bank, ready to hop over the dry ditch, and land on the rough ground, at least eight feet below the top of the bank, I clung to her so forcibly that the cramp seized me in both legs; and, as she landed, I was pitched off, striking my head and shoulder, causing me to see several brilliant constellations. But I did not lose my consciousness; my first thought was, "Who is coming over on top of me?" I slewed round and saw the master coming over on one side, and another man on the other. I had just time and strength enough left to roll over out of the way of Livingstone, who told me afterwards that he never was more alarmed for the safety of a friend. Soon after I caught Nora, and again went on; but a violent rain squall drove us under the lee of a barn for shelter, and the dogs lost the scent, so that no fox was killed that day.

On another occasion, I found myself after a run in a field, into which we had led our horses over a quagmire, in the company of two young, well-mounted men. There seemed to be no way out of this place except over a bank similar to the one above described. A consultation was held, and, not liking to be thrown out of the hunt by a retrograde movement, we determined to try the bank and ditch, trusting to Providence to find a good landing on the other side. First, my American friend, mounted on a thorough-bred English mare, made a run and flew over, disappearing from our view; then the Frenchman followed into the unknown country, and also disappeared. I knew enough to be aware that they were either down and *hors du combat*, or

that the landing was far below the top of the bank. Undismayed by the prospect before me, unwilling to be outdone by any one and be left alone, I went at the bank, and came down all right upon a most uninviting landing full of stumps and tussocks. My friends had no idea of seeing their venerable companion, riding thirteen stone, alive on their side the bank ; but they halted a moment, and, when I landed, they cried out, " Bravo, old fellow ! " I confess that when I topped the bank, had I been in the life-insurance business, I would not have taken the risk for fifty per cent. against total loss.

On still another occasion, I was crossing a field and approaching a low, newly-made bank clear of trees, with dry ditches on each side. Had I known my business as well then as afterwards, I should have gone at it flying, and cleared the whole easily ; instead of this, I let Nora have her own way. She topped it, and the soft earth gave way, letting her fore legs down into the ditch on the other side. I saw the situation, and concluded to follow the old rule of landing gracefully ; but the impetus was so great that I went upon my face, ploughing up a furrow in the sward and damaging my frontispiece. My mare kept on, but was caught and brought to me by a friend, and I went on. On arrival home, my anxious wife was shocked at my unusual appearance ; my face scarred and bloody, my shirt-front damaged, and my corduroys showing unmistakable signs of a conflict with mother earth. I excused myself by intimating that Nora had carried me under a limb !

I remember only one more fall by plunging into a bog, and rolling off very softly ; but I witnessed

many accidents. Once I remember seeing a dozen empty saddles in one hunt, — one collar-bone broken, and one leg; while the innumerable small accidents furnished food for amusement. A young friend of light weight got a fall in going over a high bank; he was followed so quickly by a reckless rider that there was only time for the latter to cry out, "Lie still, old fellow!" when he landed just beyond my friend. It was a narrow escape. Another party, in fording a river where the water was only three feet deep, not liking to wet his nice boots, thrust his legs out behind; so that when the horse struggled up the steep bank, the stirrups became detached, and my friend slid off over the horse's rump into the muddy river. No one stopped to help him fish up his stirrups.

Looking at the place where I went over with my two friends, a day or two after in cold blood, it seemed nothing short of insanity in a man of thirteen stone, at the age of sixty-five, mounted on a fifteen-hand cob-built horse, to attempt the leap. Among the horses I took over from Ireland was a tall bay that I had ridden once at a hunt; he proved too wiry for the rough country of Pau, and I was afraid to hunt him. I used him as a hack, and occasionally lent him to a young naval man who cared nothing for his neck. Once I rode him to the meet, and then, putting myself on a steady hunter, I gave him to my Irish groom without any special orders, supposing he would go home. The hunt started, and, after a long run, becoming much scattered, and my horse as well as myself having come short of wind, I turned his head for home, now some ten miles away. By-and-by, on turning a corner, whom should I meet but Mike on

my tall bay, when the following dialogue took place:—

“Well, Mike, where, in the name of the horn spoon, have you been?”

“Your honor gave no special orders, and I thought ye wanted me to follow, with a spare mount.”

“And why didn’t you come to me then?”

“Be the powers, your honor, I could not keep up!”

Knowing that the bay was much faster than my “Locomotive,” I inquired of one of my friends who went with the hounds, and who knew of my habit of keeping much to the lanes and roads, and was informed that Mike had taken advantage of my first detour to go straight; and that the bay, in spite of curb and rein, and the remonstrances of the master, had kept in the van until ordered off by some one who knew that he was going it on his own responsibility.

Among the amusing incidents of my first season at Pau, I may mention that, one rainy day, being mounted on my old blind Arab, “Pic,” trying to keep the run of the hunt by cutting through by-lanes and cart-paths, I passed through a field over which the whole hunt had gone, unmolested, not long before. I was alone, and I saw two peasants at a gate, which they were holding open, as I thought, for me to pass. On approaching it, they seized my horse by the bridle, and roughly called me to account for riding over their land. I answered, truly, that I had only followed a cart-track, had done no damage, and demanded my release; but they held on, and when I asked how much they wanted to let me through.

they required five francs, — when the peasants are usually content with a few sous for such a slight service. I said that I would not give five francs, nor five sous ; that in such fine weather (it was raining and blowing hard, and these fellows had just come out of their cabin in dry clothes), and with such a beautiful view before me, it was very pleasant to have two nice young men holding my ferocious hunter. I proceeded to try to light a cigar, but this was a failure. I then pulled out my flask, and took a mouthful of *eau de vie*, not offering them any. I then said, “What do you mean to do?” They answered by asking what I should do if any one came upon my grounds without leave. “What should I do?” I answered that my principal domain was on the far side of “la grande rivière le Mississippi,” where the Indians and the Negroes were most hospitable, never refusing a stranger permission to hunt anywhere ; that if they should come to my country in such weather, or in any weather, night or day, I should say, “My friends, perhaps you are hungry or thirsty after your long ride ; come into my humble cabin and take something ;” that’s what I should do. They seemed to be somewhat mollified by my argument, but still held my horse ; and as they were not yet quite wet to the skin, as I was, I prolonged the interview by saying, “Come to the Grand Hotel to-morrow morning, and ask for l’Admiral Forbes ; you shall have meat and drink, and we will assess the damages I am alleged to have done to your sterile and uncultivated land.” This request to call at the palace called the Grand Hotel, to call on an admiral, was too much for them ; they relaxed their hold, the

gate swung open, and I bade them "adieu, messieurs, au revoir."

On another occasion I found myself alone, having dropped down a bank into a field. I followed a path through a wicker gate into the yard of a little cottage, where the owner seized my horse by the head, and demanded money. I said, "No, I have done you no harm; and, if I have, you know very well where to seek redress." For some time he persisted. I offered very coolly to go back again, or to have him call his neighbors and look into the damage done. Then I resorted to the admiral-and-Grand-Hotel dodge, which completely upset him, and I was allowed to proceed. Sometimes the hunt necessarily goes through cultivated fields, sometimes horses and cows are stampeded and join in the chase; the general understanding was that, on appeal to the master of the hunt and the committee, all damages would be paid. In certain parts of the country the peasants were troublesome, and sometimes came out with pitchforks to prevent us from crossing their lands; but the hunters were generally too well mounted to care much for such impediments. Sometimes the boys and girls ran out and held the gate, until the sous were forthcoming; but, in general, the peasants were kindly disposed, and rather liked being paid for small damages at a liberal rate. So much for my experience in hunting at Pau.

On the 22d of March we went to Paris, and remained there about a month. Attended the chapel, where we saw Napoleon III. and Eugenie, the empress, on the 4th of April. Arrived in London on the 20th, and put up at Mrs. Brooks's, Jermyn

street. On the 28th, went on our travels, to Leamington, Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, Stanleigh Park, Mattock Bath, Windermere, Glasgow, Dumbarton, Greenock, Perth, Ballater, and so on to the burial place of my ancestor, at Strathdon, where we arrived on the 12th of May. Here it was that Mr. Watt, the clergyman, undertook, as already stated, to erect a tablet in the church commemorative of my ancestor. From Strathdon we went to Aberdeen and Edinburgh, visited Abbotsford, Dryburgh Abbey, &c. May 17 we came back to London. On the 24th arrived at Liverpool, and on the 29th left for New York. June 8 arrived at New York, and got home on the 9th. On the 6th of October my granddaughter Alice planted an oak tree which I brought from Sir Charles Forbes's place at Strathdon. It is now, in 1875,* about ten feet high. It stands near a Scotch fir planted by Robby, to the north of the house.

We passed the winter, and the three succeeding ones, at Mrs. Rand's, 23 Beacon Street.

* Doing well, 1878.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Lecture on California — Nautical Improvements — Built the First Steamer that ran on the Sacramento — Original Commercial Enterprises — The Cruise of the "Ariel" — A visit to Nebraska — Buffalo Hunting.

ON the 23d of May, 1870, I left the city with some one hundred and fifty persons belonging to the Board of Trade, and their families, in the first Pullman train for San Francisco. Spent some little time at Chicago, Omaha, and Salt Lake City, arriving at the doors of the Grand Hotel at midnight, on the 31st. Left San Francisco June 24, and arrived home on the 7th of July, after making a short visit at Burlington, Iowa. I was very much struck with the immense changes at San Francisco since my visit in 1825, when there was not a house of any kind in sight from the beach where we landed. Now the city is full of fine stores and palatial hotels. While there I gave a short lecture on the past, present, and future of California. I compared the present with the past, alluding to my visit forty-five years before. I give my readers some extracts from this talk: —

I have also visited the vicinity of Saucelito. This place looks less changed than I expected. There are the same "eternal" hills, the same ravines, and the same little beach; while on this side I find the hills levelled, the sand-beaches converted into extensive wharves, the barren plain and hill-sides converted into straight, well-paved streets, teeming

with a dense, active, hospitable population, and covered with palatial warehouses and hotels, that would be considered extravagantly beautiful in New York and Paris, London and Edinburgh. Instead of sweeping over the barren expanse on a half-broken mustang, costing eight or ten dollars, I find myself driving over to the Cliff House in a four-horse barouche, which, if I indulged in at home, would prevent my getting a note discounted at the Boston Bank! Instead of coming over from Saucelito in a launch with a lug sail, I am now taken round the beautiful bay in a steamer, by a leading general, and visiting extensive fortifications at various prominent points. Instead of now and then seeing a rusty-looking whaleship, or a Boston hide-droger, with a Dana before the mast, or a Sturgis abaft it, or the servant of a Sturgis, I find clippers of wood and clippers of iron, pilot boats, tugs, yachts, steamers of all sizes, dredging machines, spile drivers, center-board barges, and boats of every kind. Instead of hanging my pot over a tripod made of sticks for cooking our scanty meal, I now go to the Grand Hotel or the Cosmopolitan, and am put into an elegant parlor, with all the conveniences of gas, bathing-room, &c., and fed in a dining-hall fit for the entertainment of a prince. Instead of writing home once in six months, and receiving no letter from my owners for a period of twenty-two months, I now touch the electric wire and get my reply in "less than no time."

Instead of sailing along the coast, sometimes becalmed for a week, and finally reaching home in *five months*, or going there, *via China*, in *seven or eight months*, I now step into a miniature palace on wheels, and am whisked home to Boston in *seven days or less*; climbing over mountains considered almost impassable for mules only a few years ago, and on the way touching at towns and cities which, in 1825, and much later, were not dreamed of.

I shall be considered as wandering in my mind, if I attempt to draw comparison between the vast plains where, in 1825, only the cayote, the grizzly bear, the elk, and the deer roamed at will, molested only by the Indians, and the Christianizing Padres who at that time "converted" the Indians by sending the guachos and rancheros into the field to catch them with the lasso, and mark them with the cross! Now what do we see? Railroads in several directions, steamers everywhere, residences and lawns, fountains and orchards, deer parks and stables, excelled only by those of nobles in

foreign lands—the result of years or centuries of ceaseless toil, while these have sprung up as if by magic within a few years.

Instead of a few missions scattered over a vast space, occupied often by licentious priests with their *nieces* at the head of their households, we now see the tall spires, the holy crosses in every direction, bearing evidence of the good morals of a respectable and enterprising population.

I have not had time to look at the school-houses; but I suppose if they are not, as in Boston, so large and expensive as to attract the notice of strangers more than the hotels, the theatres, and the private buildings, they are in due proportion to the wants of this intelligent community.

Every thing else, certainly, seems to be on a large scale: the men and women (Chinese excepted), the horses, the mules, the cherries, the strawberries, every thing seems large. I, myself, have the biggest cold I have ever encountered. I suppose I shall find the charges large when I come to pay my bill at the Grand Hotel. How can it be otherwise?

I think I have now pretty well done up the past and the present. What shall I say of the future of California? If the general government and the local governments here and in the contiguous States and Territories are true to their interests; if the people continue to be wise and true, and if they practise economy,—politically and commercially, California is destined to be a truly great country. She must have steam lines to Australia, China, the Pacific Islands, Japan, Alaska, and the West Coast, second to none on the Atlantic.

The paddle-wheel must give way to the propeller; the winds of the Pacific, blowing more gently yet more constantly than the winds of the Atlantic, must be economized by the use of canvas in full-rigged ships. She must have a complete system of education; she must have schools for seamen as well as others. She must have more efficient protection to the nations emigrating to her shores. She must have humane societies with life-boats, mortar and rocket stations, at exposed points on her coasts; she must have snug harbors for the poor seamen thrown helpless in her arms. All these things will come in due time; and, by the grace of God, she will become the richest, the most respectable, and the most influential State in the Union.

You seem to be all young and sound. Here and there, it

is true, I see a gray head; but I take it for granted they are strangers. At the East, especially in Boston, we grow old prematurely, by reason of overwork and a short allowance of play. As for myself, I began to be gray at twenty.

I trust it will not be considered out of place here, in this community, to mention some of the good men who have served me faithfully. Among the most prominent are Captain Macondray, who commanded one ship of mine for seven years. Where can you find a more honest and faithful man? James T. Watkins was another; he was too well known here to render it necessary for me to say that a more gallant seaman never trod a ship's deck. Captain Philip Dumaresq in every particular deserves the same acknowledgment. Did I not see before me Captain Eldridge and Captain Farwell, and fear to put them to blush, knowing they are modest as well as gallant and true, I would put them in the same category. Then there was Samuel Mather, who served me from a boy until he lost his ship on the rocks at the entrance of this port, and who sacrificed himself in defending his flag when serving as a volunteer lieutenant,—where can you find a better seaman? There was N. B. Palmer, now or recently part owner of several renowned ships trading here. There was Prescott, Hollis, Wood, Emery, Hallet, Pearson, Crocker, Leach, Whiting, Scudder, Petersou, White, Johnson, and a host of others; some gone, some still here to attest in their record, that I never employed a cheap captain. I never have employed more than one or two whom I could not conscientiously recommend to others.

When in San Francisco, I called to inquire where the name of Niantic Hotel came from, and was told that the old ship, on which I had returned to New York, in 1840 had been hauled up on the beach, where this house stands; and was condemned and obliterated by the filling in of the streets and docks, until at the time named she was about a quarter of a mile from the water.

In this lecture, I alluded to the introduction of the double top-sail rig for merchant ships, which was first put upon the schooner "Midas," afterwards on

the propellers "Edith" and "Massachusetts." The rig was afterwards altered and improved in some respects, and patented, by Captain Howes. His method brought it into general use in consequence of its being cheaper, so that any ship of the old rig could be altered with small expense. I was also instrumental in building the first iron vessels in New England, the most notable of which was the iron twin-screw tug-boat named after me, in 1842. She was built for underwriters of Boston, and for many years was the most powerful and successful tug in American waters. It was predicted by many persons that the propeller would not tow as well as the paddle-wheel, and that she would rust out in a short time. She proved powerful, handy, and somewhat expensive, owing to the large quantity of fuel necessary to run her, and was sold to the United States. She towed a sailing frigate at the battle of Port Royal, when Dupont executed that dramatic manœuvre, which at the time was classed as a great battle, but which was so completely eclipsed afterwards in the Mississippi, at Mobile, Fort Fisher, and elsewhere. She was finally run on shore to the North of Hatteras Inlet, and was destroyed to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebels.

In 1849, having become somewhat infected with the gold fever, I built a steamer of iron, about seventy-five feet long; launched her in New York, got up steam, made a short trial trip, and ran her alongside of the ship "Samoset," belonging to myself and others, and secured her on deck. On arrival at San Francisco, the agent put her overboard, and, not satisfied with her cabin, built a house upon her.

This caused her to be crank. She was then hipped and went into the passenger traffic to Sacramento, and was the first American steamer to ply in those waters. If she had been sold on arrival, the result would have been very lucrative ; but the expense of alterations, and the unexpected arrival of the "Senator" and the "Ann McKim," interfered much with her success, and she was finally sold at a fair profit. In 1855, I sent to China, for a friend, the first iron paddle-wheel steamer that plied in those waters under our flag. She towed an American sloop-of-war into action at the capture of the forts below Canton.

While in China, in 1850, I shipped the first cargo of teas to Londou, in the American ship "Oriental;" and, in 1839-40, brought from Calcutta to China the first full cargo of cotton in an American ship, the "Thomas Perkins," Captain Graves, of Salem. I was also concerned, about 1846, in shipping full cargoes of cotton from Mobile and New Orleans in the ships "Akbar" and "Farwell." Alexander Scudder commanded the latter, and informed me that he brought to Boston, many years previously, the first cargo of cotton from Mobile. In 1837, I brought from China and Manila the first and, I believe, the last cargo of goods from the antipodes to New Orleans, in the ship "Canton Packet," Captain Thomas Pierce. Carrying sugar to Louisiana seemed much like carrying coals to Newcastle. The sugar, however, proved a good operation compared to the teas. The times were much out of joint, and speculations, everywhere, turned out disastrously. The "Paul Jones," in 1844, took the first American ice to China, and, on her way to Bombay, landed

a piece at Singapore ; whereupon the Singapore "Free Press" congratulated the people on the prospect of getting ice from China ! In January, 1847, I was concerned in shipping the first cargo of ice in the ship "Bombay," to Whampoa. In the same year, I sent to that port a small propeller of iron, called the "Firefly." She went out in a ship from Boston, plied successfully on the river, was sold, and taken to San Francisco by Captain Larkin. In 1857, I built a yacht of iron called the "Edith," the first of her kind built hereabout ; part of her history has already been given. I also sent to China, in the bark "Palmetto," in 1861, a steam paddle-wheel boat in sections. She was named the "Hyson," and was disposed of at a handsome profit.

In 1841, I was interested with Mr. Joseph Lee in building a schooner of about one hundred tons, called the "Ariel." She was of peculiar model, very narrow, and had very taunt masts. On my return from Europe in that year, I found her complete ; and, on seeing her in company with Mr. Lee, who had been successful in building the "Rose" for me, and many other vessels for others, I at once pronounced the masts too long. Mr. Lee gave me no credit, and told me to take her to sea, and said that if I could capsize her he would give me his head for a foot-ball ! I tried her in a very moderate breeze, and found her so crank that we could not set her fore-sail, while the cutter "Hamilton" carried all sail easily, and beat us. Reporting this fact to Mr. Lee, he requested me to put fifteen tons of lead into her, which of itself ought to have been full ballast for a boat of her size. With this we went again on a trial-trip ; the breeze was

strong at N. W. By way of precaution, we took along in company the yacht "Breeze," on board of which were Mr. William Sturgis, W. H. Bordman, Mr. Hooper, and her crew. On the way to Minot's Ledge, we took in a single reef, and, on arrival at that point, hauled our wind on the port tack, heading for the Graves. My fellow-sufferers were J. M. Forbes, Captain W. Cleveland, Captain F. W. Macondray, William Fowler, the pilot, Captain William Poor, whom I afterwards tried to drown in the "Midas," and the crew, — comprising, in all, thirteen persons. It soon became evident that we would be very fortunate if we weathered the Graves. The little yacht of twenty-nine tons stood up bravely; the "Ariel" lying over, gunwale to. As we approached the rocks, the wind increased, and it seemed very doubtful if we should weather them. We could not be sure of staying, and must go by or go over. It was an anxious moment, but we fetched by, and stood over towards Nahant. Tacked for Broad Sound Channel. I suggested to the pilot taking in another reef; but he said the wind would lull as we approached Long Island. She came several times so near turning over that I had stationed one of our party at the painter of the boat, which was towing astern, ordering him to shift it over to the weather-quarter at every tack. I tended the fore-sheet myself. On arriving at Sound Point Beacon, the wind freshened, and the tide ran strong flood, causing her to heel over uncomfortably; still, we had no thought of going over. Fowler, the pilot, was at the helm; just as we tacked towards Long Island, and before she had time to gather way, a flaw struck her; and, the tide cutting under her, she quietly

spread herself out on the waves, filled, and sank in seven fathoms of water !

I was at this time on the lee rail, tending the fore sheet, and mentally resolved not to let it go. The "Breeze" was on the lee bow, under full sail, going along comfortably ; and a fishing schooner, not far to windward, also beating up the harbor. Unfortunately, my order to shift the painter to windward had been neglected. As we went over, I got from the lee rail upon the main-boom now in the water, and walking out got into the boat and felt for my knife. In the mean time, she began to sink stern first, and the anxious passengers were retreating forward, crying out to me to bear a hand with the boat. My knife was a small pocket-knife, and it required some coolness to cut off a three-inch rope without breaking the blade. This done, I sculled up and took off my companions : some floundering overboard, and some getting in dry-shod. In the mean time, a dory from the fisherman and the skiff of the "Breeze" came to our aid, and we embarked on board of them, wetter if not wiser men. When the "Ariel" went over, the skipper of the "Breeze" luffed her into the wind, and jumped into the skiff, leaving her in charge of Messrs. Sturgis, Hooper,* and Bordman. They behaved with great energy, if not with great judgment. They let run the jib-halyards, instead of those of the fore-sail ; the rope ran aloft full of kinks, taking the end with it, and so they became helpless to aid us, as the tide set her to windward. Old Mr. Cleveland fell down to leeward of the trunk, and came very near winding up his mortal coil in an element with which he had long battled successfully. On our way to the city we

* The late M. C.

met the "Northern Light," on her way down. Hailing us, the owner asked "Where is the 'Ariel?'" I replied, "Down below." He rejoined, "I am going down to give her a try;" and I responded, "Give my respects to the crabs and lobsters!" The telegraph at Nantasket had announced the capsizing of the "Ariel," and, on our arrival at the wharf, a crowd of anxious spectators and disappointed news collectors were there eager to know the particulars. I requested my brother to go home at once, and stop at my lodgings, in Dorchester, and tell my wife that "We had gone down rapidly and splendidly, and that I should be along soon." I went to my town house and changed my wet clothes, drove home, and on my arrival, gave my wife all the details. She considered this a sailor's yarn, and never realized that it was true, until she saw the account in the papers the next morning!

I went to Mr. Lee, who had heard through the papers of the accident, and of our safety. I had previously suggested to him certain alterations in the spars and hull, which he had strenuously opposed, repeating what he said originally: "Try her, and if you can capsize her, I will give you my head for a football." To all who remember this gentleman, it will seem strange that I dared to differ from him. On making my appearance at his quarters, he came forward and embraced me, and said: "I am glad you are safe; never name the 'Ariel' to me again. Cut her masts off at the deck if you like; put the foremast down the main hatchway; give her a fathom of keel if you please, but don't mention her to me again." This was the substance of his speech; to

say he was not more emphatic in his expressions would be to throw a doubt upon his name!

In accordance with my original suggestions, I cut off eight feet from her masts, shifted her foremast several feet further aft, and put on a false keel of eight inches, cleaned the mud out of her, and sent her to China, under Captain Poor. She made a good run out, and was tried with the schooner "Anglona," which I had sent out early in 1841, for Russell & Co.; the race was from Macao Roads, round Lintin and back. Going to windward, the "Anglona" had a slight advantage; but, in coming back before the wind, the "Ariel" came up with her, and got in seventeen minutes ahead. When it is considered that the "Anglona" was a pilot-boat without bulwarks or yards aloft, and that she was on familiar ground, and that the "Ariel" was a top-sail schooner with bulwarks, and was a new comer, it is not to be wondered at that the "Anglona" beat her going to windward. It had been agreed between Mr. Lee and myself that I should have an interest of one half in the event of her beating her. When the news of the trial came, I called on Mr. Lee, and informed him that I had news of the "Ariel." The old gentleman tried to appear unconcerned, but I knew very well that his heart was set upon the result of a trial with the pilot-boat. He answered: "Well, well, what is the result?" I then read to him a very full and graphic account of the race, written by W. C. Hunter, who, for giving a finishing touch to any subject, could not be beaten. When I had done, and informed him that \$1000 had been put to the credit of the account, to be shared between us,

he was much pleased; and he said: "I knew, very well what the result would be; if you had not cut off those beautiful masts, if you had not shifted that foremast and put on that keel, she would have beaten the 'Anglona' a great deal more." This opinion, with a d——d or two, will be recognized by those who remember Mr. Lee, as characteristic. The "Ariel" was sold to an English house, and was a successful vessel in the coast trade.

The only notable incident after my California trip was an expedition in September, 1871, to Nebraska. I went to Burlington, where my son-in-law resides; and, under his *prestige*, was sent to Kearney City in a special car, accompanied by half-a-dozen friends from Burlington. There we met conveyances for Fort Kearney. Here we spent the night, and went on over the prairies the next day, some forty-five miles, to Camp Cameron on Turkey Creek; where we met with a hearty welcome from Captains Pollock and Spaulding, and Major Gregg and Lieutenant Regan. On the 12th of September, we left Camp Cameron with three six-mule teams, an ambulance for old cripples like myself, and several saddle-horses. Our escort consisted of about twenty-five mounted officers and men. At night, after a march of about thirty-five miles, we encamped, and named the place Camp Forbes. At this time, settlers had just begun to come in on the Republican Fork, and Captain Pollock had received orders to kill as many buffaloes as he could, in order to drive them further west, and thus prevent the Indians from troubling the settlers. In accordance with these orders, his two companies of United States troops had hunted from May to

September, until the animals no longer appeared near Camp Cameron. At Camp Forbes we heard from a new settler that there were buffalo within ten or twenty miles. We had a jolly evening under canvas. In a short speech made on that occasion, I referred to the fact, that on the way a round hill had been named Forbes Mount; now a camp was called after me. I said "That ships and steamers, and many children in Ireland and elsewhere, had been named for me, but never before a mountain or a camp."

The next morning we broke camp early, and proceeded to the southwest about eight miles, where, seeing fresh signs of game, we encamped on Sappa Creek. After breakfast, our party of about twelve mounted gunners, and as many soldiers as escort, with a six-mule team to pick up the game, left for the plains. We had not gone very far before we came upon four old bulls that had strayed away from the main herd. Our expert hunters said these were not worth wasting our powder upon, and that we had better reserve it and our wind until we found the herd; but the situation being novel to us, and our impatience rife for first blood, we gave chase, and in less than twenty minutes they were all down. One poor bull that had received a dozen balls ran across a ravine, and stopped, bleeding at his mouth, and standing at bay. I was called upon to give him the *coup de grâce*, — an easy matter, for he had no fight left in him. I rode up, and deliberately put in several balls from my revolver, when he keeled over and gave up the ghost. I was mounted on a small horse, well accustomed to the hunt, but altogether too light for my weight. I was unused to the army-saddle and

stirrups, and the severe curb bit; and last, not least, I was suffering from a "Job's comforter" on my back, just at the point where the saddle came in contact with it at every movement of the horse. I carried, besides my powerful revolver, a Spencer seven-shooter rifle. Before leaving camp, I had exercised my propensity for a new rig by cutting off the leathers which prevented my getting my feet home in the stirrups, which I had found in my fox-hunting experiences to be essential to safe jumping. I also shifted the leathers into the rings in front of the saddle-flaps. Still, I felt altogether uncomfortable, and, if any life-insurance office had existed at Sappa Creek, I certainly should have taken out a large policy for the benefit of my widow!

Captain Pollock, realizing my infirm condition and my greenness at hunting buffalo, detailed for my especial escort his most experienced scout, Irwin, a man who had been in the United States service nearly thirty years, and had killed any number of buffalo, elk, antelope, and Indians; an old trapper, who had been a sergeant, but was now in the ranks as a punishment for desertion. I also had a young soldier, whose duty was to carry my gun when not in actual chase, and to pick me up when I should fall, or show me the way to camp when I desired to retire.

After our first waste of powder, we went on again, my scout giving me instructions; which were to run up alongside and fire a little behind the shoulder, taking care not to get crowded off into a gully, nor to be run through a dog town. The old fellow no doubt expected to see me thrown, or very soon put *hors du combat*.

By-and-by, we came upon a squad of old bulls, and I asked to be allowed to hunt them with my two aids. This was granted, and we went in pursuit, the scout saying that he would separate the best bull from the others, and leave me to deal with him. He accordingly made a rush for them, and, scattering them, drove one in my direction. I gave chase, and, coming up on the right side, brought my rifle to bear upon the right spot, and fired. The bull instantly charged, but my little horse bolted at the same moment, and before I could gather up my reins, and get my Spencer cocked for a second shot, I was well out of his way, — the scout, in the mean time, rode up and brought him to bay. I returned to the charge, and tried to get in another broadside shot, but he continually presented his shaggy front to me, and I knew it would be of no use to fire at him, head on. He was now bleeding at the mouth, showing that he had got his death-wound; and, as our party were getting far away, no time was to be lost in joining company. Still, I did not like to leave my work half done, and finally I ordered the scout to put in another ball on his side, which he did; when the huge creature went on his knees for a moment, and then rolled over and gave up the ghost. It never will be known whether my shot would have finished him; but the scout said that, whenever they bled at the mouth, it was not necessary to waste any more powder upon them.

We then pushed on to join our party, who were going up a "divide," or break in the prairie, in order to keep out of view of the main herd, feeding on the open ground a mile beyond. The day was fine, and

the scene very picturesque, as we rode along slowly under cover of the bank. When we got to the end of the divide, all drew up and received directions to give chase in something like order; each gunner was expected, with his escort, to keep his own course relatively to the next man, so as not to run any risk from the cross fire. When we emerged from the ravine, the herd was not over three to four hundred yards off; some old bulls were nearer, and seemed to be on guard. They soon saw us, and began to paw the ground and to show signs of alarm, whereupon the whole herd, numbering perhaps five hundred, scampered off, and we after them. This was a beautiful sight; as we followed, they opened out and scattered. Pop! pop! went guns and revolvers. This raid, by the way, was on the second day's hunt, when I had exchanged my little horse for a tall animal named "Red Hot." He was not an easy horse, and I had not gone many miles before the wind was entirely pumped out of me, and at every jump over the rough prairie I was painfully reminded of the Job's comforter on my back. Being tired out, I amused myself in visiting the dying cows and calves that the party had knocked over, and putting them out of pain. The whole prairie was dotted over with these poor creatures. Our party nearly all disappeared in the direction of Kansas, and one or two went into that State. We estimated that there were one hundred and forty killed in the two-days' hunt and on our way home to Camp Cameron, where we arrived on the 15th September. On the last day of our hunt, one of our party, Colonel Morse, was separated from his escort, and continued on after the stragglers of the herd a

long distance, shooting half-a-dozen with his revolver. When we arrived at our camp at Sappa Creek, some anxiety was felt for the colonel; night was approaching, and no signs of his return. It was feared that he had been thrown in running into some hole, or crowded off into a divide, and injured. A party was at once organized to go with a mule team and means to make fires, &c., in search of him. But just before dusk he appeared, himself and his horse pretty well tired out. He had been in the saddle more than ten hours, much of the time going at speed. Never was guest more welcome, and never did a jolly party of hungry hunters enjoy their supper of young buffalo meat, and their hard camp-beds, more than we did. As for myself, though tired enough, I had had an easy day compared to most of the party. On our way to camp that day, my henchman got a long shot at an elk, and supposed that he had wounded him; but night coming on, and having no dog, he could not follow out the trail. On the 16th, we went to our special car waiting at Kearney City. I should here say that this place at that time consisted of a railroad station, a freight-shed, and two or three shanties, one of which was called the hotel. On our way from Camp Cameron to Fort Kearney, and from Cameron to Camp Forbes, we saw antelope and many bones and heads of buffalo that had been killed there in previous seasons; now there were no new signs. Thus it is that the large game is driven to the westward, and wantonly slaughtered.

I do not believe that any true sportsman who has had one day hunting buffalo would want to go again. To a novice, there is a certain charm in scampering

over the prairie in chase of the buffalo ; but the sport cannot be compared to a well-organized fox hunt. We arrived at Burlington on the 18th, and celebrated my sixty-seventh birthday at my daughter's, — our principal dish being antelope shot by my henchman, Donald Cameron.

CHAPTER XV.

Deer Hunting at Naushon — A Valuable Relic — Fowl Play—Shooting a Dead Deer— A Lumber Operation — A Nautical Examination — Good Counsels — My Offices and Trusts—The Boat Club — The First Yacht Club in Boston — Nautical Predictions and Opinions — A Last Thought.

SINCE my buffalo hunt, in 1871, I have been content to confine my hunting to deer, at Naushon. In the autumn of last year, 1874, I was fortunate in killing two fine bucks that did not run a fathom after being hit, and also in discovering one dead in a pond after being wounded by one of the party. As we bagged only five altogether, I considered myself very fortunate in being the means to secure three of them.

Referring to my last visit to Nismes, I must relate an amusing experience. The place was in charge of an old French sergeant, who acted as cicerone. I ventilated my French, telling him of my visit to the amphitheatre, in 1813. In gratitude for this, he invited us into his quarters, and showed us some ancient relics, which had been found in the arena when excavations had been made by order of the government, — among them a remarkable bone, which, according to his account, had not been identified by any one of the many *savans* who had visited the place. Knowing nothing of bones, notwithstanding the lectures I had heard from Professor Wyman, and

being very desirous of having myself immortalized by contributing this valuable relic to Harvard, I was much pleased when the old soldier presented it to me. I gave it in charge of a friend bound to Paris, not liking to run the risk of losing so valuable a relic, and continued on my travels to Italy and Switzerland. On my return to Paris, on my way home, I took possession of my valuable bone, and went over to London. Desiring to ascertain something of the origin of my relic, I proceeded to the British Museum, and called on Sir Richard Owen, whom I knew to be well versed in such things. I had drawn up in due form a full narrative of the circumstances under which I had become the happy possessor of the bone, and this was duly authenticated by the concierge of the amphitheatre, as well as by my party. I presented my paper with the bone. Sir Richard read it, and, smiling, wrote in Latin some unintelligible words, and handed them to me. I then informed him that my knowledge of the dead languages was very slight; in fact confined to "*E pluribus unum*" and "*Non sine causa*," "*Dum vivimus vivamus*" and "*Quantum sufficit*," and that I wanted the English of it. He took the paper, and writing on it, "the lower jaw-bone of an old sow," returned it to me. I have since attributed to this interview several shocks of vertigo which recur to me whenever I think of my feelings at that moment. All my hopes of being handed down to posterity, as one of the benefactors of Harvard, were rudely dissipated by this verdict of Sir Richard. Not content to be thus extinguished, I forwarded the paper I had presented to Sir Richard to Professor Wyman, without informing him of my

visit to that gentleman, and impatiently awaited the result. In due time I received his answer: "Pig's jaw." I never have dared to visit the Museums containing the collections of Wyman and Agassiz, for fear of seeing my letter with the jaw-bone, and the laconic verdict of Wyman, conspicuously displayed. In the Agassiz collection will be found the skeleton of a large tunny, or horse mackerel, caught by me off Chatham some twenty years ago; so that my name, if attached to the said skeleton, will be handed down to posterity as a great fisherman, if not as a great osseologist!

While on the subject of natural history, I cannot refrain from mentioning an amusing incident connected with Governor S —, of Naushon, who requested me to procure for him some fine specimens of fowls for the improvement of the breed. I went accordingly to friends who had good stock, and procured from one of them some Dorkings, and from another source some splendid Shanghais, — large enough, as my friend said, to "eat off the head of a barrel." I procured these fowls without cost, and sent them to the governor. Very soon I received a letter, saying, that the Dorkings were all very well, but as to the Shanghais, large enough to eat off the head of a barrel, he would not give them stable room; that they would eat up all the corn on the island, and that they were not good layers and very poor eating, and that he should return them. After having spent my time, and taken much pains to procure fine specimens, I thought that this language deserved some punishment. I wrote to the governor, stating that the Dorkings were of a rare breed, and had cost me much time and money; and that the Shanghais were

imported from London, after taking the first premium at the Crystal Palace, and that the gentleman from whom I bought them had replaced them, and could not take them back, unless remunerated for his trouble, disappointment, and for the probable damage on their journey down and back. The Shanghais were returned nearly starved, and damaged in their beautiful plumage; and the governor ordered me, in rather strong terms, to make the best arrangement I could as to the "Donkeys," as he styled the Shanghais, and to send him my account. I made out a bill for the Dorkings, \$20; for loss of the services of the Shanghais, and for damage to their plumage, &c., \$30; and, by way of voucher for the last item, I sent him a lugubrious letter from the person who gave them to me, setting forth the indignant feeling with which he viewed the treatment from so great a man as Governor S —. The governor swallowed the bait, and remitted the money, \$30, more or less. Thinking the joke had gone far enough, I returned the money, with a page of doggerel.

And here is his answer: —

"For shame at having taken advantage of the trusting unsophisticated nature of a friend, who is too ready to believe in the truthfulness and honesty of another. However, you have had your joke, and it was a good one; I only hope you have enjoyed it enough to pay for all the trouble it has been to you. *Possibly the time may come when you will find there are such things to take as well as give.*"

I must now tell my readers how his excellency tried to turn the tables on me. The chicken-joke had stuck in his crop a year or two, when I went to the annual hunt. One day a deer was driven into Vineyard Sound by a fast dog, taken there by myself,

but, at the time, we knew nothing of the fact. The next drive was on Nonnameset Island. I was placed at a bridge which connects it with Naushon; the other hunters were placed out of view from me, and the men and dogs went as usual to the further end of the island to drive any deer that might be on it towards the main island. I had not been long on my stand, when I saw a small skiff or smack's boat coming from Vineyard Sound towards me. I made signal to him to keep away, but he came on; when within hail, I told him that I expected a deer to break out every moment, and desired him to get out of the way. He answered that he had one, and landed. I found that he had "caught a fine buck, which was followed by a black dog, and had killed him, and here he is." I told him to take him over to the other side of the channel, and stand him up against a rock, and clear out and say nothing to any one. He obeyed orders, and I fired both barrels into the head and shoulder of the buck within about forty yards. I then crossed the bridge, cut the deer's throat, and pitched him into the edge of the channel. By-and-by, the drive was over, and the hunters and men came to the bridge and inquired what I had fired at. I said, very coolly, pointing to the buck, "There he lies." He was hung up and dressed; the wounds were examined, as usual, and pronounced a good hit. Then, gathering round, the company asked for details. Whereupon, I said, "The buck came from towards the Sound, followed the shore along, and seemed bent on going under the bridge, but he did not; and when at that rock I fired two barrels into him, he was a dead deer, he never stirred."

“ Well done, commodore ! ”

This was our last drive. After dinner, the buck came up again, and we had some discussion as to his weight. I volunteered to go and weigh him at the farm stable, not far off ; but I went first to the smack whose crew had caught him, and, giving them five dollars, enjoined profound secrecy, which they promised. Returning to the mansion house, I reported the weight. Before parting from my hunting friends, I told the whole truth, as to the buck, to all except the governor ; but I told it to each separately, with solemn injunctions never to divulge the fact to the governor, nor to any one of the party. During the next month, another hunt was to come off, and the same party met at the island. After the first day's hunt, the usual festivities began. Among the amusements, the governor informed his guests that he had a new poem to recite, and he called their attention to it. He was apparently full of the revenge he had foreshadowed in his note, and gave us the following poem : —

THE VERACIOUS HISTORY OF A DEAD SHOT

Made by Commodore Forbes, September, 1855.

A man came down from Boston town,
Equipped with dogs and gun, sir ;
A commodore of wide renown,
For jokea, and wit, and fun, sir.

With eagle eye, on “ Eagle's Wing,” *
He sought our lonely island ;
Declared a drive was just the thing —
For, once his foot on dry land,

* Steamboat of that name.

He'd prove his skill ; a buck he'd kill,
With his unerring rifle ;
First whispering, " Smackman, take this bill,
'Tis only just a trifle ;

" And if you see me miss my aim,
As sometimes it has chanced, sir,
Then should I claim another's game,
Of course, you'll swear 'tis mine, sir."

So, after driving, day by day,
The woods from north to south shore,
And George and Dan* had gone away,
The Forbeses drove yet once more.

To Nonnamesset quick they went,
Resolved on deeds of slaughter ;
Right through the woods the drivers sent,
The standers following after.

Then, near the bridge, our commodore
Took up his chosen station ;
Where his keen eye, from shore to shore,
Might see the frightened deer run.

But not a hoof had passed him there,
Though loud the woods resounded
With bay of hound, from far and near,
Yet none were killed or wounded.

While looking anxiously around,
Lest any chance escape him,
He spied far off on Vineyard Sound
A smack boat in a strange trim ;

With lahoring oar, she neared the shore,
When lo! he saw a deer dead
Hang o'er her side, and spreading wide
The antlers of a buck's head.

" Against that rock, quick, set him up,
And pull sharp out the way ;
I'll buy your bass, and all your scup,
And lib'rally your silence pay.

* George B. Upton and Daniel Fisher.

" Right at his head two guns I'll fire,
That they may not suspect me ;
And then the smackman I will hire,
To keep all snug as may be.

" Oh, lucky chance, my stopping here !
I'll quiz these island sportsmen ;
For when they ask, ' Is that your deer ? '
' Oh, yes, I shot him — *down*, men.'

" *Still game* was always my delight,
It saves one's reputation ;
So easy 'tis to aim aright,
At ten feet from a station.

" Fresh laurels thus are cheaply won,
At small expense of powder ;
The hoax is theirs, and mine the fun ! "
No Shanghai e'er crowed louder.

And thus the gallant commodore
Went home with colors flying ;
They say it cost two V's or more,
The smackman's silence buying.

Bnt, somehow, soon it all leaked out,
What caused th' unhappy deer's death ;
The story quickly got about —
Salt water stopped his last breath !

" O Jamestown " Forbes ! O luckless man !
To have so good a joke spoil'd ;
Now laugh you may, if laugh you can,
To find your bantling hoax foiled.

N. B. The buck was caught in the Vineyard Sound, more than a mile from the shore, after a chase of nearly two hours ; and was, in fact, a " drowned " deer when taken. Allowing a very little for necessary embellishment, the facts as above described are strictly true.

When the governor finished, no one laughed much, when he demanded to know what was the reason ;

said he, "Is not that good poetry? Could Longfellow, Holmes, or Winthrop do greater justice to the facts?"

The reason that this effusion did not make the impression that was expected, was that all present had known the facts at the time.

The visitors at the island were not slow at practical jokes. About this time, a schooner came on shore on the island, and in order to get off threw over a quantity of lumber. It washed on shore; the governor and his men piled it up, and advertised it in due form. No claimant appearing, it was utilized in building a shed for the shelter of the sheep. One of our hunters, ascertaining the fact, wrote in a fictitious hand under the name of Smith, stating that he had learned that the lumber he had jettisoned on the island had been feloniously appropriated, and demanded instant satisfaction; failing which, an appeal would be made to the law. The governor became alarmed, and answered the letter. By-and-by a compromise was effected, and a remittance of money was made to the fabulous Smith. Whether he disgorged his ill-gotten gain, as I did in the case of the Shanghais, I know not. For ever after, the subject of lumber and chickens was prohibited!

In 1871, I was consulted in regard to the proposed examination of masters and mates. Most of the questions in the following schedule are exactly according to the list given to me. The answers will be appreciated only by the disciples of Bowditch and Hamilton More.

NAVIGATION.

Proposed U. S. Ship-Masters' Examination.

EDITORS THE NAUTICAL GAZETTE:—

In accordance with the new law, I beg leave to suggest the following inquiries and answers, which, being signed and sworn to, will entitle the applicant to a first-class command of steamer or sailing vessel:—

No. 1. What is a day's work?

A. Holystoning decks, spinning yarns, pumping ship, making and taking in sail or steam.

2. What is a traverse table?

A. "Tom Cox's traverse" is to go to the lee-clewline, and generally to shirk all responsibility.

3. What is meant by middle latitude and horse latitude?

A. Middle latitude is the space between the doldrums and the equator, and horse latitude is where the Connecticut ships throw overboard their dead horses.

4. What is the difference between middle latitude and plane sailing?

A. In one you often see ships, and in the other you ship seas.

5. What is a log-book — what is it used for?

A. A record of interesting events — for example, "passing clouds; all hands employed on ship's duty; broached a barrel of beef."

6. By whom and how is it kept?

A. By the mate, and is usually kept as above.

7. Describe a scale of equal parts, a scale of chords, a figure of sines, co-sines, and tangents.

A. A scale of equal parts is done by cutting up the salt junk, so that all hands get an equal share; a scale of cords is a spunyarn winch; a figure of signs is made by putting the right thumb to the nasal organ, and gyrating with digits; co-sines and tangents are when two or more perform the above exercise.

8. What is a quadrant, how is it used, and how adjusted?

A. A quadrant is a three-cornered instrument, which is brought on deck when the sun is over the fore-yard, and is generally adjusted with a rusty jack-knife. It is used for measuring altitudes; as the masthead, &c.

9. If used without being properly adjusted, what would be the consequence?

A. If near land, no harm would ensue; and if at sea, the ship would still float.

10. What is an altitude?

A. The height of things; as the height of expectation, the height of impudence.

11. Besides the altitude of the sun, what is required to find the latitude of the ship?

A. The altitude of moon, stars, planets, and a look at the almanac.

12. In working up latitude, how many corrections do you make?

A. One for every mistake.

13. What is declination, and how do you explain "working up" generally?

A. To refuse to do any thing; as, "I'll see you blowed first;" and then you get worked up by the mate or boatswain.

14. What is the greatest declination the sun can have?

A. To say to his governor, "Go to thunder."

15. How do you obtain longitude by chronometer?

A. The captain takes the sun, and when he stamps on deck the steward or cabin-boy notes the time, the officer of the watch cries, "four bells," the captain works it out on a slate.

16. Describe how you find your course and distance on the chart?

A. I mark it on the chart at noon every day, and I find it with a magnifying-glass.

17. How and why are logarithms used?

A. By looking into the tables; because Bowditch and Hamilton More made them to save us further trouble.

18. What is necessary in finding the latitude by the meridian altitude of a star?

A. A quadrant or sextant, a fair horizon, Bowditch's Navigator, and a slate and pencil.

19. What is polar distance?

A. The place where Captain Hall is, as relates to the North Pole.

20. What is amplitude?

A. A full stomach — enough of any thing.

21. What are the causes of local deviation of the compass, how do you ascertain it, and what is the remedy therefor?

A. The Liverpool Compass Committee, having consumed more than a hundred pages, and not elicited the causes, I cannot pretend to do so. The extent of the result of errors may be found in the enormous losses of iron ships.

22. Describe a Mercator's chart, and the advantages you gain by it.

A. Made of paper, blue on one side and white on the other. I cannot construct one, for want of old junk and things.

23. Explain Sumner's method of finding the place of your ship.

A. Take several altitudes at the right time of day, stamp on the deck for the time by chronometer, assume several latitudes, project the places on the chart, repeat the operation in an hour or two. Common sense will do the rest.

24. What are circumbendibusses, and what are they used for?

A. Similar to "Tom Cox's traverse."

25. What is an azimuth, and when is it taken; what is it used for?

A. An azimuth is the bearing of a celestial object by a compass placed where the local attraction is considerable; it is then used to verify the ship's standard compass!

26. Explain the construction of this compass.

A. It is made of brass, glass, and wood; has a needle made to swing round in accordance with local attraction.

27. Two ships start — one goes 370 miles S. E. by S., the other 490 miles N. E. by E. — how far apart will they be, and how long will it require to get there?

A. If iron vessels, or steamers with much local attraction, they will be about 860 miles apart; and if men-o'-war, they will require about ten days to get there.

28. A light-house bears $W. \frac{1}{2} S.$; you sail $N. \frac{1}{2} W.$ twenty miles; the light then bears $S. W. \frac{1}{2} S.$; what is the distance of both points?

A. Having no slate and pencil, I decline to answer.

29. How do you rig a temporary rudder?

A. With a combination of old junk, spare plank, or spars, iron chains and bolts, and the exercise of common sense.

30. How do you mark a hand lead-line?

A. The "marks" are made with pieces of old boots, cotton, linen, and woollen rags. The "deeps" are imaginary quantities, and have no marks.

31. How is a log-line made, and what is its use?

A. Made of small rope or line; it is used to keep the watch awake, and to make their hands tough.

32. What do you mean by splicing the main brace?

A. When the crew do it, they have to do it with the rum-cord; the captain and mates generally have brandy or whiskey.

33. What is the meaning of the sun being "over the fore-yard," and by "bowsing up your jib"?

A. Synonymous with No. 32.

34. Explain what calking means.

A. To lie down under the lee of the launch, and sleep; or, if she is used, as usual, for a cow-house or hog-pen, then lie to windward, and dream of home.

35. Why is it unnecessary for skippers to carry eggs to sea?

A. Because they can lay-to any time.

36. What do you mean by a drag?

A. Something which draws heavily on the nerves; as coming before the United States Inspectors.

37. Have you any experience of steam, and how do you explain its pressure?

A. I have made several passages in steamers. The pressure of steam tends to drive sailing vessels off the ocean.

38. What is the difference between high and low pressure?

A. High breaks things to atoms; low only cracks the boiler and scalds all hands.

39. What is the difference between paddle and screw steamers?

A. Screw pays, and paddle doesn't.

40. Suppose your engineer were disabled, what course would you pursue?

A. Shut off steam, draw fires, and make sail.

41. How do you record the number of revolutions of paddle or screw?

A. By the thumps, as she goes over the centre.

42. If you should suddenly discover that the water in boilers was low, steam high, and the crown sheets red-hot, what would you do?

A. Jump overboard, or run forward, commending myself to my Maker.

43. What is a metallic life-boat, and its uses?

A. A trap to meet the law, and of little use in time of emergency.

44. What is a life-preserver?

A. A belt of cork, sufficiently buoyant to float sixteen pounds of dead weight, and made to be fastened to the body by strings unfit for a cook's apron.

45. Meeting two steamers at night, one being right ahead, with all her lights in sight, and one a point or two on the starboard bow, what would you do?

A. If I followed the rule of the road, I should port my helm, and run into the one on the starboard bow.

46. What are lunar observations, and how are they used?

A. A lunar observation is to find the place of the ship by measuring with a sextant the distance between celestial objects, and also their altitudes. Since chronometers have come into general use, lunars have become obsolete.

47. Why do sailors prefer the schooners with three masts to others?

A. Because "no man can serve two masters."

At this point the examiners are supposed to become demoralized, and adjourn *sine die*.

NAUTICUS.

In closing this Memoir, I cannot resist the desire to record my sense of the protection over me of an All-seeing Ruler. During the many vicissitudes of my life, I have kept ever in mind the early lessons inculcated by my good aunt, Mrs. Mary Abbot, and my mother. The good counsels of a mother are usually received as something naturally due to children,—somewhat as medicine, which, though nauseous to the taste, may be sugared, and do you good; but the counsels of an aunt, like Mrs. Abbot, are received as disinterested gifts, coming directly from the heart. Hence it is that I look back to her early letters with more respect than to those of any member of my family. One piece of advice, very early inculcated, made a lasting impression. She said: "Whenever you are inclined to do any thing wrong, remember that the eye of God is upon you; and that any offence committed against your parents or your neigh-

bor is a sin against him." I commend' this to my grandchildren, and to all young persons who may read this Memoir. Another precept of my good counsellors was, to do unto others as I would be done by; and another was, when in doubt about any thing, to stop and consider whether the act would be acceptable in the eye of God and my parents. These precepts, added to the more homely advice of W. Sturgis, — "always to go straight ahead, and, if you meet the devil, cut him in two, and go between the pieces," — have been my *vade-mecum* through life. I understood Mr. Sturgis to mean, when you are sure you are doing right, go straight on, and swerve not from duty. My friend, Dauphin King, also gave me some good counsel, when he said, "There is no such thing as can't; strike it out of your dictionary. Be sure you can accomplish any thing you undertake with a will."

While I am sensible of having committed many errors, and of having neglected many opportunities of serving my God and my fellow-men, I cannot accuse myself of having been a drone in the community where I have lived.

As to my success in worldly affairs, I have been mainly indebted to the accidents of good birth, good early counsels, good relatives who had the power to push me on in the world, — sometimes faster than I desired, and certainly faster than I deserved, — and to the disinterested labors of my brother, John M., who managed my affairs while I went to China, 1838-40, and 1849-50; as well as before and since.

I have never been long enough in the country to become much interested in politics, and never aspired

to public office ; and have never held any more important offices than justice of the peace, commissioner of pilots, commissioner on State schoolship, visitor to United States Hospital, inspector of gunboats, appraiser of prizes, vice-consul in China.

On the 28th September, 1870, the "Guerrière" frigate, Captain T. H. Stevens, having on board the remains of Admiral Farragut, bound from Portsmouth, N. H., to New York, grounded on Great Point Rip, Nantucket. After considerable delay, she was got off by aid of the steamer "Island Home," and several lighters and wreckers. On hearing of her being on shore, I took the first conveyance, and arrived on board on the 29th, after she had got off, and had come to anchor off Nantucket. The Secretary of the Navy did me the honor to appoint me as agent for the settlement of the claims of the various parties who assisted in getting her afloat. It was a work of considerable labor, requiring the examination of many persons. One party claimed a large salvage, some \$300,000. The steamboat claimed \$25,000, more or less, and other parties about \$20,000, making an aggregate of about \$375,000. The party who claimed salvage got \$3000 ; the steamer "Island Home" got \$7500 ; the three lighters got \$6688 ; incidental expenses were \$362 ; and my commission was \$2000 ; total expenses, \$19,550. This was getting off very cheap. If the claims had gone into court, the expenses would have been much larger, and the delay much greater. This employment, and the superintendence of the gunboats, was work that I liked ; and though I say it, that should not, it was

well done, and fully appreciated by the Navy Department.

Of private trusts I may mention: president of Marine Society, president of Snug Harbor Corporation, trustee of National Sailors' Home, one of the vestry of King's Chapel, member of the government of the Board of Trade of Boston, trustee and vice-president of Humane Society, a director in a number of insurance companies and railroad corporations. Among all the trusts imposed upon me, I do not remember ever to have been asked or expected to become a bank director or president; but I never have dreamed of getting into any higher office than those above mentioned. I have long been called commodore. My original claim to that once high-sounding title originated in a boat club, organized in 1834. It had no charter, no by-laws, no sailing directions, no flag, save the Stars and Stripes, and its only boats were row boats. I should add that it had almost no expenses, the assessments being only thirty dollars a year. But it had a goodly array of names as members: F. C. Loring, E. Weston, Jr., George Gardner, A. B. Weston, J. Lyman, Jr., W. Raymond Lee, Lemuel Stanwood, Thomas Motley, Jr., James J. Mason, J. H. Wolcott, John A. Lowell, E. S. Griswold, Samuel Austin, Jr., S. P. Russell, John Bryant, Jr., Samuel Hooper, and perhaps others not remembered. I have before me a paper signed by the above-named gentlemen, the heading of which I give:—

“The undersigned members of the Boat Club, feeling very grateful to their commodore for the zeal and interest he manifested in calling it into being, providing for its existence, and giving it an honorable burial, request him to accept of the boats belonging to the club as a mark of their esteem and regard.”—19th Nov., 1834.

This being almost the only gift I have been honored with in gratitude for personal services, I cannot help suspecting that the property was given to me principally to pay the debts. Lest the few survivors should bring me to account for a libel, I refer to my books, and find an entry to the following effect: "Balance of account made good by me in consideration of the gift of all the property, — \$50.94.

In the spring of 1835, a new organization was formed, and the yacht "Dream" was bought. The first persons assessed were Daniel C. Bacon, William F. Otis, John Bryant, Jr., B. Bangs, Samuel Hooper, John A. Lowell, T. H. Perkins, Jr., Thomas G. Appleton, J. S. Copeley Greene; and, subsequently, James Davis, Jr., W. H. Bordman, Francis Bacon, E. Weston, Jr., P. C. Brooks, Jr., Edward Austin, Samuel Austin, and T. Motley, Jr. The "Dream" club assessments averaged only about \$27 annually. The secret of this small expenditure was in the fact that members, when they went to sail, carried their own supplies. When the grand commercial crisis of 1837 came, the club died a natural death. This was the first yacht club established in Boston. Of the original "Dream" club, only John A. Lowell and Thomas G. Appleton remain; and, of those who afterwards joined, James Davis, F. Bacon, P. C. Brooks, Edward Austin, Thomas Motley, and myself. The principal amusement, after fishing and sailing, was throwing props. Once, I remember, T. W. Ward went to sail, and closely watched the players. He was the agent of the Barings, and no doubt regulated the amount of his credits by the amounts won and lost by the prop throwers. Of the rowing club, George Gardner, W.

R. Lee, T. Motley, J. H. Wolcott, and, possibly, A. Weston remain to testify to the above. It was thus that I honestly earned the title of commodore. It was afterwards revived when I was chosen commodore of the Coast Guard in 1861. I think I am fairly entitled to be promoted to admiral — having done my duty admirably.

I have been a member of other clubs; among them "The Circle,"—a bowling club that met at Savin Hill, at Moseley's, and rolled nine-pins. Among the then active members, now no more, were Robert G. Shaw, Andrew Belknap, John Gray, Robert Trueman, Mr. Oliver, B. Gorham, and a dozen others of the same standing. I was also a member of a social club, composed of Josiah Quincy, Jr., Russell Sturgis, W. F. Otis, S. H. Perkins, George Dexter, George Pratt, R. C. Winthrop, J. S. C. Greene, W. Amory, and others whose names have escaped my memory.

I have taken always a deep interest in seamen, and in the improvement of the model and outfits of ships; as can be attested by the many writings in my scrap-books and on my files, which, if embodied in a book, would make one as large as Webster's dictionary. My prediction, when I built the "R. B. Forbes," the "Midas," "Edith," and "Massachusetts," that the propeller would take the place of the paddle-wheel for ocean navigation, has been fully realized; all the steamers now running on the Atlantic, and most of those running on the Pacific Ocean, being propellers. American steamers are running into the heart of China; and I am looking forward to the time when ocean steamers will be built with double

shells, and be supplied with rafts instead of boats; and to the day when well-defined courses, out and home, will be the rule and not the exception. I advocated, very early, the placing of a light-ship on the south shoal of Nantucket; and I am now advocating the placing of one on Stellwagens Bank, off Cape Cod. I have persistently advocated the establishment of life-saving stations on all the lake and ocean coasts of the United States, and am happy to say that the government has already done much in this direction.

In the course of a somewhat active life, I do not remember to have been engaged in but one lawsuit on my own account; and this was for the recovery of an insurance on the life of my brother-in-law, who died in Chili. I recovered the amount claimed, with interest; and in order to expose the unfair conduct of the insurance office, I published a pamphlet giving the facts to the world, as a warning against similar proceedings.*

Now that my threescore and eleven years are complete, I feel that it is time to begin to think of that long voyage whence no traveller returns. The only inscription I desire to have on my gravestone is; —

“HE TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.”

* The secretary of that insurance office, Benjamin Noyes, now resides in the New Jersey State prison.

NOTE to p. 254. — I resigned in May, 1877, the Society having at the annual election in April chosen the second vice-president as chief over my head, although he was aware that I expected to be elected in regular course.

ADDENDA.

ERRATA.

- Page 335, note, line 4 from bottom, for "Barrett" read
"Barrell."
- " 352, line 1, for "Thorn" read "Thom."
- " 361, line 14 from bottom, for "Loochow" read
"Foochow."
- " 368, line 7, for "C. Worne" read "C. W. Orne."
- " 368, line 20, for "Teeshing" read "Yee-shing."
- " 374, line 2, for "Acock" read "A. Cook."
- " 400, line 10, omit "probably."

Add the following words to PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION: "Many of the statements in the ADDENDA were furnished me by younger friends."

ADDENDA.

CHAPTER I.

Early American Commission Merchants in China.

AMONG the early American commission merchants in the China trade the most prominent were James Perkins and Thomas Handasyd Perkins, brothers and partners. The former was born in Boston, March 30, 1761, and died at Pine Bank, Aug. 1, 1822, aged sixty-one years, four months and two days. He is still remembered by a few as a studious, thoughtful, dignified gentleman of few words and reserved manners, who enjoyed the entire respect of the community.

His brother and junior partner, Thomas Handasyd Perkins, still stands in the memory of many as the type of the old Boston merchant, generous, broad, public-spirited, stately in manner, yet genial and so tender-hearted that he would burst into tears at the mimic tragedies of the theatre, or give his coat off his back in an east wind to the shivering beggar. He was born December, 1765, where the Boylston Insurance Office now stands, 45 State Street; fitted for college but did not enter; went into the office of Messrs. Shattuck in 1785; married Sarah Elliot in 1788; went to China, supercargo of the "Astræa,"

Captain James Magee, leaving in February, 1789. In China he met Captain Gray of the "Columbia," who on his next voyage entered the river of that name. The house of J. & T. H. Perkins was organized in 1792, and in 1819, the sons joining, it became J. & T. H. Perkins & Sons, under which firm it continued a most successful and honorable career, until wound up in 1838. T. H. Perkins derived the title of Colonel, by which he is still so generally known, from his position of Lieutenant Colonel and Commander of the Cadets, which he resigned Nov. 5, 1800.

Colonel Perkins stands also with the Lowells, Jacksons, Appletons, and Lawrences, those far-seeing pioneers who were the advance guard in leading American energy to new and diversified industries. The stone quarries of Quincy, with the first railroad on New England soil, the coal and iron industries of Pennsylvania, as well as the manufactories of New England, connect his name with these earliest enterprises, — some of them even in their failures laying the foundation of future success; others, enduring monuments of Anglo-Saxon courage, foresight, and brains.

Colonel Perkins died on the 11th of January, 1854, but he still lives in the hearts of many, and his name, with that of his brother James, is forever identified not only with the history of our commerce and manufactories, but with those beneficent institutions which they helped to rear, and which are still bearing good fruit, — the Asylum for the Blind, the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Boston Athenæum.

In 1798 the ship "Thomas Russell" was bought,

and Mr. Ephraim Bumstead, the "oldest apprentice," went out to China in her as supercargo. In 1803 J. P. Cushing, the nephew of J. & T. H. Perkins went thither as clerk, and at that time an arrangement was made for Mr. Bumstead to remain in charge of the affairs of J. & T. H. Perkins at Canton. Mr. Bumstead fell ill and died on his way home, leaving Mr. Cushing, at the age of sixteen, in charge. After this Mr. William F. Paine* was sent out, but remained only a short time in China. Mr. Cushing was made a partner; he had made a visit home in 1807, but returned to China in the "Levant," Captain Thomas Proctor, in December of that year.

When the news of Mr. Bumstead's death reached home, Colonel Perkins decided to go out immediately, but received such satisfactory letters from Mr. Cushing that he concluded not to go.

To quote precisely the words found in a biographical sketch of Colonel Perkins by his son-in-law, Thomas G. Cary, —

"Under Mr. Cushing's guidance the house was so favorably known that consignments increased until they interfered with the business of the house itself, and it became desirable to give them some other direction. A commission house was therefore established under the auspices and with

* His original name was William, but he had it changed by act of legislature, in 1804, to William Fitz Paine. He was born at Halifax, Nov. 2, 1783, and died in Batavia, July 21, 1834, unmarried. He remained in China only a short time and went to Mauritius. Left there in 1821, and went to Batavia, there forming a connection with Mr. Forestier, under the style of Forestier & Paine. He was a very jolly fellow, different from his brother F. William, and I believe liked good liquor.

Forestier went out in the Canton packet when I was second mate of her in 1822-23; also one Barrett, a mean fellow, who for a time was with them as a clerk or partner, but soon left them.

Fred William Paine was born at Salem May 23, 1873, and married Nancy Sturgis.

the favor of Perkins & Co., which continues to this day (1856), although the first partners withdrew from it, rich, many years ago."

This refers to the formation of the house of Samuel Russell & Co., which was first formed by Messrs. Samuel Russell and Philip Ammidon, and after a few years was changed to the present firm of Russell & Co.

Doubtless there were other merchants who acted as commission agents, but this is the first regular American commission house in China of which I find traces.

So many are still living who are interested in the history of Russell & Co. that I shall try to give such details of its history as I can readily find materials for.

CHAPTER II.

Russell & Co.

MR. SAMUEL RUSSELL, who originated the house, was born in 1789, and died in 1862, and it may be truly said,—

“None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.”

Mr. Russell commenced his business career with Mr. Wetmore when about thirteen years old, at Middletown, Conn. After some years he went to New York, where he was employed by Mr. William Hall, as clerk, and also as supercargo on two or three voyages to Malaga. Then, having come to man's estate and entertaining views of matrimony, he was offered a position as clerk by Messrs. B. & T. C. Hoppin, of Providence, and continued with them until he entered into a partnership with Messrs. E. Carrington & Co., Cyrus Butler, and B. & T. C. Hoppin. Articles were signed on the 26th of December, 1818, for a term of five years, for the transaction of business in China under the style of Samuel Russell & Co. At the end of the time their business was wound up, and the present house of Russell & Co. was organized on the 1st of January, 1824.

Mr. Philip Ammidon, who had been in China as agent or supercargo for Messrs. Brown & Ives, be-

came a partner with Mr. Samuel Russell, as appears from the advertisement, wherein his signature is the first.

At the time of the establishment of Russell & Co. Mr. John Perkins Cushing, who represented the firms of Perkins & Co., Canton, and J. & T. H. Perkins & Sons, of Boston, finding himself hampered by more business than he desired, and seeing the necessity for a commission house, was principally instrumental in promoting the establishment of Russell & Co., and he then, or soon after, transferred to them an important part of his business, so that Mr. Cushing may thus be considered one of the founders of the house of Russell & Co. While he lived, no friend of his would venture to mention his name in print, but at this distance we may surely dwell for a moment upon the portrait which memory recalls, and which stands almost alone for its retiring modesty and sterling worth. While in China he lived for about twenty-five years almost a hermit, hardly known outside of his factory, except by the chosen few who enjoyed his intimacy, and by his good friend Houqua, but studying commerce in its broadest sense, as well as its minutest details. Returning home with well-earned wealth, he lived hospitably in the midst of his family and of a small circle of intimates. Scorning words and pretensions from the very bottom of his heart, he was the truest and staunchest of friends; hating notoriety, he could always be absolutely counted upon for every good work which did not involve publicity. If he would have permitted an inscription on his monument, it would have been, "Here lies the apostle of deeds, not words." *Requiescat in pace.*

The notice of the formation of the house, taken from the *New York Evening Post* of May 28, 1824, is interesting, in recalling many names prominent in the China trade fifty years ago.

Copy of advertisement appearing in the New York "Evening Post" for May 28, 1824.

NOTICE.—We, the subscribers, having formed a commercial establishment in this city, under the firm of Russell & Co., to commence on the first day of January, 1824, for the transaction of commission business, offer to the public our services in that line, believing that the experience we have had in the trade of this port during several years' residence here will enable us to give satisfaction to those who may favor us with their business.

PHILIP AMMIDON.
SAMUEL RUSSELL.

CANTON, Nov. 23, 1823.

For any information respecting our house we refer to

Messrs. Perkins & Co.,		Canton.
Samuel Williams, Esq.,	}	London.
Thos. Dickinson & Co.,		
Messrs. J. & T. H. Perkins & Sons,	}	Boston.
S. G. Perkins & Co.,		
Richard D. Tucker, Esq.		
Brown & Ives,	}	Providence.
Ed. Carrington & Co.,		
Le Roy, Bayard, & Co.,	}	New York.
T. H. Smith & Co.,		
Robert Ralston, Esq.,	}	Philadelphia.
Wm. L. Hodge, Esq.,		
Perit & Cabot,		
Henry Payson, Esq.,		Baltimore.

Messrs. Russell & Ammidon were the only partners up to the admission of Mr. Wm. H. Low on the 1st of January, 1830. In the summer of 1827 Mr. Ammidon arrived in the United States, and having

to remain there in consequence of the illness of his wife, it was through him that Mr. Low was induced to leave for China in May, 1829. Mr. Low was compelled to leave China on account of ill health in the summer of 1833, and died at the Cape of Good Hope on his way home.

Mr. Cushing embarked for home in the "Milo," Captain Robert Edes, with his chief clerk, Mr. John Hart, on the 11th of April, 1828, and arrived in Boston on the 17th of September, leaving Mr. Thomas T. Forbes in charge of the house of Perkins & Co., with an interest in it. Mr. Ammidon having been urged to go out again to assist in the rapidly increasing business of his house, and finding it inconvenient to do so, made a proposition to Mr. Augustine Heard to proceed to China as his substitute, on a salary. On the 7th of July, 1830, Mr. Heard embarked with Mr. John M. Forbes and myself in my barque "Lintin," and on arrival in Canton in November arrangements were made, under the auspices of Mr. Cushing, for the reception of Mr. Heard as a partner, and of Mr. J. M. Forbes as clerk, into the house of Russell & Co.

To go back a little. It should be stated that my brother Thomas was drowned on the 9th of August, 1829, and there was found among his papers a power authorizing Russell & Co., in conjunction with James P. Sturgis, to assume the care of the affairs of Perkins & Co., in the event of accident to him. Upon hearing of his death Mr. Cushing, who was in England at the time, immediately prepared to return to China, in order to make permanent arrangements for the transaction of the large business in which he had

an interest in connection with the Boston house, and with Messrs. Bryant & Sturgis. At this important crisis in the affairs of Russell & Co. and Perkins & Co. he wrote to me to join him in China and to take out my brother J. M. Forbes, then a clerk with J. and T. H. Perkins & Sons. He had suggested to me that I should be wanted to take part in the concern with which he might leave the affairs of Perkins & Co.; but, having other views, I preferred to take charge of the Lintin Station in my barque "Lintin."

Now that most of those have passed away whose feelings might have been harassed by reference to such an event, I may be pardoned for saying a few more words about the loss of my brother Thomas.

Brought up in the hard school of adversity, and witnessing the daily struggles of his mother to take care of her large family, his first aim in life had been to relieve them. This he accomplished soon after coming of age, when he also had the satisfaction of paying off certain debts of his father's, which had weighed heavily upon the sensitive nature of both his parents, and thus relieving them of an oppressive burden which had rendered their latter days unhappy.

With such purposes directing him in his pursuit of independence, he could not fail to command the confidence of Mr. Cushing and of all who knew him, so that at a very early age he became a partner of the Canton house of Perkins & Co., and soon was left in sole charge of their important affairs, with the prospect of a long career of usefulness. This was cut short by the sad event of the 9th of August, 1829, as already detailed. (Page 128.) But there are some gaps in the narrative which ought to be filled. His con-

duct at the end was worthy of his whole life. He had embarked at Macao for Canton (upon receipt of letters announcing some important changes in the business) in his little boat, the "Haidee," with his friend, Mr. Monson, who was chief clerk in the house of Russell & Co. His crew consisted of one English sailor, who perished, and two Lascars, who escaped, and who communicated the details. From them we know that, seeing the storm approaching when off the Nine Islands, he ran for Macao, where he was urged to beach the boat, but as Monson was helplessly ill he anchored his frail bark off the Praya Grande, refusing to save himself at the risk to his friend. The wind hauling more on shore he got under way to run into the inner harbor in company with the cutter belonging to the East India Company, which being a much larger vessel could have saved him in all probability if she had had anybody but Lascars on board. When they approached the point it was found impossible to enter the harbor, so they anchored, the cutter so near ahead that if the crew had been inspired by a due sense of the situation they could have payed out line and helped the little boat to maintain her position; but they thought only of themselves. In a fearful gust the slight chain with which I had fitted his boat parted, and, as already stated, he was driven before the tempest, scudding under a small piece of his foresail, seaward. As they neared Monkey Island the Lascars again strongly urged him to run his boat on the beach, but he firmly resisted their entreaties and, standing at the helm himself, stood out to sea. The atmosphere was so thick with spray and rain that nothing could be seen; still there remained a

small hope of finding shelter in some cove, or under the lee of some island ; he himself, stripped of all superfluous clothes, stood at the helm until, upon approaching an unseen beach, a heavy sea broached to the little craft and swamped her.

Whether his motive in putting out to sea was to save Mr. Monson, who was entirely helpless from seasickness, or was simply the impulse of every true seaman to stick to his vessel, or a mixture of both, we do not know ; but we are sure, in the words of Halleck, that he, —

“ Though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod ;
Lived, died, in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.”

Mr. Cushing arrived in China in 1830. The manner in which he made his arrangements with Russell & Co. was characteristic, not only of his own methods of doing business, but also of those which prevailed there during those days. He made a condition with Russell & Co. that they should receive Mr. Augustine Heard as full partner, and Mr. John M. Forbes as clerk, and this was all that the public knew of the arrangement ; but he further secured, in a private agreement, that at the end of the first term of three years from the 1st of January, 1831, J. M. Forbes should be received as a partner. This private article of the treaty was never mentioned to my brother, the party most interested, nor did he ever have any hint of it until his arrival in China in August, 1834, as supercargo of the ships “ Logan ” and “ Tartar.”

After completing the arrangements contemplated,

Messrs. Cushing and Russell embarked in the "Bashaw," Captain Chas. Pearson, and arrived in Boston on the 1st of August, 1831.

When Mr. W. H. Low's health failed in the summer of 1833, Mr. Heard was left sole partner in China with a very large business pressing upon him, and at the end of that year he invited Mr. John C. Green, who had been several times to China as supercargo for Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold, and who had for some seasons transacted his business through Russell & Co., to enter the house as partner, which he did in January, 1834, when Mr. J. M. Forbes and Mr. Joseph Coolidge were also provisionally admitted.

On Mr. J. M. Forbes's arrival, the 9th of August, 1834, he was informed that he was entitled to a share in the very considerable profits of the house for the current year if he chose to give up his wandering life as supercargo and remain in China. This very strong pecuniary inducement, combined with the importance of relieving Mr. Heard, whose health had broken down, carried the day, and he signed the articles, turning over to the house his own business and that of Houqua, the great Hong merchant, which he had managed for some years with a share in the profits thereon.

In October, 1834, Mr. Heard embarked for home, leaving the house in the hands of Mr. John C. Green and the younger members just named.

Mr. W. C. Hunter, who had been admitted as a clerk in 1829, became a partner on the 1st of January, 1837. Messrs. A. A. Low and Edward King also came in at that date as partners. From the time of the organization, as stated, until 1838-39, the busi-

ness of the house went on successfully without important changes, except that my brother, J. M. Forbes, embarked in December, 1836, in the "Luconia," Captain Chas. Pearson, for home, still retaining, however, his interest in the house, and indeed having his hands full in taking care of its affairs in the United States during the great crisis of 1837.

Having sold a part of the "Lintin" to Russell & Co., I had left her, in the spring of 1832, under the command of F. W. Macondray, and returned to the United States, where I acted as the consignee of shipments by Russell & Co., mostly on account of Houqua. In 1838 Mr. John C. Green having expressed a determination to leave China, a new organization at the end of the term expiring December 31, 1839, was talked of, and I was induced, under very favorable auspices, armed with a power of attorney from my brother, to go again to China. Embarking in June, in the barque "Mary Chilton," Captain G. Drew, and arriving in October, I soon completed arrangements for entering the house at the end of 1839, when I took my brother's place with his consent and approval.

CHAPTER III.

The Opium War.

IN the personal narrative some account of the great opium seizure is given, but it may be well to add a few incidents illustrating the manner of conducting the trade.

Up to 1822 it had been customary to bring opium up the river to Whampoa, the anchorage of Canton, and even when that was stopped the trade was still carried on by the Portuguese at Macao without interruption. All the drug being brought up the river was smuggled in under various disguises.

In December, 1838, a seizure occurred at Canton, where Mr. James Innis, a Scotch gentleman, was detected in bringing the drug into Canton in the middle of the day.

He was landing it in dollar boxes, and had feed the local officer, but there happened to be another at hand, who, seeing one man carrying two boxes of supposed specie, when one box was the usual load for two men, pounced upon him.

The final result of this affair was that Mr. Innis was obliged to leave Canton, and the small craft which had been in the habit of bringing the drug into the river were compelled to go outside, but the trade proceeded as actively as ever. The Innis seizure, however, occasioned a good deal of excitement at the

time and our house was brought in through the false swearing of the carriers, who, when put to the torture, declared the opium came from the ship "Thomas Perkins" (in our care), being desirous to screen their employer, Mr. Innis.

Whereupon Punhoy Qua, the Hong merchant, who had given bonds for her good conduct, was arrested, the cargo boats stopped and the compradore of Russell & Co. seized.

The remedy to which we were driven under these circumstances is a good illustration of the methods for reaching the authorities and for getting any grievances redressed, which were in vogue under the old Canton customs.

We were now obliged to present a petition to the authorities, and, as in such cases as this it could not go through the Hong merchants, the usual channel, it was necessary to carry it to the city gate.

Of course the reader is aware that all foreigners lived in a narrow suburb on the bank of the river, and were never allowed within the city walls.

As usual in such expeditions, about twenty foreigners started for the gate.

The wall was about twenty feet thick, on the outside the great gate, and on the inside a wicket.

On nearing it, Mr. Hunter, one of our partners, and one or two others, ran on and got inside the great gate before it could be closed, but the guards shut the wicket. Messrs. Green, Wetmore, and I followed shortly, and after some parley through an interpreter, four of us were admitted inside the wicket and the petition was received by a son of Houqua, who had been sent for.

The mistake about the "Thomas Perkins" was easily remedied, but trade remained stopped as Mr. Innis refused for some time to leave as ordered.

Meantime, on the 12th of December, the officials tried to insult the foreign community by executing a Chinese opium dealer in the public square allotted to foreigners and directly under the American flag.

This square, if not by absolute law, was by old custom the privileged property of the foreigners, and it was considered very important to resist this or any such aggression.

The foreigners easily prevented the act, and would have come off very well, had they not attempted to clear the square of some *ten thousand* spectators.

This roused the mob, foreigners were obliged to retreat in doors, the stone wall in front of our factories was demolished, and we should have fared ill if our factory gates had not withstood their assaults until the mandarins and their soldiers arrived and dispersed the mob.

About two months after, at the hour when foreigners were out on the river, enjoying their usual recreation in their boats, a large party of soldiers marched into the public square and in ten minutes executed, and removed the body of a poor fellow who, it was said, had been convicted of smuggling opium.

Foreigners met and agreed not to hoist their flags in the square, and there was great excitement over the insult which was considered, and was no doubt intended, as a threat of stronger measures if the trade did not cease.

The coming of Lin, the Imperial commissioner, fol-

lowed, as already stated, and it was soon discovered that he was in earnest.

On the 19th March, he issued his proclamation calling for the immediate delivery of all of the drug within the control of foreigners, and demanding from them a bond never again to deal in it.

There was talk of sending the drug away, or of publicly destroying a small quantity, so that Lin might go home after the usual manner of Chinese diplomacy and report to his master at Peking that he had brought the "foreign devils" to terms.

On the 20th March, the principal Hong merchants met the Chamber of Commerce to confer upon the gravity of the situation. We were so much alarmed for ourselves, and so anxious also to save these valuable friends the Hong merchants from danger, that it was proposed to surrender one thousand chests in order to propitiate Lin.

The meeting was adjourned to the next day, when it was learned that the Hong merchants were at the public "Consoo" or council house, with chains about their necks and reported that Lin would listen to nothing short of the delivery of all the drug in the hands of foreigners, and that the head of one of the largest English houses in the trade (Dent & Co.) must go into the city as security for its delivery. A meeting was called at the Chamber of Commerce, and there came Houqua, deprived of his official button and with a light iron chain around his neck.

Much excitement ensued, but the community refused to give assent to Mr. Dent's going into the city to be held as a hostage for the delivery of the drug.

There is little doubt that the Hong merchants were ordered to deliver Mr. Dent into the hands of the city authorities, and very little also that he would have been civilly treated, though held as hostage. Every effort was made by the Chinese to induce him to go, but without avail.

On Sunday afternoon, the 24th March, as the foreign community were walking in the square, a great sensation was created by the arrival of Captain Charles Elliot, the English Superintendent of Trade, in an armed boat, belonging to the "Larne," sloop of war. At this time the square had for some days been guarded by Chinese, unarmed, and by boats on the river, and all communication with the ships at Whampoa had been cut off.

Captain Elliot jumped on shore, sword in hand, ordered the English flag to be hoisted, and called for volunteers to bring Mr. Dent under his protection, which was done by the whole foreign community. Elliot then addressed the community, promising protection, and while all this was going on a force of three or four hundred Chinamen, fully armed, came into the public square, a double row of armed Chinese boats full of men, was placed round the landing and egress or ingress was completely closed.

By eight o'clock that evening every Chinese in the employment of foreigners had left them, and they were practically prisoners under their own roofs.

Although this chapter is not intended to give the personal history of members of Russell & Co., it may amuse the survivors of those days to recall the organization of the household during a part of our imprisonment.

My journal of April 1, 1839, says :—

“J. C. Green sweeps the dining room and makes tea.

“R. B. Forbes attends to the glass and silver.

“A. A. Low sets the table.

“Warren Delano — head cook.

“W. C. Hunter — lamps.

“Gilman attends to the wine, beer and cheese, and

“Miranda and Silva wash the dishes, clear the table, and clean knives.

“Every man is required to take care of his own rooms.”

Fortunately there were several boats' crews in the factories, who, not being able to get away, were glad to have employment in household duties, and we were also indebted to the Parsees for more or less assistance from their servants.

After the delivery of the opium as stated in the memoirs, our servants were allowed to return, but the Commissioner still insisted upon the bond, binding all to abstain forever from dealing in the drug, and, pending that, trade and communication continued closed.

Time hung heavy on our hands, in spite of whist and rat-hunting.

At last, on the 5th of May, the guards and boats were withdrawn, and communication was resumed, after forty-three days of confinement.

Some delay occurred in the delivery of the opium, by reason of anxious holders giving in schedules not only of what they had in hand, but of what was on the way, it being very desirable, in the existing state of the market, to deliver as much as possible to the Queen's order. Negotiations continued about the bond and the reopening of trade, but on the 26th of

June, Mr. Thorn, the last of the English, left Canton, two Dutchmen and thirty Americans remaining.

A year before these events Russell & Co. had notified all their East Indian constituents that they would no longer receive consignments of opium. One of our Parsee friends, however, did send a shipment, and I mention it for the sake of inserting the letter which accompanied it as a good sample of their use of the English language in their correspondence.

“It is now rest in Almighty’s pleasure, who I trust will not put all his creatures in ruinous state; the evil result always rest in his power, but the human continually encourages themselves to do as much as they can for their welfare: Yourselves are too far from me; I cannot form any idea what will result be but I leave all my Patna in Almighty care which cost me nine hundred Rupees per chest. Please exert your utmost exertion as not to part them at ruinous price but retain it until the prosperous result of this trade. I will not draw one pice on you I assure, although the scarce cost put me in inconvenient.”

In January, 1840, our former partner, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, announced the establishment of Augustine Heard & Co.

On the 30th of January, Mr. A. A. Low left for the United States in the “Zenobia,” Captain Kinsman.

Trade went on in an irregular manner and with various incidents and interruptions, as stated in the Memoirs, until March, when we heard of the declaration of war by England and of the great preparations in India to carry it on.

On the 21st June, the advance of a large British force appeared in the outer waters, and the port was closed on the 28th. About four weeks before the

closing, the principal force of Russell & Co., with the books, went to Macao.

During the long interval between the first difficulties and the arrival of the forces, Russell & Co., as stated in the Memoirs, had been incessantly engaged in getting out tea and silks, and getting in cotton and general merchandise, and the English merchants, who at first reviled the Americans for continuing the trade, soon saw their error, and were glad to prosecute it to the utmost extent in their power under cover of the American and North of Europe flags. Before this happened, in July, Captain Elliot addressed the Hong merchants, cautioning them not to buy English goods of the Americans.

In speaking of this, Houqua said: "I buy of Americans; how can I tell what is British and what is American property. Elliot wants to stop all trade." As indeed he did, but he finally got to see that the greater the quantity of merchandise that was got in and out before the port was closed by war, the greater the advantage to England, and actually came to the point of thanking Russell & Co. for the active part they had taken.

Just before the arrival of the British forces, Lin issued a proclamation offering \$5,000 for Elliot, or for a living naval commander, or one third of the sum for his head. \$20,000 for the capture of a ship of the line — \$100 per gun for smaller ships — \$10,000 for a merchant ship with three masts, and less for a smaller vessel. The value of a British merchant, black or white, was placed at \$300 if alive, and \$100 if dead, and smaller sums were offered for common sailors.

In compliance with this proclamation, attempts were made to burn ships at the outer anchorage, which failed, and that was all that came of it except the fresh evidence of Chinese barbarity.

The "Panama," to Russell & Co.'s consignment, which entered the river at the time of the blockade, did not get out till December, 1840.

In May, 1841, Sir Hugh Goff captured Canton, exacting a ransom of \$6,000,000. On the 22d May before the above event, the factories were pillaged and burnt by the mob, and Mr. Coolidge was taken into the city.

He was released after the capture, and through the influence of Captain Elliot, then acting as ambassador, recovered a considerable sum of money as indemnity for his actual losses and for personal inconveniences.

CHAPTER IV.

Russell & Co. combine with Russell, Sturgis, & Co.—Shanghai
Opened.

THE difficulties arising out of the opium traffic were at this time approaching a crisis. After the settlement of these difficulties, Mr. Green embarked in the "Panama," Captain Benjamin, in the spring of 1839. Mr. A. A. Low also left in January, 1840, his interest having lapsed on the 31st December, 1839. Mr. J. Coolidge arrived in China early in December, 1839, when, failing to make satisfactory arrangements for the continuance of his interest, he established the house of "Augustine Heard & Co."

At the time of my arrival in Canton there existed a firm of "Russell, Sturgis, & Co.," a branch of the house of "Russell & Sturgis" of Manilla, which had been organized under the prestige of Mr. Cushing on the 1st of July, 1828. The need of an active partner, and the fact that the similarity of names sometimes led to complications with the constituents of the house, induced me to offer to receive either Mr. Russell Sturgis, now well known as the eldest partner of "Baring Bros. & Co., London," or Mr. Warren Delano, into the house, with the understanding that the firm of "Russell, Sturgis, & Co." in China should be given up. It was decided that Mr. Delano, who had been a partner in that firm from the 31st Decem-

ber, 1835, should be admitted into Russell & Co. on the 1st of January, 1840 — Mr. Russell Sturgis retiring to Manilla. Mr. Delano continued a partner until 31st December, 1846, and was again admitted on the 1st of January, 1861, finally retiring 31st December, 1866. In 1842, Mr. Delano, desiring to come home on a visit, invited Mr. Russell Sturgis to relieve him, and this gentleman was admitted on the 1st of January, 1842, retiring in May, 1844. Previous to this time Messrs. J. T. Gilman and D. N. Spooner had been acting as clerks, and were admitted as partners on the 1st of January, 1843. Mr. Spooner retired on the 31st of December, 1845; but returned to China and became partner in January, 1852, retiring in 1857.

I left China in July, 1840, but my interest continued until the end of 1844, when Mr. P. S. Forbes assumed it. He had gone out in the "Paul Jones," Captain N. B. Palmer, leaving Boston in January, 1843, with my power of attorney and a commission from Daniel Webster as consul for Canton; but upon his arrival in China he found Mr. Sturgis in charge, and Mr. Delano absent on his way home, so that the terms for his admission were not settled until Mr. Delano's return to China in 1844.

The firm then consisted of:—

W. DELANO, JR.

EDWARD DELANO.

W. H. KING.

D. N. SPOONER.

P. S. FORBES.

JOS. T. GILMAN.

In 1846 Mr. Edward Delano returned home, and shortly afterwards retired from the house. Mr. Gilman also left the house and returned home in 1846.

In 1846 Mr. George Perkins was admitted to the house. In 1848 Mr. John N. A. Griswold, the representative of N. L. & G. Griswold, of New York, joined the house, bringing to it the business of that enterprising firm; and in October, 1849, Mr. R. B. Forbes returned to the house, as its head at Canton during Mr. P. S. Forbes's absence. Meantime, the port of Shanghai, opened in 1844, had grown to great importance, and Mr. Griswold, on his entrance, took charge of the house at that port, continuing there until his return home in 1852. He was the American consul at that growing place throughout his stay, and was notable among the English as well as American residents for his vigor and determination in upholding American rights both against Chinese craft and the rather imperious pretensions of the English consul at that period.

In 1849 both Mr. King and Mr. Perkins retired, and E. A. Low, Robert S. Sturgis, and Edward Cunningham were admitted for the two remaining years of 1849-51; E. A. Low's health obliged him to go home towards the close of 1850; R. B. Forbes left, April, 1851; and J. N. A. Griswold at the beginning of 1852. This left the business of the house in the hands of P. S. Forbes, R. S. Sturgis, and Edward Cunningham. In June, 1853, P. S. Forbes also left China, and from that time on, with the exception of occasional visits of a few months at a time from P. S. Forbes, and the stay in China, from 1861 to 1864, of Warren Delano, Jr., and of Daniel N. Spooner from 1852 to 1857, the old partners retired from the scene.

Freidrich Reiche, Geo. Griswold Gray, and R. W. Spooner became partners in 1856; Mr. Reiche retir-

ing in 1858, Mr. Gray in 1859, and Mr. Spooner in 1860. On January 1, 1858, Mr. N. M. Beckwith and Mr. Thos. Walsh entered, both retiring in December, 1860. Mr. W. S. Sloan was admitted in 1857, his interest ceasing in 1862, before which he died. Mr. C. W. Orne was admitted also in 1857, retiring in 1860. Mr. George Tyson and Mr. D. O. Clark entered in 1860, retiring in 1869, and Mr. H. S. Grew entered in 1860 and retired in 1866. Mr. Clark was for some years the agent of the house at Bangkok, Siam, where he was held in much regard by the second king and his ministers. Mr. W. Howell Forbes entered the house also in 1860, and still remains a partner. Mr. Frank B. Forbes first went to China as secretary to Mr. W. B. Reed, United States Minister in 1857, became a partner in 1863, and continued till 1882. Mr. R. S. Dana entered also in 1863, and retired in 1869. Mr. David King, Jr., 1866 to 1872; Mr. W. H. Foster, jr., 1867 to 1869; Mr. J. Murray Forbes, 1869 to 1871; Mr. E. D. Barbour, 1869 to 1870; Mr. H. H. Warden, 1870 to 1872; Mr. W. S. Fitz, 1870 to 1878; Mr. J. W. Pomeroy, Jr., 1871, and in 1877 became agent in New York; Mr. J. M. Forbes, Jr., 1871; Mr. E. W. Stevens, 1873 to 1876; Mr. F. D. Hitch, 1872; Mr. H. De Courcey Forbes, 1872; Mr. C. V. Smith, 1879.

CHAPTER V.

The Changes caused by Opening New Ports — The Japan Trade —
The Shanghai Steam Navigation Co.

WITH the extension of foreign trade to the northern ports the character of the business somewhat changed. It became more varied, and perhaps more extensive.

The period from 1851 to 1858 was probably the culminating point of the firm as a purely commission house. Its reputation had been built up and well established by a long succession of laborious, shrewd, but conservative partners, who nearly always left the house greater than they found it, and certainly with undiminished reputation. As the new ports were opened, it became in each one where it established itself the exchange bankers of the place, by virtue of the currency of its sterling bills in India. When the Oriental Bank placed its branch at Shanghai in 1851 or 1852, it was unable for a long time to compete with Russell & Co. in this business, though peculiarly its own, as the main support of all English banks in the East is the profit on exchanges. Russell & Co., however, were destined to lose it entirely by the natural course of events.

In 1853 the house had the peculiar honor of opening the port of Foochow as a shipping port for superior teas to England, though the place had been frequented by the English since the treaties of 1843-44. They, however, had only succeeded in

establishing an opium trade and some small dealings in piece goods and very common Bohea tea.

When the house entered upon this enterprise the English prophesied a total failure ; and the day before the arrival of the mail bringing news of the great success of the shipments, the English Consul at Shanghai, Mr. Alcock, who had lived several years at Foochow and opened the port, told the writer at a dinner-party that the teas could be no other than the old unmarketable Bohea, and he believed the cargoes would bring a total loss.

They proved, however, to be, as was of course known to the house, the same chops which the English merchants were accustomed to buy at Shanghai, and which had been bought in the country, conveyed to Foochow at 2 to 4 taels per pecul less cost of carriage, and arrived in London in better condition than any shipments of the year. The achievement was due to a Chinese employee of the house, who had been trained to foreign business by Mr. J. N. A. Griswold, and who was a man of remarkable quickness and sagacity.

During this prosperous period, however, causes were at work which greatly reduced the prosperity of the house as a purely commission firm. Individual expenses greatly increased, houses and social arrangements became more luxurious, and with the great increase of society attendant upon the advent of ladies at all the ports, social entertainments became more general and costly.

Many of its important constituents in the United States, men who, like Wm. Appleton in Boston and the Griswolds in New York, were the leading minds

in the China trade, died or retired from trade, giving place to new men who distributed their business. The English, also, whose return funds, resulting from the excess of their outward trade over their inward, formed the means which paid for the larger part of American purchases, began to see that they might as well send this surplus by way of shipments to America, as to take American bills for them.

They entered eagerly into shipments to New York, and, besides diverting business from the old houses, caused the whole trade to be overdone, and thus destroyed profit. The success of the Oriental Bank brought in new banks, and by 1858 and 1859 they had become so numerous that there was not sufficient business for them all, and exchange business was done at such a very small margin of profit that Russell & Co. lost it entirely, — a very serious loss.

In 1854 came the Taiping Rebellion, which, beginning in a southern province, spread northward, and finally, sweeping down the Yangtze valley, overthrew and destroyed Nanking, Loochow, and Hangchow, and occupied the country with which foreigners traded, and more or less frequented. A party of coast banditti, headed by the discharged horse-boy of an English resident of Shanghai, easily took that city by surprise, if an enterprise which every one talked of as possible for two or three months previously could be so designated.

These rascals infested the disreputable parts of the city, threatening to take it for the Taipings, and, finding no measures were adopted against them, finally took courage to organize and seize the public offices, gates, and walls of the town, and so depose the Imperial officials.

Samqua, the Governor, an old Hong merchant in the time of the Hong monopoly at Canton, escaped over the walls in disguise by help of two friendly foreigners, who lowered him down in a basket, and was brought to Russell & Co.'s hong as a place of refuge. He remained in their house as a guest for some time, and until he could place himself in safety among his own countrymen.

The Taipings would never acknowledge these robber volunteers, and after about three years of occupancy, during which they quite destroyed the city and murdered thousands of people in it and in the vicinity, the place was retaken by the Imperialists. All this misery and destruction of property could have been prevented by two men, Sir George Bonham and Mr. Humphrey Marshall, the one the English Superintendent of British trade, and the other of American trade, who had ample force at hand, and who were made fully acquainted with all the facts by the principal residents.

Mutual jealousy and personal dislike broke up the intention which had become so nearly an agreement that the papers were drawn up, approved, and only awaited signature. A more shameful and cowardly failure to use power for protection of innocent life, from personal reasons, probably never occurred. A bloody and disastrous episode, involving the destruction of life and property of about 100,000 people, would have been prevented by the slight responsibility of placing a guard of some fifty men at the two principal gates of the city.

During the siege of the city (in 1854) occurred the engagement between the Imperialists and foreigners

called locally the "Battle of Muddy Flats." It was brought on by the unreasonable haste and imperiousness of Mr. Alcock, the British consul, who, because of an affront or sham attack, made by Chinese soldiers on a small party of English walking on the race course, in revenge for some slight insult to the soldiers offered by another English party the day before, demanded the instant removal of the Imperialist camps from the vicinity of the course. He did not even give time for explanations, or the concessions he asked for, all of which it appeared afterwards would have been given, but induced the English and American commanders of the men-of-war in port to attack the camps, which were fortified with an embattled wall, at 10 the next forenoon. The Americans were very unskilfully placed by Captain Pope, of the "Vandalia," and though both forces took their respective forts, it was with considerable loss. The Americans lost seven, among whom was Captain Pearson, of the "Rose Standish," then visiting with his wife at Russell & Co.'s hong, while Mr. Geo. Griswold Gray, one of their partners, was shot through both legs by a gingall ball, and was obliged to lose one by amputation above the knee. Though the occasion was unfortunate, insomuch as no necessity existed and great injustice was done to the Chinese, it is pleasant to record that the American volunteers (as well as the English) acted with great spirit, and none more so than the clerks and captains of Russell & Co.

All the foreign residents were regularly drilled throughout this warlike period, and Russell & Co. maintained two twelve-pound howitzers, which were

served by their crews as rapidly as in the regular service.

There were other and more general changes during the ten years between 1850 and 1860, the chief one being the transfer of the larger part of foreign business from Canton to Shanghai, which, by 1860, and for some time previously, had become the principal port for foreign trade.

In 1857-59 the Japan trade was fairly opened, and the house, under Mr. Thos. Walsh's management, took a prominent part in developing it, and ultimately Mr. Walsh, after his retirement in 1861, established the house of Walsh, Hall, & Co., which continues to this day to be the leading American house in that country.

In 1861-62, came the suppression of the Taipings and the opening of the Yangtze to foreign navigation and trade by the English.

The English superintendent at that time was the admiral of their fleet, Sir James Hope, who—a most excellent and honest but narrow-minded man—entertained a strong prejudice against Americans, who, he averred, did nothing for the common good of foreign nations in China, yet always reaped the greatest advantage. Therefore, when he sent up an investigating party in one of his steamers, before the river was opened, to determine upon what ports to open, and what suburbs in each to take for foreign occupation, he allowed none but English to send representatives, and particularly and especially let it be known that Russell & Co. were excluded.

As the business to be done on the river was the carrying of merchandise by steamers, it was obvious

that it was of the greatest importance to secure the best river frontages for wharf accommodation, and there was a general smile in the community over Russell & Co.'s supposed discomfiture.

The result proved that the Chinese good will possessed by Russell & Co. was of more value than the good graces of the British commander, for, notwithstanding his precaution and the self-gratulations of his picked party, Russell & Co. came into possession of the best positions at all the points, and their success in this was a main element in giving them the field against their English rivals when the contest for the river business finally came. The fact *looks* as if he was right in his policy. But if he had treated all alike the Americans would have probably located themselves in the suburb he selected, whereas, being excluded, they planted themselves directly among the Chinese, and so were at once in the centre of business, and, as it so happened, on the deepest water likewise.

The opening of the Yangtze brought on a feverish activity in all pursuits connected with the navigation of the river. The rebel occupation of the outlet had caused a great accumulation of merchandise of various sorts at the interior river ports, and as it all commanded high prices on the coast, excessive rates of freight were paid to get it down. Twenty taels per ton of 40 feet, or £6 to £7 stg. were paid for a voyage of 600 miles in almost any steamer that would float. This brought a fleet of decrepit old hulks which at first filled the needs of the traffic, and in this "first fruits" of the river Russell & Co. had a good share, a large proportion.

Meantime the large houses, generally in conjunction with their Chinese constituents, sent orders to America and to England, their respective countries, for the building of suitable steamers. Russell & Co.'s were the first on the spot, and they organized a company, unincorporated and individually liable, with a capital of £1,000,000, with a share-list of foreigners and Chinese, called the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company. In about two years the river trade shrunk to its natural limits, and the number of steamers being by that time much greater than needed, freights fell very low and were scant at that.

One after another they or their owners came to grief. Some were lost, some were sold. Russell & Co. held the best wharf positions and commanded throughout the choice of the Chinese trade, having ✓ also a fair share of the foreign freightage, through their English shareholders. They held all they had and took in the slack as their rivals eased up. After four years of an existence between life and death, the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company came out first, bought the rival steamers of their various owners, and established a first-class line which flourished for seven to eight years, growing up to a capital of £2,200,000 and a fleet of eighteen steamers.

Throughout this period of steam prosperity the house flourished also, making up for the decay of general trade by local business brought in by the control of the steam company. Their income was as large as in their most prosperous years, and their houses or agencies extended to all the open ports of China. They had nine establishments.

But the Chinese government, in 1870 or 1871, in-

augurated a new policy as regarded foreign appliances in the carrying trade. It had been with great reluctance that they opened their rivers to foreign owned steamers, and only under the pressure of superior force. They determined to subsidize their own merchants and compete with foreigners after their own methods. This policy was so far successful that by 1874 it became apparent to the managers of the house and company that either they must make terms with their subsidized rivals or see their steam property gradually sink to nothing under their hands.

A sale of all the property of the company, as well as of the various river and coast estates which were connected with the business, was accordingly adroitly effected in the spring of 1877, on such satisfactory terms that the steam enterprise was thus completely wound up as a most successful speculation for all concerned.

The extensive connections of the house included Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co., Forbes, Forbes, & Co., London, and their branch, Forbes & Co., Bombay; the Rothschilds; Daniel Crommelin & Sons; Berenbergh, Gossler, & Co., and other well-known European houses; and in the United States Messrs. J. & T. H. Perkins & Sons; Bryant & Sturgis; W. Appleton & Co.; Robert G. Shaw and others, of Boston; and in New York, Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold; Howland & Aspinwall; Goodhue & Co.; Grinnell, Minturn, & Co., and other prominent merchants in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Salem, and New Bedford, besides the great house of Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy & Sons, and other Parsee houses in Bombay. With the exception of owning implements of trade in ships, the business was principally confined to commission, banking,

and insurance. In August, 1846, it had been found necessary to meet the demands of trade by establishing a branch at Shanghai (afterwards the head establishment), when Mr. W. P. Peirce was authorized to sign the name of the house. On the 1st of May, 1853, an agency was established at Foochow, under the charge of Mr. C. Worne, and in January, 1855, a branch was established at Hong Kong under charge of Mr. W. H. Foster, Jr. Branches or agencies were established at Tientsin, Ningpo, Hankow, Kintliang, Chinkian, between 1861 and 1864, and at Amoy at a later date.

In reviewing this long list of partners and the complicated relations between many interests and many nationalities, I cannot recall any acts of dishonesty on the part of the leading Chinese merchants, and I might cite several of great liberality.

On the occasion of a large fire at Canton, which destroyed much property and many lives, a second-class silk dealer named Teeshing had in his hands for dyeing several thousand pieces of crape; after the fire was got under control the poor fellow came to Mr. Cushing with a long face, lamenting his misfortunes. "Well," said Mr. Cushing, "howfashion speak and let me know the worst." Teeshing answered, "Ayah, my welly solly, my shop all gone; my pack-house all gone; my have lose eighty-five piece shawl." It appeared that he had turned his attention to saving the goods of his employer and was himself nearly ruined. Mr. Cushing never forgot this China street merchant.

For convenience of reference I add, in the Appendix, a condensed statement of the partners of Russell & Co.



CHAPTER VI.

Houqua, the Chief Hong Merchant, and some other Chinese Friends.

ANY sketch of the history of Russell & Co. would be incomplete without some brief account of the Hong merchants of Canton, and some recollections of their chief, Houqua, who was the life-long friend of Russell & Co.

Under the old system of trade, when the English East India Company were the most important traders with China, the system adopted by the Chinese government for their intercourse with foreigners was purely commercial. There was no direct communication with foreign governments, and while it continued to be for the interest of the East India Company to maintain their position as the representatives of Great Britain, all attempts at establishing direct diplomatic relations between Great Britain and China had naturally failed, and no other maritime nation had sufficient inducement to make any serious efforts to open this diplomatic embargo. The Chinese government, in their system of isolation and superiority to all foreign barbarians, interposed between themselves and the foreigners allowed to visit their only port, Canton, a body called the Hong merchants, who carried on not only all the foreign wholesale trade, but also were held responsible for the

collection of revenue and for the execution of all commercial regulations. All official communications between the Chinese and foreigners were thus in the hands of the Co-Hong.

In 1830 Houqua was and had long been not only the responsible head of the Co-Hong or, as he was called, the chief Hong merchant, but by his great wealth, intelligence, and position, he was universally recognized as their leader.

Partly from personal friendship with the leading American merchants, especially Mr. Cushing, and partly from the policy of allying himself with the enterprising Americans as an equipoise to the somewhat overbearing and pugnacious English East India Company, Houqua had long maintained the closest intercourse with the former.

Having to manage not only trade but politics with foreigners, a certain amount of acquaintance with foreign languages, and a knowledge of foreign political affairs, was required, making it almost a necessity that he should have the most confidential relations with some foreigner, for he did not read English nor write it beyond his signature. It resulted from this state of things that his foreign correspondence and his political negotiations were laid before some American friend, who read, explained, and, under his direction, answered all his letters. He himself carried on a considerable foreign trade, sometimes for the purpose of disposing of his surplus teas and silks, at other times as commercial adventures, when his foreign advices led him to expect a profit from such business.

He was a man of marked ability, and in any com-

munity would have been a leader. Shrewd in business, cautious and even timid in politics, firm and warm in his friendships, his character left its mark upon the history of Chinese commerce during the half century he was so eminently at its head.

One point in his habitual dealings will always be remembered by those who knew him. His word was his bond, and in many of his largest transactions was the only one which ever passed between the parties. He was wont to say that during the many years of his business with Perkins & Co., when very large transactions were constantly made, no writing ever passed, each entering their bargains in his own book, and that there had never been a single word of dispute or misunderstanding between them.

As a sample of his mode of dealing with other friends, it is related that an American merchant, after many years in China, with but indifferent success, was indebted to Houqua something like \$100,000, a large sum in those days. His health required a return home, but after paying his debt to Houqua he had not accumulated enough to retire upon. One day his China friend sent for him and in the most unpretending way said, "I hear you want to go back. I shall be sorry to lose you, but here are your notes cancelled, and I hope you will have good health and good luck in America."

While maintaining such relations with other Americans, Houqua's intimate connection was for many years with Perkins & Co. during Mr. Cushing's management of that house, and more lately under Mr. Thomas T. Forbes, who died in 1829.

When Mr. Cushing left China in 1830, Mr. John

M. Forbes was, at his recommendation, received by Houqua as his confidential agent and private secretary, and acted as such until he joined Russell & Co. in 1834, after which they, Russell & Co., succeeded to the agency, continuing to act during his life, and holding very close relations with his descendants and representatives up to the present time.

In 1834 the East India Company's trading privileges expired, and all English merchants were admitted to Canton (then the only open port) on an equal footing.

From that time until the English war the exclusive control of the Hong merchants over the foreign trade gradually was loosened, and when the foreign treaties were made, direct diplomatic relations with the foreigners were established, but the force of habit, or, as it was called there, "old custom," was so great that the Hong merchants as a body maintained a great influence, and especially the elder Houqua continued practically at the head of the Chinese community during his life.

Houqua's successors were, first, his second son (the eldest being dead, killed by lightning), and when he died, his third son.

The second son survived his father twenty years, during which time he acted constantly as the aid and adviser of the Imperial Commissioners for Foreign Affairs as long as they were stationed at Canton. He maintained the high reputation of his father among his countrymen, and the name of Houqua continued to be the synonyme of honor and fidelity. He died in 1863, and still the name is carried on unblemished, the present representative inheriting and displaying the same noble qualities.

With the change in foreign relations and foreign commerce, the Hong merchants gradually ceased to exist, even as private traders, and now for a long time the name of Houqua has not appeared in public affairs, though the family still possesses its old local influence and reputation.

While recalling these few traits of the great Hong merchant, which I hope to fortify by adding his portrait, I should like to put by his side Mr. Cushing's testimony to the general character of the Chinese traders, but can now, while confident that this good opinion was very widely held by him, only specify one whom he trusted implicitly.

I have heard him say emphatically that Cumwa was the most honest man that God had ever made, and that he would not hesitate to trust his life and his whole property in his hands.

I remember Cumwa well as a plain, unpretending shopkeeper, to whom Mr. Cushing was in the habit of giving orders for silks, and, contrary to the prevailing customs, accepting and shipping his cases without even an inspection.

I wish, too, I could add a good portrait of our sturdy head-coolie, Aqai, just as I remember him, — rice-fed, square built, stronger than any of the sailors who frequented his little room, and trustworthy as an English mastiff. We always left the door keys with him, and should have added those of our treasury if the custom had not been to leave them with our comprador, who was a capitalist, and under heavy bonds to back up his own responsibility.

Nor will the older survivors of those times forget our boatmen, the Head family, consisting of "old

Head" and his three brothers, "Assi" being the stutterer, Acock another, I forget the name of the fourth, and all of them being good at an oar or a fore-sheet; stanch pilots in the little waters around Canton, and just as honest and reliable as any Puritan who came over in the "Mayflower."

Without being so warm an admirer of the Chinese people as Mr. Cushing and many others who lived long among them, I cannot at this time of their proscription by the moral and religious hoodlums and politicians of the Pacific coast, hold back my testimony to the fact that, under judicious selection, it was as easy to choose the best commercial associates, friends, and servants among them as it would be among our own countrymen.



CHAPTER VII.

The Law of Homicide in China — Old and New Mobs — Augustine Heard — A Little Unpleasantness settled by the Pen.

As illustrations of the very different conditions of the foreigners in China before and after the opium war, I will try to give a sketch of two or three rows which occurred at different periods.

Before the war we had enforced upon us by traditions and experience the great danger of even accidental or justifiable homicide in a country where the maxim "A life for a life" was practically the law.

Some time between 1820 and 1830 an American sailor was given up to the Chinese for the careless, though unintentional, killing of a Chinese boat-woman; and in a still more notable instance the East India Company, with a fleet of armed ships at Whampoa, had ignominiously surrendered a gunner who in firing a salute had caused, with the wad of a cannon, the death of a Chinese subject. The tradition made the case even worse than I have stated it, namely, that the gunner had notified his officer that a Chinese boat was just in range but was imperiously directed to fire. I can hardly believe that even the East India Company, governed as it was by trading considerations, would have given up the gunner under such circumstances, but such was the current version of the affair in 1830.

Warned by such memories the foreigners never carried arms, and, unless in defence of their houses or vessels, never thought of using them.

The following incident I took part in.

Wishing to show Mr. Perit, of Philadelphia, a tea-plantation, we took him down the Macao passage, with a party of eight in two row-boats, and landing on the west side of the river proceeded a mile or two into the interior, when I and three others sat down on a hill while the rest went on to the plantation. We were soon alarmed by seeing a collection of very rough coolies surrounding us, armed with bamboos and brickbats. We had not even a walking-stick amongst us, and our only course was to stand firm and face them, and by gestures (for they spoke not even "broken Chinese") to try conciliation and make time until the rest of our party returned. This we in some measure succeeded in doing — under very threatening auspices — until in the distance we saw our advanced guard returning. This consisted of Mr. Heard, Sam. P. Sturgis, William Sullivan, Mr. Perit and his son, and was surrounded by a dense mob of dusky barbarians making all sorts of warlike demonstrations short of actual violence. When within about one hundred yards of us, however, the noisy truce ceased. It appeared afterwards that Samuel Sturgis's patience or prudence gave out when one of the rascals seized his cap, and he retorted with his fist, flooring his antagonist. This brought on a general *mêlée*, and our four friends were lost to sight under the dense mass of their almost naked assailants.

We ran towards them and were met by our friends,

who had partially extricated themselves but were in full retreat, Mr. Heard in the rear, struggling along with Sturgis's help, and streaming with blood from head to foot.

His desperate appearance probably saved the rest of us from anything but insult and a few bricks and blows, for the Chinamen knew that to kill a foreigner was a serious offence, and they had no intention of going so far.

Supporting Mr. Heard on each side, we managed to get back to our boats amid a shower of bricks and stones, and a storm of curses and threats, and were delighted to find that his injuries were not fatal, though the cut in the top of his head would have killed almost any other man. His body was almost completely covered with bruises, but they probably released him from their clutches when the savage blows prostrated him and threatened serious consequences. We learned afterwards that an English party visiting the plantation had given offence to the villagers, and they took the first opportunity to retaliate on the next party of "foreign devils," Fan-Qui, as we were all called who visited them.

We made our complaint, perhaps to the Hong merchants, but as we were wandering outside of our limits (the river and the foreign quarter) and as no fatal result had followed, we could not get our assailants punished.

One of our party assures me that to this day, and it is about fifty years, he recollects exactly the horrid faces of some of our enemies, and his regrets that we had ventured among them without fire-arms. It was fortunate, however, that in those days we were unarmed,

for we were surrounded by a whole village of perhaps 100 sturdy barbarians, and, if not overpowered, we should have been in great danger from the Chinese authorities had we committed a homicide in self-defence.

A strong contrast with this ignoble retreat of the American forces was Mr. Heard's next encounter with a Chinese mob *after the war*. It occurred nearly as follows, some nine years later, and shows how completely the old traditions in regard to the sacredness of human life had been forgotten.

In the first part of the Reminiscences will be found a statement of the mere fact that Mr. Augustine Heard went with me to China in the barque "Lintin," sailing on the 7th of July, 1830, and that I gave up the command to him a few weeks after sailing.

To forget him in connection with Russell & Co. would show a want of appreciation of untiring industry, activity, and courage, of which he was the very incarnation.

Among the many stirring incidents of his life, the few to which I may here refer will illustrate not only his character, but the condition of society in Canton before any foreign treaties existed.

In consequence of a quarrel between a Lascar sailor and a Chinaman a serious riot occurred in the year 1840. The sailor took refuge in the next front factory to that of Mr. Heard, and thence escaped by a back passage, but the infuriated mob attacked the house, and it was burned with those in the rear of it, as was also the factory on the other side of Mr. Heard's, thus leaving him and his clerks between two fires. He had, it was understood, some \$200,000 in his

safe, about half his own and the rest belonging to English parties, and with his accustomed decision he made his preparations to defend himself instead of retreating. He had with him four foreign clerks and two Chinese coolies, and for weapons four old-fashioned muzzle-loading (perhaps flint-lock) muskets.

A Canton mob contains the fiercest and worst elements of a city of half a million; hungry, desperate and cruel, perfectly indifferent to other lives and their own. Such a mob of perhaps 10,000 fiends filled the square in front of him, while he and his little band, barricading their doors, after cutting holes through which to fire, stood to their guns behind their frail barrier of half-burned brick and mortar. Never was a conflict more unequal. The mob, after cleaning out and firing the houses on each side, got large timbers, with which, as battering rams, they attacked the door. It was about 5 P. M. when the riot began, and Mr. Heard's task was not only to keep out the mob, but to keep down the fire on each side of him, in which last his Chinese coolies were efficient aids. The firing was done almost entirely by himself, and his amount of ammunition was so small that it was only by the utmost coolness and economy that he could hope to hold out until help came from the ships at Whampoa, or the mob got tired of attacking. Only those who knew him can imagine the quiet determination with which he held his post, firing, as he afterwards said, "not a shot which failed to kill," and often waiting to get two heads in line so as not to waste his lead. Once, when on the roof directing the coolies about using their water-pails, he was called down with the story that the mob had got in through

one of the small side rooms, and hurrying back he found one man already in and others swarming through the small window. Shooting the intruder, he drove the rest back with the butt of his gun and secured the window.

He continued thus fighting the mob and the fire from five o'clock until ten at night, when the fire became too hot to stay any longer, but was for the time sufficient to keep out even the hungry mob. He then ordered his coolies to light their lanterns, and proceeding into the narrow back street he notified the Chinese that if attacked he should fire, and with his four clerks, and almost last charge of ammunition, he marched down the street, then only about eight feet wide, until he reached Houqua hong, where he procured a boat and pulled down the river towards the ships, twelve miles distant. He soon met the ships' boats coming to the rescue, full of American sailors, among whom was Captain Land, celebrated for his piety, integrity, and courage. Putting himself at the head of the blue jackets armed with their pistols, boarding-pikes, and cutlasses, he landed in front of the factories, forced his way through the mob to the door of his hong, drove out the robbers who had only just begun to plunder his safe, and succeeded in saving about half the treasure stored there.

About half the treasure belonged to his own house, but everybody who knew Mr. Heard appreciates the certainty that his conduct would have been precisely the same had he been without a dollar's interest of his own in the property.

The Compton riot, so-called, which took place in

1846, is another evidence of the immense change in the status of foreigners after the war. It was caused by the trifling circumstance of the upsetting of a fruit-stand at the head of Old China Street. Mr. Compton, an elderly Englishman of an irascible turn of mind, was hustled at that point as he passed along, and pushed the offender on to the fruit-stand of an old woman, knocking it over. She made a great outcry, and a scuffle ensued, Mr. Compton and his companion thrashing some of the foremost of the crowd, which, however, rapidly increased, and, though other foreigners joined Compton, they were all soon driven within the factory gates. These were closed and the mob kept out of the yard and garden in front of the old factories, and in this position things could have remained until the arrival of the imperial soldiery, but for the circumstance that beyond the two China Streets were several hong's occupied by foreigners. The mob now completely held those streets, the square and street which joined their heads, and all the streets beyond. The lower end of both the China Streets were, however, closed by heavy gates and held by the city guard, a circumstance unknown to the foreign community.

I received my account from a young American, then a clerk in the factories, and I give it in his own words :—

“ We returned from rowing on the river, as usual, about 6 P. M., and before we reached the boathouse we heard the roar of the mob and learned immediately that they had occupied the China Streets and Mingqua's Square, and meant to sack the factories. We were all soon armed with the old-fashioned muskets, with bayonets, with which every hong was furnished, and mustered in the long paved yard, which ran in front of

the hongs, opening through a stout double gate, on Mingqua's Square at the head of China Street. The young clerks were delighted at seeing a Chinese riot at last, and were all eagerness to get into the square. I do not recollect who formed and led the little force of about forty, a column four wide in front, but remember our impatience to get the big doors open and be in front of the enemy before Dr. Peter Parker, who was bent on conciliation and saving life, could get out through the little side door. Though that had stuck through want of use, he succeeded first, and pushed bodily out into the face of the howling mob. Before he had got ten feet, however, we had the big gates open and went out in our turn. There was the doctor, deprecatingly waving his hand, palm outward, tilting forward on his toes as he walked, as was his custom when in a hurry, and behind we came, hurrying up to save him if we could from the rough reception he would certainly have had if he reached them first. It was a sight to be remembered. They had lit a big bonfire for light and it shone on a great multitude of ferocious faces as they slowly fell back, yelling at the top of their voices and discharging volleys of brickbats and stones. These rattled on our muskets and bruised our shoulders without doing much damage, completely passing over the head of Dr. Parker, owing to the haste he made. Within fifty feet after leaving the gate we broke into a run, trying to catch the doctor. The Chinese gave way at once and fled through every avenue. I was one of the front rank, and we were soon side by side with the valiant doctor, who by this time, what with the yells and the brickbats, was as much excited as we youngsters. Their numbers impeded the escape of the flying Chinamen and we pressed them hard, the doctor thrashing them with his cane and routing them out from under the fruit stands, where some had thrown themselves in their fright. Some of my companions were not so tender as he and probed the poor devils with their bayonets, quite an unnecessary suggestion to be off, as they were already hot foot for the back streets. Some turned down the two China Streets, some kept on to the small street that turned by Danish Hong towards the river, beyond all the foreign houses and factories.

"As I have before mentioned, the gates at the bottom of the two China streets were shut and held by the city police, and the portion of the mob that entered them found

themselves in a *cul de sac*. We foreigners occupied the square at the head, and the narrow street beyond, which led to the water street I have mentioned. Watches were organized for the night and guards stationed at all vulnerable points. The Chinamen in the China Streets, frantic at finding themselves shut in, made several stout attempts to force their way out on our side, but were driven back by shots and several killed, and were ultimately taken by the police, when we were relieved by the arrival of the soldiers towards morning. I was stationed at the head of the little water street with one other for three hours, and at that point all the casualties on our side occurred. Very soon after our watch was set my companion was called off to some other point and I was left alone, a party of English, however, in sight at the head of New China Street about two hundred feet off. It seemed to me, however, they paid very little attention to my needs, being much taken up with their little preserve of Chinamen, cooped up in that narrow quarter. I stood under shelter of a projecting porch, the mob about one hundred feet from me, in a cross street that ran towards Shameen, and therefrom out of sight. I soon found that the critical moments were when the volleys of brickbats ceased. Then the mob tried a rush up the water street, whereupon I stepped out into the clear moonlight, which shone on the polished barrel of my level musket, and back they went into their sheltering cross streets. I went back, too, into my porch and so avoided the missiles which immediately followed. In a little while it was all done over again, nobody hurt on either side — but hoarse throats no doubt down the lane, and a fast increasing pile of *débris* in front of my station. After a while a party of Parsees appeared on the scene, and, anxious to show their unquestionable courage and to clear the street at a blow, they burst round the corner opposite me, into the fair way of the brickbats, firing their pieces as they came round. The three or four in front were immediately knocked over, and it might have been a bad case, but there were enough to charge down the street and force the mob back for the moment.

“One Parsee had his leg broken, and the rest retired, carrying him away and rather crestfallen, leaving me still at my lonely post, which I was beginning to dislike very much, for the programme of alternate rushes and volleys continued as before. Presently another wild attempt at destruction

was made by a crack-brained young German, armed with a repeating rifle, who came upon the run, rounded the corner, as the Parsees had done, discharged his first shot, and went over on his back in the twinkling of an eye. The mob gave a yell and a rush, and I stepped out again, straddling the prostrate German, and before the deadly looking barrel they ran back as fast as they came. I was obliged, however, to stop in the gangway to protect him, and as the volleys began again I was then hit, as were two or three others who hurried up to assist. But we got him out quite senseless, without any serious bruises ourselves. He was struck in the forehead, and, being bareheaded, received so severe a blow that it was followed by brain fever, and I believe he never fully recovered his health. These were the only accidents on the foreign side. I was at last relieved, not having fired my musket the whole night.

"Towards morning the Imperial soldiery arrived and order was restored. The authorities demanded that Mr. Compton, as the author of the riot, should be tried and punished, but nothing ever came of it, except that he was always a marked man among the Southern Chinese, as a bad character according to their standard.

"I knew him well for many years, and he was irreproachable except for his troublesome temper and his want of respect for Chinese rights. The hero of the riot was undoubtedly the good old doctor, who, though as mild as a lamb, always had the courage of a lion. A Chinese mob has at hand an inexhaustible supply of brick-bats from the walls of the houses. They are built with a framework of wood, which supports the roof, and filled in with brick, one thickness, and these are easily broken out."

CHAPTER VIII.

Absence of Law and Lawyers in Old Canton — The Code — Mr.
George Perkins's Death.

IN old Canton, as we may call all the foreign location in China before the opium war and its resulting treaties, the position of the foreigner was peculiar. They were practically subject to no law for the collection of debts, nor for the punishment of any offences except those resulting in the loss of life, and they were with that one exception entirely without recourse against the Chinese. No general inferences can be drawn as to the effect of such a state of society upon a large community, but with our small one it worked admirably well. No credit was given except upon character and ability to respond, and very few bad debts or breaches of trust occurred. Neither the code of honor, so called, nor personal violence was often resorted to. Some of the very few instances of such recourse which can be remembered by the existing generation rather serve as exceptions to prove the rule that these relics of barbarism were unnecessary even in a community where no other law prevailed.

A few men still live who will recollect one notable representative of the ancient border chivalry and will recognize the sketch we give of him. Imagine a man of some sixty years, gaunt, erect, dignified and courteous in manner, and quick and fierce in wrath,

who might have sat for the portrait of Walter Scott's Lodovic Lesley, called *Le Balafré*, in "*Quentin Durward*." Like Lodovic our friend was disfigured by a ghastly scar across the face, which was usually of a fiery red, but when in anger turned almost white. How the scar was received no one knew, but tradition passed current of duel, resisting mutiny, and even smuggling, the latter growing out of the Laird's (as he was called) well-known connection with the opium trade, then in full practice, but carried on upon very peaceful principles. Whatever his history, he was the last of the fire-eaters remembered in Chinese waters.

The feud between English and Scotchmen was in those times pretty marked, and one well-supported story was believed that the Laird, taking offence at something said or done by one of his neighbors, an English merchant, had entered his house and horse-whipped him at the head of his own table, surrounded by his guests and servants. However true this may be, the only "affair" which he had with one of our own countrymen left no scars and few laurels, a result perhaps as much due to our friend Augustine Heard's firmness as to any change of heart on the part of the Laird. One of the surviving partners of Russell & Co., then a clerk, gives the occurrence as follows:—

"While taking my siesta one afternoon on the veranda of my chamber, I was startled into sudden wakefulness by the snapping of a pistol, I think a flint lock, but am not sure, it having occurred forty-five years since. The sound came from Mr. Heard's room, and I was on such terms with him that without hesitation I ran in to see what was up. I found him oiling and putting to rights a case of old duelling-pistols, and being familiar with firearms was a welcome helper in the

task when my nerves had recovered the first shock of hearing that deadly click.

"I found that a young American editor had given offence to the Scotchman who edited the only other foreign sheet, and, being called upon by the Laird in a somewhat arbitrary manner to apologize, had sought Mr. Heard's advice and aid. Though occupied with the loading of a dozen or more ships, and but slightly acquainted with young Wood, Mr. Heard was not the man to resist such an appeal.

"My first thought was of the sanguinary reputation of the Laird, and my fear that Mr. Heard's unbending firmness might draw him into a quarrel with this formidable adversary, but there was no avoiding the issue, and Mr. Heard met it with his usual directness. The Laird demanded an unconditional apology, apparently with every expectation that it would be given. Mr. Heard, in his quiet way, avoiding all discussion, simply said, 'W. is the challenged party and I have come to arrange a meeting with pistols to-morrow morning at five, at a convenient place on the bank of the Macao passage.'

"'But my dear sir,' said the stately Laird, 'how can you and I answer to our God for risking the lives of these young men and breaking the Chinese laws against homicide?' 'Oh,' said Mr. Heard, 'that is your affair in demanding such an apology; life is not a very important matter, and my friend is quite ready to run his risk if you insist upon it, and as for the Chinese laws you and I are breaking them every day. We have no other answer to make, but shall expect you at five A. M. ;' and so he had left Le Balafre, and had told young W. to get his affairs in order and take a good night's sleep while he himself made the other preparations. These were soon completed, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, the long, bitter hours of suspense which followed, until a long and highfalutin letter from the Laird announced that he could not risk breaking the Chinese laws, and that he and his friend should embark in a sail-boat, perhaps the old schooner 'Union,' and await their opponents at Lintin Island, some sixty miles distant on the coast.

"Mr. Heard replied that they might go to Manilla or to Ballyhack if they chose, but that he could not leave his business to follow them, and there the matter ended — with a flourish of high-sounding words on the Laird's part and a publication of the correspondence in both newspapers, Mr. Heard's share requiring very small outlay of type."

This little difficulty pretty much dissipated the terror of the Scotch gentleman's prestige and was the last affair of honor which disturbed the little Canton community for a long time.

Among the incidents in the history of the House, the tragical death of Mr. George Perkins deserves mention.

Mr. Perkins was eccentric in his disposition, liking solitude, and especially averse to the "busy haunts of men." When living in Canton he confined himself to the Hong to such an extent that at one time he could say that he had not been outside the gates for two years. When he left the house he retired to Macao, where he could well indulge his passion for solitude and reading, carrying on his business, in which he continued to be engaged, by letter. Having occasion to visit the United States, he returned *viâ* San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, sailing from the Islands in March, 1854, in the Hamburg barque "Concordia," for Hong Kong.

When in Green Island passage, ten or fifteen miles from Hong Kong, a Chinese boat being within hail, he bargained to be carried over to Macao, partly because of a dislike to Hong Kong, and partly to show his indifference to the supposed danger of falling in with Chinese pirates, which risk at that time had put an end to European travel by Chinese fast-boats. He had no money nor valuables, but took his trunks.

Not arriving at Macao, great search was made for the boat and crew, which were discovered, and the crew brought to trial in Hong Kong. It consisted of the captain, who had his wife with him, and two or three Chinese boys. One of these turned Queen's

evidence, and it appeared that he was murdered the same afternoon, while asleep, his throat being cut as he lay upon his back. A few small articles were found, but no trace of his remains, or of the trunks, which were naturally destroyed. I believe the murderers were condemned and executed.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Atahualpa"—Chinese and Other Pirates and Slavers —
The Sand Heads—A Dangerous Doctor.

AMID the monotony of this dull commercial record, it may not be amiss to introduce the story of the famous escape of the "Atahualpa," even though sadly shorn of the interest given it when heard from the lips of Capt. William Sturgis, the hero of it.

Early in this century Mr. Theodore Lyman, the grandfather of the present Col. Lyman, then a large shipowner, fitted out for China the little ship "Atahualpa," giving the command of her to young Captain William Sturgis.

She had been engaged in the North-west coast trade with the Indians, and had her half-poop and top-gallant forecastle decks pierced for musketry, besides carrying four six-pounders. There being no more peaceful service in those days than the China trade, Mr. Lyman directed the cannon to be left ashore as useless lumber, but his young captain, ambitious to have something like an armed ship under him, luckily managed to carry them along. It is said, but hardly credible, that his stern, old-fashioned owner subsequently reprimanded him, notwithstanding the result, for his breach of orders, and made him pay freight on the guns. If he did, those who knew the sterling qualities of the owner will be

sure that it was done as a lesson to a young commander to obey orders if he broke owners, and that the fine was amply made up in some other shape.

Young James Perkins Sturgis, well known to us of that generation as "Uncle Jim," was a passenger, and also Mr. Bumstead, who had lost a brother by Indians or pirates, and whose natural nervousness, it will be seen, was one means of saving the ship. The chief mate was Daniel C. Bacon, then a young man, but since well known as a successful merchant and ship-owner—and especially standing out in men's memories as an example of all that is manly, brave, and reliable.

In those days, without either steam or telegraph, dates from China were usually from four to six months old when a ship left port, and of course about double that age when she reached her destination, and in the interval between Capt. Sturgis sailing and arriving in Macao Roads a powerful fleet of Chinese pirates had taken entire possession of the approaches to Canton, so that no unarmed vessel attempted to enter; and in one case a British gun-brig, losing her masts in a typhoon and looking very helpless, was attacked by them. The story goes that, seeing the cut-throats approaching at night, the Captain, like "Brer Rabbit" in the fable, "laid low," kept his ports closed, his battle-lanterns dark, with his crew at quarters and his guns double shotted, while a couple of large pirate junks dropped down upon him with the tide, held together by a cable, intended to take his bows and bring them with their horde of wasps right alongside; their programme was carried out, and when they got under his guns

the signal was given, ports and lanterns run up, and the scoundrels sank without mercy.

To such enemies the unsuspecting "Atahualpa" came near surrendering without a shot. She anchored far outside of Macao in a calm, and sent her first mate, Daniel C. Bacon, with four of her little crew, ashore for a pilot.

The stillness was soon interrupted by Mr. Bumstead's calling the Captain's attention to a fleet of junks in line of battle floating down upon them in a threatening manner.

Capt. Sturgis laughed at his fears of the peaceful fishermen, but, to satisfy him, ordered a gun loaded and a shot thrown across the bow of the leading junk, "just to show how soon it will bring them about on the other tack." The shot splashed under the bows, but they kept straight on — then it was a race for life. The cable was slipped, and all hands, passengers included, sent to loose the foretopsail, and get her head towards shore before a light easterly breeze which was springing up. There had not been a second to lose, for the leading pirate, swarming with savages, was coming down on her quarter and trying with long poles and the well-remembered pilot's hook to catch the end of her spanker-boom, and, under a sharp fire of musketry, barely fell short.

With the four little cannon loaded, she now kept the enemy from coming alongside, but they pursued with fearful yells, firing jingalls and fire-balls upon her deck, and not deterred by the slaughter which was made by the determined captain and crew, who fired constantly into their crowded decks without their flinching in the least. The cruelty of the

Chinese pirates was well known, and Captain Sturgis had a barrel of powder ready, with which he told his crew he would blow them all up if the pirates once got possession of the ship—but meantime he made every preparation for keeping them out, having the cabin and forecastle defensible through its loopholes in case they reached the decks.

While the fight was going on Daniel Bacon had reached the shore, and, asking for a pilot, was told the full state of things, and that his vessel no longer had any chance of escape. Without waiting a moment, and almost by force, he tore himself away from the guard, who, considering his case hopeless, tried to detain him, and, pushing his men into the boat, pulled off to the ship in the midst of the action, and took his part in the defence. A British frigate was lying in the Typa, but without wind could not move to the rescue. Her boats were armed and manned, and the Macao Forts began also to throw their shot among the pirates, and finally the “Atahualpa” drifted into the harbor, and, having no anchor available, was run ashore under the guns of the forts.

It is related that Uncle “Jem Sturgis” had been a victim to sea-sickness jaundice the whole voyage, and was as yellow as a sunflower all the way but, but the excitement of the fight completely cured him. The Chinamen had for the second time caught a Tartar, the destruction on their crowded decks being enormous, for the small arms were constantly plied at short pistol-shot by desperate men. No one who remembers Capt. Sturgis’s shaggy eyebrows and determined face will doubt that he did not throw away an ounce of lead, and that he was perfectly capable

of carrying into effect his promise of blowing up the ship as a last resort against the well-known cruelty of the pirates in case of capture.

So far I have given the bald facts, taken directly from the narrative of the chief actor in it.

While on the subject of piracy it may be worth while to preserve the tradition of what many believed to have occurred under the direction of my old friend Captain Augustine Heard, but for the truth of which I cannot vouch.

He commanded the fine ship "Emerald," one of a line composed of the "Emerald," the "Amethyst," and the "Topaz," built for Boston and Liverpool packets, but sold for the East India trade when larger ships became necessary in the Atlantic.

The "Topaz" was taken by pirates on the voyage home, and was burned; which had led to the partial armament of East India ships, and to great preparations for defence when approaching the slave-trading latitudes.

The "Emerald" was a splendid ship for those days, and under Mr. Heard's command, with her tall spars, her painted ports, and her well-trimmed sails, might well have passed for a ship of war.

On one of her outward voyages, as she was running down the trade-winds with all her weather studding-sails set, a suspicious sail was reported, which soon brought all the eyes and all the spyglasses to bear. She was soon made out to be a schooner, which approached with wonderful rapidity, but kept a long distance from the warlike-looking "Emerald" until she had sailed completely round her and proved her ability to escape in case of need.

The "Emerald's" crew were kept carefully out of sight after loading her guns, and she proceeded steadily on her way, taking no notice of her suspicious neighbor; until at last the pirate, taking courage, ran past her to leeward and hove to, after firing a shot from her long gun as a signal to the ship to surrender. Captain Heard hoisted his ensign, placed his crew at the weather braces, and to all appearances prepared to run down and obey, for it was clear that he could neither escape nor, with his small guns, contend against such an adversary. The strong northeast trade-wind was pushing his ship along at racing speed, and one chance remained. Just as he approached the venomous reptile, which lay almost in his path, crowded with a fierce horde of ruffians, Capt. Heard quietly gave the order to put the helm hard up and round in the weather braces, and the good ship, turning like an eagle, instead of passing to leeward as was expected, came thundering down upon the broadside of the pirate, and crushed through her as if she had been made of wickerwork, —

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel,
Through the dark water!”

And with a wild howl of dismay the wretches went down among their kindred sharks; the "Emerald" passed on, resuming her course, without injury to herself. and without mercy for the scoundrels who were lying in wait for her.

I confess that I tried in vain to get any confirmation from Capt. Heard of this veracious legend, beyond the admission that he had once been dodged by a long, low, piratical-looking schooner, who, after sailing round him several hours, had concluded to let him alone.

He arrived off the Sand Heads in the hurricane season, and, after losing his best bower, was making sail to beat off shore, when he luckily saw one of the pilot brigs, which in those days cruised off the port to supply pilots in those dangerous waters. The pilot swung himself on board at the risk of his life, and the moment he touched the deck, after casting an approving eye to the straining canvas, asked sharply, "Where is your bower anchor?" "Lost yesterday; we have only the small bower left." "How much water do you draw?" "Nineteen feet when on an even keel." (She was then lying over almost with her lee rail in the water.) "Well," replied the pilot, "we shall all be in hell before to-morrow morning; there is only eighteen feet on the bar, and no ship that was ever launched could claw off with this wind and sea—but," he hissed into the Captain's ear, "there is one chance; send all the men you can spare aloft, and shake a reef out of your topsails." The ship was already carrying more than she could bear safely, but Captain Heard saw the point and was up to the occasion. They who have seen Augustine Heard in times of danger, and they alone, can conceive of the stillness which came over him when the crisis was at hand, the greater the risk the more quiet and unmoved he seemed. His dark eye never wavered for a moment,

and his voice, always low, sank to a hoarse whisper as he softly gave the order to his astonished mate to make more sail. The reefs were shaken out, the good ship laid almost on her beam ends, thus drawing a few inches less water than when upright, and with a thump or two she dragged through the sand bar, and was soon anchored in the smooth waters of the Hooghly.

When hard pushed to give some of his experiences with pirates or slavers, the best we could ever extract from Captain Heard was the story of his passage along the coast of Brazil in a slaver during our last war with Great Britain.

Having made an outport of Brazil, with little chance of getting safely home through the line of English cruisers, he had sold his ship and cargo and waited a long time in vain for a chance to reach Boston. At last an African slaver with a full living cargo put in for water, and Captain Heard, in despair of anything better, put on his shabbiest clothes and, in the guise of a shipwrecked mariner, went on board and drove the hardest possible bargain for his passage to the nearest considerable seaport. Taking what good bills on London he could buy, he was still obliged to carry with him a large sum in gold, and his hardihood and ingenuity were put to a severe test in getting his heavy sea chest hoisted up and lifted with his own hands to a bunk in the corner of the quarter-deck where he slept upon it.

His courage and stoicism were tried to their utmost by the sights and sounds which haunted him from the cargo of living and dying wretches around him ; but this at last came to an end, and he told with

much glee how, when he had his heavy trunk safely deposited in the office of the American consul at Rio Janeiro, he called the captain of the slaver in to pay his scanty passage-money and, throwing the chest open, displayed its contents and paid the few coins, out of its abundance, which he had bargained for. The man's eyes opened wide, for, as Captain Heard well knew when he embarked, a hundredth part of the contents would have tempted the scoundrel to cut his throat and throw him overboard.

With one reminiscence of another of our passengers in the "Lintin" I must close this disjointed chat about scenes long past, and perhaps of little interest to any but the actors in them. Doctor Jennison was the kindest-hearted of men unless he had his rifle or his pill-box in his hand, and then the instincts of his profession made him for the moment dangerous.

When we arrived at the Straits of Sunda, after our long voyage, we were delighted by the sight of native boats pulling off to us almost out of sight of land, full of live-stock and fruits, which were sold for the smallest possible sums of hard cash, the sailors taking the liveliest part in the traffic, laying in large stores of cholera morbus in the shape of half ripe oranges, and of fun and mischief in the way of parrots and monkeys. The natives, warned by experience, would only deliver their cargo after receiving pay in advance, and in one case a tawny, naked savage managed to get his dollar in hand and to begin paddling off without delivering its equivalent. Loud was the outcry of the jolly tar at this treachery, which reached the good doctor in his cabin and brought him instantly on deck, with his long rifle bearing upon the

unfortunate Malay, still within one hundred yards, but fast scudding out of reach. "I can take him, Captain, sure, between the shoulders," said the eager doctor. "I have got a bead upon the black rascal; please let me pull." But Captain Heard was obdurate, and the disappointed doctor was mournfully turned back to his more appropriate weapons, the pill-box and lancet.

Augustine Heard sleeps among the pilgrims in the graveyard at Ipswich; Jennison among the wilds of Mexico, where he died after acquiring a modest competency, — but in some memories they still live models of courage, truth, and honesty.

CHAPTER X.

Conclusion — Two Letters written about seventy years apart.

I SHALL now conclude these disjointed reminiscences with a couple of letters, the first, I suppose, written by my good father, Ralph Bennet Forbes, in 1813, and the second by my brother, who has been spending the winter on my old cruising ground, Southern California, which will serve in some measure to connect the two epochs which these reminiscences cover.

As we brothers took part in one of the latest engagements with a British privateer, I subjoin an old letter, probably written by my father, giving an account of the battle between the little schooner "Orders in Council" and her opponents.

This occurrence, during the rebellion, served as an answer to an English M. P., who asserted that during this century England had not resorted to the use of privateers; "but," said my brother, "I myself took part in an engagement with two Guernsey privateers during the war of 1812." He did not mention that he was then just three months old, but the fact was unquestionable and passed current.

Extract from a Passenger in the Schooner "Orders in Council."

CORUNNA, June 4, 1813.

The fortune of war has thrown us on shore here. We left Bordeaux River in company with the armed schooners "Whig" and "Thistle" on the evening of 27th of May, with a fair wind, in the schooner "Orders in Council," Captain Josiah Ingersol, armed with six carriage guns and a crew of twenty-two effective men and boys all told. Captain ——— offered to keep company with the other vessels for mutual defence, and actually exchanged signals with Captain Crowell, of the "Thistle;" as soon as he got under way from Royan stood up the river and made a signal to speak them, but after waiting nearly an hour without being answered or any attempt to comply, put to sea; at ten o'clock Friday morning discovered two sails in chase, and at eleven saw the "Whig" and "Thistle" to leeward; stood for them under a press of sail and made the signal; no answer; the chasing vessels were perceived to be cutters.

SATURDAY MORNING, 29TH. — Notwithstanding our course had been frequently altered during the night, the enemy still in pursuit, the breeze leaving us fast; at two o'clock quite calm; the headmost cutter sweeping up with us fast; at three was within gun-shot. Captain Ingersol called his little crew aft, hoisted his colors, gave three cheers and a gun; after a sharp engagement, within musket-shot, of one hour and twenty-two minutes, the enemy hauled off to repair his damages, the other cutter coming up to his assistance; light airs; continued our course, having our sails much cut to pieces; a nine-pound shot lodged in our mainmast; main stay and main shrouds cut away.

SUNDAY, 30TH. — Enemy still in chase; at two lost sight of one of them; a large schooner to leeward, close to the wind; stood toward her, until by a masterly manœuvre of Captain Ingersol she was brought into our wake; Cape Pinas in sight; at four squared away with all canvas out.

MONDAY, 31ST. — To our great astonishment the enemy still in chase; the schooner close on board at eight; she began a running fire, several shot falling over our quarter; our stern chase would not bear; hoisted our colors and prepared for action; the schooner sweeping up fast; took a

breeze at ten ; gained on the enemy ; cutter out of sight ; eleven P. M. carried away both jib booms, which had nearly brought him alongside before we could repair.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1ST. — Enemy still in chase ; at twelve descried the cutter, bringing a fresh breeze ; crowded sail ; at one saw a frigate to windward bearing down ; schooner on the lee quarter ; cutter astern ; the whole in full chase ; while endeavoring to get the frigate in our wake so as to keep more away ; at the very moment when this object was nearly accomplished, she keeping up a brisk fire from her bow chasers, carried away our square-sail and studding-sail booms ; this misfortune could not, from the freshness of the breeze, be repaired, and the last effort was made to escape by crossing the frigate's bows and receiving her fire. She, however, came up too fast, and her grape-shot falling on board, at about three o'clock most reluctantly struck our colors to the British frigate "Surveillante," Captain Sir George Collier. The schooner and cutter at same time close alongside. Thus, after a most anxious chase of five days, during which the captain and crew were almost without rest and nearly exhausted, we fell into the hands of a respectable enemy, rejoiced at having escaped the buccaneers, which proved to be the cutter "Wellington," of Plymouth, of twelve nine-pounders, fifty-four men, and the "Rebecca," schooner, of eighteen carriage guns and eighty men. The cutter, one man killed, two wounded. Several shot in her hull, leaky, and so much injured in her rigging and sails as to be compelled to return to port, making four feet water in an hour. Too much praise cannot be allotted to Captain Ingersol and his brave crew for their spirit and perseverance in the rencounter. They fully proved that "more could be done had more been required."

*A Letter from Santa Barbara, indicating some of the Changes
of the Last Fifty Years.*

MONTECITO, SANTA BARBARA, March 10, 1882.

Reading over your book and Dana's, one cannot help being struck by the contrasts which commerce, steam, and electricity have worked in the last half century.

When our brother Tom was lost on that fatal 9th of August, 1829, the story dragged its weary way around the Cape

and only reached us in the following February, something over six months, while to-day our dates from China in the morning reach us in season for the afternoon papers, and letters or passengers go and return easily in less than ninety days. My enterprising friend Colonel H., who numbers his acres by the hundreds of thousands, and who now takes a week to reach us from the Atlantic, in the comfortable sleeping-car, was, only twenty years ago, driving his flock of sheep across the plains, taking more than a year for the journey from Ohio, fighting the Indians by day and sleeping on the bare ground by night. While the little "Nile" and "Pilgrim" and "Don Quixote" then sufficed to keep up the communication with China you find now a magnificent line of steamers to and from San Francisco. And the strange warning comes from Mr. Coleman, an eminent merchant of mature years, and still outside of the insane asylums, that unless we break our treaty with China there is grave danger of our any day seeing two millions of ferocious Mongolian soldiers landed here and taking forcible possession, first of the Pacific coast, and in due time of Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, overturning our civilization, our government, our religion, and redressing even our hair, and other grievances, and he puts his case with such unblushing seriousness, and so fortifies it with pretended statistics, that men who ought to have outgrown Gulliver's Travels and Baron Munchausen, and even Congressmen, actually read and seem to accept in earnest his stupid exaggerations.

While, however, some things have wonderfully changed in this quiet nook, others seem to stand stock still, and may continue to do so for another half century, unless a railroad or competing line of steamers breaks the present embargo upon industry and brings this part of the coast into nearer communication with the rest of the world, for so complete is the "protection to American ship builders" that it costs more to get anything carried between here and San Francisco (less than 300 miles) than it does between Boston to Liverpool.

When stock were dying of starvation here last fall, and men were getting hungry, hay went from its minimum of six dollars a ton to twenty-seven dollars, the freight and wharfage costing eight dollars a ton, and other coarse staples in a like proportion.

With 700,000 immigrants pouring into the country, and

two new transcontinental railroads, approaching completion this state of things cannot last forever, but whether the change will come in one year or twenty depends upon accident or perhaps upon the caprice of some railroad magnate or syndicate.

Leaving these questions of political economy, and these dreams of the future, let me take you once more over some of the former ground with which you were so familiar sixty years ago.

Imagine then the same beautiful beach where you and Dana landed through the surf, but at your old landing-place a long pile pier stretching out nearly to the line of kelp which still stands, as I suppose it did then, a sort of breakwater taking off the combing heads of the seas. At this pier Captain Johnson, of the good old "Orizaba" steamer, tells me he has landed year in and year out for many years without once missing or having to go by for the storms which made the "Pilgrim" and "Nile" slip and run over to the islands. These last still stand beautiful and bold, one day dimly seen like clouds, the next coming close in to the main like Martha's Vineyard seen from Naushon. No doubt they acted just so when you were here, going and coming like ghosts with the changes of the atmosphere. For sails on the horizon, we have hardly more than you had, but every two or three days the whistle of the steamer breaks the monotony of the lazy Pacific. While, however, the sea line remains so nearly the same, a modern town has grown up between it and the old Mission with about five thousand inhabitants, having a large proportion of first-class Eastern people among them. A horse-railroad runs up from near the head of the pier for a mile or more back through hotels and business buildings worthy of Newport or Stonington. Instead of waiting a year for the answers to letters it takes just fifteen days by mail or an hour by telegraph to get your business done.

The old Mission looks just as it did, I suppose, except that the China Street saints you brought have become works of the old masters, but modern-looking villas have encroached sadly on the intervening space, many of them tasteful, and surrounded by date palms, acacias, evergreens, and flowering shrubs, some of them really beautiful in architecture and ornament—the whole space laid out in wide streets and public squares, nicely planted—churches, college,

club-rooms, and all the appliances of civilization and comfort, including telephones in some few places. But right in the midst of New England ways and people you see the old California element so strangely mixed up, the old presidio of adobe and some substantial private houses of the same material, while by a queer chance our good friends George and Fanny have just bought a little ranch in the cañon behind and above the Mission, where they find in the present temporary occupants the beautiful bridesmaid at the wedding Dana attended fifty years ago, still holding a high social position, though doubtless old Father Time has made many personal changes. While you would find so much change here, you would still see the same pictures in the Mission church of saints and crucifixions, the same priests so far as manners and looks go, the same beggars on the church steps, the burying-ground, the library, the tapers burning just now as then, and when you go down the regular descent to the beach you will be overtaken by the same Mexican Bronco ponies, with apparently the same riders in demi-pique saddles, with long trappings to their stirrups, the same cruel bits, and the same headlong gallop of broad-hatted rancheros, while underneath is the same sharp, cowardly knife, and sometimes the revolver no doubt, the same grim black beard and looks and sharp eyes, the same brown hand grasping the horse-hair or hide lariat. The exception to the rush of galloping ponies will be the old ranchero at a creeping walk, his pony loaded with all sorts of things tied on by leather thongs, to buy and sell, sometimes the wife or son behind, and very often a led pony with packs. The two civilizations do not, so far as we can see, mingle much, the Spaniard or Californian remaining stationary, while the Chinaman, always working cheaply and well, forms a connecting link between them without in the least intermixing except as the most useful of household machines.

Except with the Chinese, however, the climate, and the ease with which every one can get a bare living in ordinary years, make the same marked feature you must have found. Nobody is punctual, everybody thinks to-morrow as good as to-day for doing anything, and next week better than this unless for a gallop, bath, or drink.

To descend from generals to particulars, and give you an idea of what the modern sojourner finds here in his search for health and climate, I shall take you three miles out of

town to the eastward and give you a picture of modern country life in Montecito, where you never penetrated, unless with your pony and gun after game. Riding east along the beach you still have the inlet of brackish water and salt marsh on your left (or north hand) still filled nights and early mornings with mud hens, cranes, teal, and some good ducks; you come to a bluff which is only passable seaward at half tide; leaving it on the right you climb a succession of easy slopes crowned with live-oaks and looking west upon the city until you reach the Montecito Valley, which stretches along northeast some three miles filled with vineyards, orange trees, and other plantations of fruit, ornamental, and useful trees. Still climbing gradually towards the northeast you reach Mount St. George, a little knoll about two hundred feet above the sea. Here stands a modest little house, with outbuildings not too near, good for three chambers and three lower rooms, besides kitchen and servants' rooms, and about one hundred feet distant a pavilion or summer house with two little rooms, chiefly shut in by glass, but well curtained and carpeted, at the finest point of view.

The point which bounds our view at the east you doubtless remember as your limit of sight east from the deck of the "Nile;" between it and the first small island (Anacapa), a little mountain set down in the sea, you see the Santa Barbara channel down the coast. To the west the foot-hills extend nearly down to the high cliffs, thus shutting us in from the low land between us and the city, and here we are planting a barrier three hundred feet in width of the *Eucalyptus* which is called a sure antidote to malaria, but which on our way to town still leaves us the full view of the coast range. North and northeast of Mount St. George runs the coast range, gradually sloping south, with its foot-hills ending at the green and beautiful Ortega Hill, which rises right above the ocean two or three hundred feet in height.

The valley of Montecito is full of tasteful villas and farms: among them E. Cunningham's house stands pre-eminent, a perfect gem not only for its architecture but its well-kept grounds and fountains and trees. It is, however, lower than we are, and from our piazza we look right over its ridge-pole and tower to the sea, a sharp valley with a brook coming between us filled with fine trees.

The mention of Ortega Hill brings me to the tragedy

which greeted us on our arrival, and which indicates one aspect, not quite pastoral or pleasant, of California life. There stands an old adobe house about two miles from us, which was owned by an Italian ranchero, a man of perhaps seventy years, and just before Thanksgiving some wretches, who had heard him boast of his savings, captured him one night (living as he did entirely alone) and after torturing him by fire and cord to make him disclose his treasure hole, killed him and made off with several thousand dollars, missing a bag of six hundred dollars which was since found. No clue has been found to the murderers. But just behind Mount St. George is a Spanish house of rather bad reputation for its convivial habits, where the Spaniards, good and bad, congregate on merry-making days, and some of its patrons are thought to know something of the poor old Italian's last hours. They, however, may be misconstrued and some Anglo-Saxon borderer may have done the deed.

Going shooting one day last month with one of my neighbors, he was summoned to an inquest on a dying Californian, living a quarter of a mile behind Mount St. George, but the call was premature and our Spanish friend is recovering from a *cuchillado* (knife stroke) given him when trying to stop a quarrel at one of the nearest houses to mine. He is said to be a peaceful, honest man and the occurrence made very little commotion here. His assailant is in a fair way to be punished by a short imprisonment, on which point the American rule differs largely from the old Spanish *régime* which you probably remember. Generally the Californians are said to be peaceful, and in their slow way industrious, living still in the same adobe houses which you remember, and the very beggars coming to you for alms on horseback. No American seems to fear violence here; arms are seldom carried or recommended even for one's bedside, but the possession of three dogs, a telephone to the room of the faithful William in the stable, and another to Edward Cunningham's house, one thousand feet distant, would make the most timid person feel perfectly safe here.

Expressmen, butchers, and milkmen abound, and best of all, the Chinese vegetable man, with the pole over his shoulder and the baskets at each end of it, and the neat washerman and servant of all work bearing the classical name of Ah-Sin — although he never heard of Bret Harte.

To relieve the monotony of this hotch-potch of domestic

life, mixed with tragedy so near, I will give you the history of two days, which will illustrate somewhat the condition of things here. Meeting, as I rode through town, an acquaintance coming out of the court-house, he told me of the trial he had just witnessed of Dick Fellows, the famous highwayman and especially stage-coach robber of this coast. Dick is a well-born and well-mannered gentleman of the road, who apes his namesake Dick Turpin by stopping the stage politely, kissing the pretty passengers, bowing to the ugly ones, and only robbing the express box, letting everybody else go scot free if no resistance is made. His guilt is unquestionable and he only relies on his popularity with the jury, or some technicality, to get him off, and not a little upon the unpopularity of the monopolist express company, who, I have reason to know, charge about \$400 per ton, which is more than Uncle Sam charges for things brought from the Atlantic coast through the mail. Well, said I, "doubtless Mr. Fellows's friends furnish him with the best of counsel, the best of food, and the best of quarters, and consider him their ally against the express men and railroad men." Nodding to my friend I passed on, but the night mail brought me a very nice letter of "thanks" from Mr. Fellows for my *sympathy*, an invitation to visit him at the jail, a delicate confession of imprudence or indiscretions, (such as a lady defendant might drop in a divorce suit when pleading not guilty of any serious offence) with a hint of my going bail in \$5,000, to get him out of the unjust clutches of the express company and its court. Mr. Fellows was convicted and sentenced for life, but while awaiting his removal to the State prison he made one gallant struggle for liberty. Springing suddenly upon the jailer when bringing in his breakfast, he seized a revolver and escaped to the street, mounted a vicious horse, which threw him, and was finally overpowered after an exciting chase; he now remains the guest (nominally for life) of the State of California. In spite of my curiosity, I did not respond to his invitation to visit him, as I began to find out that one could not move hand, foot, or pen in Santa Barbara without danger of unpleasant notoriety. On the other hand, if I look at a horse, a whole drove wheel up to my door the next day, and if, in riding, I look at a piece of land, a dozen sellers rush forward. Yesterday, before breakfast, two different gentlemen must see me and would wait—one on the lawn and one in my den, where the table is heaped with letters

offering land, houses, gardens, advice, everything except money. I confess to being a little "aggravated," so asked land-owner No. 1 what he wanted. "I hear you are buying land, and so came to offer my little ranch." "How many acres have you?" "Three hundred and fifty, just handy to the city, on the foot-hills," &c. "How much will it cost to surround it with a high picket fence like a palisade?" No. 1, began to open his eyes and asked what I wanted it for. "Well," I said, "it seems to me admirably well adapted to an insane asylum, and if I can get you and the rest of the land-sellers round here in there and lock you up I might buy it. I have no use for land for any other purpose." One more illustration of Santa Barbara slowness and quickness, and I have done. The photographer had promised a picture of Mt. St. George two months ago. Meeting him as I rode out I asked him, "Where is that picture." "Well, we mean to take it before long." "All right, but if you expect me to buy it you had better move a little quicker. I don't expect to be here forever, and I am tired of waiting." "When shall I come?" "If you want to be sure of my taking the picture, come to-morrow or next day; later may do, but I won't promise after that." He tackled up his cart and came right down, but in the evening paper of that day appeared a paragraph that "Mr. Forbes, the railroad man, was going east at once." And they had it all over the town that the cause was a horse railroad to Montecito, and a contract for a steam railroad from Newhall to Santa Barbara. They are, in short, land sick and railroad crazy, and every word spoken goes to the newspaper office, so that utter silence is the only safety for a quiet man, and I have foresworn speech here or letter-writing except to the trustworthy and discreetest of friends like your venerable self.

To sum up the contrasts of the fifty-six years since you left here. The Spaniards had then subjugated the Indians, and, with the priests at top, a mild type of feudalism, based on Indian peonage, prevailed in rough plenty, — the Yankee traders skimming a good deal of the cream.

The next revolution or evolution was the inroad of the gold-seekers, who finally spilled over from the gold regions into these valleys and slopes along the Pacific as ranchmen, and more lately fruit-growers and health-seekers. The mildness of the climate brought here a flood of half-disabled hand laborers, and of others who saw in the sixty

miles east of Point Conception a great sanitarium to be filled with health and pleasure seekers, and they suddenly built up here in the nook of Santa Barbara one of the most picturesque and tasteful cities in the United States, — every house, almost, looking like a villa (though thinly built almost like tents), with tropical trees, flowers, and shrubs around each; water brought from the mountain gully above the Mission in open troughs supplies houses and fountains; a very fine hotel built by mutual subscription crowning the whole, half way from your landing to the old Mission. Like everything else which the universal Yankee nation undertakes, they overdid it, overbuilt, overloaded with land, plastered with mortgages, borrowed money at high rates of interest, and then, when the expected railroad jilts them and carries the crowd by on the other side, like the bad Samaritan, everybody feels poor and all this sudden wealth withers like fairy money, under taxes and high interest on mortgages.

Houses and lands can now generally be bought at great discounts. Everybody lives on a modest scale, but there are many refined, educated people here, and some day when the navigation laws are modified so that competition can restore to them the ocean, or when enough hard-working people accumulate along the coast to make an absolute and pressing necessity for daily steamers or for a railroad, people here will regain their connection with the rest of the world and some of the wonderful results of its healthful location will be reaped. But just now eighty miles of hard staging and a steamer once in five days, at about *five* prices (measured by Atlantic steam companies') shut them up like the inhabitants of Rasselas's Happy Valley. The sharp, hard-working Anglo-Saxon, if he can have the cheap, industrious Chinaman under him, will one day replace and eat up the slow Californian, just as the latter ate up the Indian, and the process is visibly going on, although the Yankee is just now under a cloud from the necessary reaction of his great expectations formed when he first came into a climate where a man can work out of doors, fearless of summer heat or winter cold, three hundred and fifty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five.

If he can keep and increase the supply of Chinamen, even the Californian may regain his comfortable and easy mode of life for a while without good communication with the rest of the world, but the madness which prevails against John China-

man, combined with the exclusion from either cheap sea or railroad transportation, puts the inhabitants of this slope between the upper and lower millstones—they are in the depths. Much talk is made of the bad morals of the China coolie; the real trouble is he is such a good, thorough, and steady worker that the shiftless Irish or Yankee or Californian slow-coach look on him as a dangerous competitor; so they manage at the polls to scare those who know better, the political aspirants all give in to the outcry and humbug the religious community with Chinese polygamy, and the innocents with predictions of being swamped by the millions from China, who are to eat out the Anglo-Saxons here, just as the Spaniard ate out the Indian and the Anglo-Saxon the Spaniard.

This may happen as years roll on, but in forty years only about one hundred thousand Chinese are here, and they don't spread much by marriage nor meddle in politics, nor murder, nor drink—they simply work and go home with their savings, or send it home to their old parents. They are to-day the saving salt of this coast and this State, and the fear of their eating out the vigorous Anglo-Saxon race is the silliest of bugbears. It will serve for a few political pinches and then be evaded and forgotten, as the "know-nothing era" and other fallacies of the sort have been.

With easy and cheap communication with the rest of the world, well-to-do people who hire help might live here without the Chinese, but to-day any one except the hand laborer would be driven off. If the vigorous Anglo-Saxon race cannot maintain itself without exclusion of the Mongolian, it had better *go under* and accept its doom, under the Darwinian rule of the survival of the fittest.

I believe it will survive and will build up a great empire on the coast upon free immigration principles, especially if the tariff and navigation laws are modified under the domination of that distinguished myth A. Tariff (for revenue) Esq.

When they get all their fetters modified even, if not removed, this coast will have another boom and Santa Barbara will lead in it, while Montecito with its country quiet will be the chosen suburb of those who wish to combine city comfort with free air and elbow-room, to say nothing of its soft and plenteous water coming right from the mountains, and its sea views and surf and hot baths.

Right above us, two miles off in the mountains, is a fine

hot sulphur spring, which has charms for some of those who are prone to get into hot water, like myself.

Meantime, we are now here in a transition state, but when some or all of the changes are made which Anglo-Saxon progress demands and will be sure to have, this becalmed region (now in the doldrums between railroads deferred and over-protection of all sorts) will get under headway again.

Ten years under a new *régime* would, in my judgment, carry this sixty miles of coast (from Point Conception east to Buena Ventura or even San Monica) as far ahead of where it now is as the fifty-six years of slower growth have carried it beyond where you left it when the "Nile" spread her white wings and took you back to the Celestial Empire.

LIST OF VESSELS

BUILT UNDER MY SUPERVISION, OR IN WHICH
I HAVE HAD AN INTEREST.

List of Vessels Built under my Order or Supervision, or in which I have had an Interest.

NAME OF VESSEL.	CLASS.	APPROXIMATE O. M. TONNAGE.	DATE.	WHERE BUILT AND BY WHOM.	ENGINES BY	REMARKS.
Linda	Bark.	330	1830	Medford; Sprague and James.		Belonged solely to myself until 1832; went to China, and remained there
Swan	Brig.	150	1832-33	Bought of Rice and Thaxter		Was the first vessel I ever saw launched.
Sylph	Schooner Yacht.	70	1833	Medford		Sold in South America.
						Built for J. P. Cushing; sold to S. Cabot and myself, and by us to New Jersey for a pilot boat.
Hooghly	Ship.	350	1834	Bought half of D. C. Bacon		Made a good voyage to China, and sold
Fawn	Schooner Yacht.	30	1835	Built for W. W. Swain		Used for a long time at Naushton Island
Henry Clay . .	Brig.	250	1835	Bought half of Perkins and Co.		Took goods to China.
Dream	Schooner Yacht.	30	1835	Bought at New York		In the first Boston Yacht Club.
Levant	Ship.	400	1836	Owned by Perkins & Co. and self		Went to China.
Rose	Herm. Brig.	150	1836	Swansea, R. I., M. Barney; Joe Lee modelled her		Belonged to S. Cabot and myself; took flour to Callao, and went to Sandwich Islands and China.
Isidore	Brig.	300	1836	Duxbury, by the Dews		Bought for S. Cabot, R. G. Shaw, and myself; went round Cape Horn to Peru, and was sold to the Government. W. A. Howard took her out
Luconia	Ship.	450	1836	Medford		Went to Java (Chas. Pearson, captain); belonged to D. C. Bacon, myself, and others.
Canton Packet .	Bark.	350	1836	Swansea; Mason Barney . . .		Belonged to Thwing and Perkins and myself; went to China, Manila, and New Orleans.
Breeze	Schooner Yacht.	30	1837	South Boston		Built for D. C. Bacon, W. H. Bordman, and myself.

Midas.	Steam Schooner.	180	1841	East Boston; Sam. Hall. . .	Hogg and Delamater of New York, and Ericson . .
Zephyr	Schooner.	150	1842	"New York;" Brown and Bell .	
Mazeppa.	"	175	1842	"Origin unknown.	
Anglona	Ship.	90	1841	Medford; Sprague and James.	
Narragansett . .		500	1842	Medford; Waterman and Ewell	
Ariel	Schooner.	100	1842	Bought new at Medford . . .	
Paul Jones. . . .	Ship.	750	1842	Unknown origin	
Paulina	Bark.	300	1843	Down East	
Don Juan	Schooner.	175	1843	East Boston; Sam. Hall. . .	
Farwell	Ship.	700 or 800	1843	" " " " " " " " " " " "	
Antelope.	Brig.	370	1843	" " " " " " " " " " " "	
Coquette.	Bark.	420	1844	" " " " " " " " " " " "	
Edith	Steam Bark.	400	1844	East Boston; Otis Tufts. . .	Otis Tufts and Ericson . .
R. B. Forbes . .	Steam Tug, Iron.	300	1845	East Boston; Sam. Hall. . .	Ericson and Delamater
Massachusetts. .	Steamship.	750	1845	" " " " " " " " " " " "	
Sappho	Bark.	350	1845		

Belonged to J. M. Forbes, W. C. Hunter, and myself, and was the first American steamer to pass the Cape of Good Hope.
 Built for D. L. Burn, China.
 Belonged to A. A. Low and myself; sold in China.
 Sent out for Russell and Co.
 Belonged to R. B. and J. M. Forbes and others, and went to China *via* England.
 Model by Joe Lee, for himself and me; went to China.
 Went to China, Captain N. B. Palmer, afterward J. T. Watkins.
 Went to China, Captain George Sweetland.
 Bought for S. N. Green, and went to China.
 Belonged to J. M. Forbes, myself and others; went to Trieste and China with cotton.
 Built for Russell and Co.
 Built for E. N. and C. O. and James H. Perkins.
 Went to Bombay and China, and home by Rio; was sold to the Government; lost off California.
 Built for Underwriters; sold to U. S., 1861, and lost near Hatteras Inlet.
 Went to Liverpool twice, and was sold to U. S.; went to California, and still lives as the "Alaska."
 Bought by J. M. Forbes and others, for China.

List of Vessels Built under my Order or Supervision, &c. — continued.

NAME OF VESSEL.	CLASS.	APPROXIMATE O. M. TONNAGE.	DATE.	WHERE BUILT AND BY WHOM.	ENGINES BY	REMARKS.
Firefly . . .	Iron Propeller.	20	1846	Built in New York	Ericson	Sent out to China in a Ship, and finally went to San Francisco on another.
Samoset . . .	Ship.	800	1847	East Boston; Sam. Hall. . .		Took out steamer Mint on deck to San Francisco on voyage, in 1849.
Raduga . . .	"	500	1848	Newburyport, for W. Ropes .		Bought of W. Ropes for J. M. Forbes and myself, for China.
Mint	Iron Paddle Strmr.	40	1848	New York, by Hogg and Delamater and Ericson		Went on the Samoset, and was the first American steamer on Sacramento, owned by S. Hooper, W. Delamater and myself.
Jacob Bell . .	" Ship.	250	1849	" " " " " " " "		Bought for a tug boat, for Boston.
Akbar	"	700 or 800	1849	East Boston; Sam. Hall. . .		Built by J. M. Forbes and others in 1838. I bought an interest in 1849.
Spark	Paddle Steamer.	200	1849	New York		Sent out in frame to China, and is running still.
Minna and Brenda	Schooners.	300	1852	Portsmouth, N. H.		For Russell and Co., and sent to Chin in 1851 or 1852.
Antelope . . .	Propeller Steamer.	450	1855	East Boston; Sam. Hall. . .	Otis Tufts . . .	Built for Russell and Co., China.
Halcyon . . .	Schooner Yacht.	90	1855	" " " " " " " "		Built for E. Cunningham, and went to China.
Florence . . .	Ship.	1000	1856	" " " " " " " "		Built for J. M. and R. B. Forbes and Captain Dumaresq.
No Name . . .	Iron Paddle Strmr.	75	1856	New York; Hogg and Delamater		Went out on brig "Rolling Wave," for James B. Endicott.
Edith	Iron Yacht.	43	1856	East Boston; Otis Tufts . .		For myself; sold in Rio La Plata.
Azalea	Wood Yacht.	43	1856	Chelsea; D. J. Lawler . . .		For J. M. Forbes; still running, lengthened and partially rebuilt.

Nankin	Iron Herm. Brig.	260	1858	East Boston; Otis Tufts.		Iron brig for Cushing Bros and Forbes; went to China twice, and sold.
Argentina	Iron Paddle Stmr.	100	1858	East Boston; Atlantic Works.		Went to La Plata to Survey (Captain Page). "Alpha," for same duty.
Alpha	" "	22	1858	" " "		went out on the "Nankin." Both sold at Buenos Ayres
Callope	Schooner.	300	1861	" " " " "		Bought to carry out steamer and barges to China; all sold there.
No Name	Iron Paddle.	70	1861	East Boston; Atlantic Works.		Went out on the "Callope" to China, and were well sold.
No Name	Three Iron Barges.		1861	" " "		Bought by the State and sold to me, and sent out under J. A. Cunningham to China, and sold.
Pembroke	Iron Propeller Stmr.	300	1861	" " "		
Lillie	Yacht.	20	1865	Smith and Atlantic Works.		Built for E. Cunningham, China.
Nippon	Propeller Steamer.	300	1865	" " "		Sold to the Government, and was very useful.
Meteor	Propeller Ship.	1500	1865	Hull built at Portsmouth.		Engines put up by Atlantic Works.
Jeannie	Herm. Brig.	300	1865	Fairhaven, Mass., by Blackler		Went to China and Japan (Captain Whiting).
Samson	{	15	1865	" " " " "	{	Three small propellers; went out on the "Jeannie" to China and Japan.
Hercules		125	1863	Bought at Gloucester.		Sent to China under English colors.
Leviathan		76	1866	" " " " "		Pilot boat bought for China, and sent there; owned by me in part.
Madge		350	1866	" " " " "		Prize steamer, sold to U. S. Government; belonged to F. S. Forbes and myself.
Syren				" " " " "		
Cherokee	Iron Propeller.			" " " " "		
Sagamore	Propeller.	500	1861	East Boston; Sampson.		{
Huron	" "			East Boston; P. Curtis.		
Chocoma	" "			East Boston; Curtis and Tilden		
Kineo	" "			Portland; J. W. Dyer.		
Katahdin	" "			Bath; Larabee and Allen.		
Kennebec	" "			Thomaston; W. L. Lawrence.		
Penobscot	" "			Belfast; C. T. Carter.		
Aroostook	" "			Kennebunk; N. L. Thompson.		
Marblehead	" "			Newburyport; G. W. Jackson, Jr.		
						

Gunboats for the Government, built under inspection of myself, S. H. Pook, and Mr. Ellis.

List of Partners in

NAME.	ORIGINALLY FROM.	DATE OF ARRIVAL IN CHINA.	DATE OF AD-MISSION.	DATE OF RE-TIREMENT.
Samuel Russell,	Middletown, Conn.		Jan. 1, 1824	Dec. 31, 1836
Philip Ammidon,	Providence, R. I.		Jan. 1, 1824	1830
Augustine Heard,	Ipswich, Mass.	1830	" " 1831	Dec. 31, 1836
William Henry Low,	Salem, Mass.		" " 1830	Nov. 1833
John C. Green,	Trenton, N. J.		" " 1834	Dec. 31, 1839
John Murray Forbes,	Milton, Mass.	Nov. 1830	" 1834	Dec. 1838
Joseph Coolidge,	Boston, "		" 1834	1839
Abiel Abbott Low,	Salem, "	Sept. 23, 1833	" 1837	1839
William C. Hunter,	New York.	1825	1837	1842
Edward King,	Newport, R. I.		1837	1842
Robert Bennett Forbes,	Milton, Mass.	1817	1837	1844
Warren Delano, Jr.,	Fairhaven, Mass.	1834	Nov. 1849	1854
Russell Sturgis,	Boston.	1834	Jan. 1, 1840	1846
Daniel Nicholson Spooner,	Plymouth, Mass.		1861	1866
Joseph Taylor Gilman,	Exeter, N. H.		1842	May, 1844
Paul Sieman Forbes,	New York.	1843	1842	1845
George Perkins,	East of Boston.	1842	March, 1846	1849
Edward Delano,	Fairhaven, Mass.	1841		May, 1846
William Henry King,	Newport, R. I.		Jan. 1, 1843	Dec. 31, 1849
John N. Alsop Griswold,	New York.		" " 1848	Dec. 1854
Edward Allen Low,	Salem, Mass.		" " 1850	1850
Robert Shaw Sturgis,	Boston, Mass.	1845	" " 1850	1857
Edward Cunnigham,	Boston, Mass.	1845	1850	1857
			1861	1863
			1867	1869
			1870	1877
Friedrich Reiche,	Hamburg.		1855	1858
George Griswold Gray,	New York.		1855	1859
Charles W. Spooner,	Plymouth, Mass.		1855	1860
Nelson Marvin Beckwith,	New York.	End of 1857	1858	1860
Thomas Walch,	" "	1850	1858	1860
William S. Sloan,	" "	1850	1857	1862
Charles William Orne,	Salem.		1857	1860
George Tyson,	Baltimore.	1853	1860	1867
Henry Sturgis Grew,	Boston.	1856	1860	1866
William Howell Forbes,	New York & Paris.	1857	1861	*
David Oakes Clark,	Malden, Mass.	1846	1861	1869
Frank Blackwell Forbes,	New York.	1857	1863	*
Richard Starr Dana,	" "		1863	1869
David King, Jr.,	Newport, R. I.	1858	1866	1872
William Hammond Foster, Jr.,	Boston.	1853	1867	1869
James Murray Forbes,	Milton, Mass.	1863	1869	1872
Edmund Dana Barbour,	Boston.	1863	1869	1870
Henry Hughes Warden,		1846	1870	1872
Walter Scott Fitz,	Boston.	June 14, 1860	1870	1878
Samuel Wyllys Pomeroy, Jr.,		March, 1859	1871	*
John Murray Forbes, Jr.,	New York.	1864	1871	*
Edward Winslow Stevens,	Lawrence, Mass.	Jan. 31, 1867	1873	Dec. 31, 1873
Frederick Delano Hitch,	Fairhaven, Mass.	1860	1872	*
Henry De Courcy Forbes,	New York.	1870	1872	*
Charles Vincent Smith,	" "		1879	*

* Active partners, Dec. 8, 1880.

Russell & Co., China.

RESIDENCE AFTER RETIREMENT.	REMARKS.
Middletown, Conn.	Went to China as agent of Edw. Carrington. Died at Middletown, Conn., 1862.
Providence, R. I.	Died at in 18
Boston.	Died in Boston, in 18
Salem, Mass.	Died at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1834.
New York.	Had an interest probably before 1834. Went to China as agent of N. L. & G. Griswold. Died in New York in 18
Milton, Mass.	Was received as clerk in 1830.
Boston.	Was clerk some time prior to 1834. Died in Boston in 1880.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Became clerk in 1833.
New York & Paris.	Became book-keeper in 1829. Clerk with Olyphant & Co. before entering with Russell & Co.
Newport, R. I.	Was clerk prior to 1837. Died at Newport, R. I., 1876.
Milton, Mass.	Had an interest in 1838, and after 1854, until 1857.
Newburgh, N. Y.	Was partner in Russell, Sturgis, & Co., Canton, before entering Russell & Co.
London, Eng.	With Russell & Sturgis, Manila, and Russell, Sturgis, & Co., Canton, prior to 1842
Boston.	Was clerk some time prior to 1843. Died in Boston in 18
Exeter, N. H.	Was clerk some time prior to 1843. Died in Exeter, N. H., in 18
New York & Paris.	Went to China as United States Consul at Canton.
	Entered the house as book-keeper in 1842; murdered by Chinese pirates, near Macao, in 18
New York.	Retired before the expiration of the term; clerk in house before admission; died Sept. 1881.
New York.	Clerk for some time prior to 1843 in house.
New York & Newport.	Agent in China of N. L. & G. Griswold before entering Russell & Co. Went home during term.
New York.	Clerk for some time prior to 1850.
Philadelphia.	Clerk for some time prior to 1850; died in Philadelphia, 1876.
Milton, Mass.	Clerk with J. D. Sword & Co., 1845-46; clerk with Russell & Co., 1846-49.
Dresden.	Agent in United States from 1874 to 1877. Book-keeper some time prior
New York.	Died at Newport in 18 [to 1855.
Plymouth, Mass.	Entered as clerk in 1847.
Paris & New York.	
Japan.	Went to China as agent of A. A. Low & Bros.
	Died on board steamer between Foochow and Amoy in 1862.
Northboro', Mass.	Entered as clerk in 18; after retiring from Russell & Co., returned to China as agent of W. H. Smith & Son; died in New York, Jan. 14, 1880.
Boston.	Entered as book-keeper in 1853; died in Germantown, Jan. 8, 1881.
Boston.	Entered as clerk in 1856.
	Entered as clerk in 1857
Milton, Mass.	Entered as clerk in 1852; agent at Bangkok in 1857-59; joint agent in United States 1870-73 inclusive.
	Went to China as private secretary of United States Minister Reed.
New York.	Entered as clerk
Newport, R. I.	Entered as clerk in 18; went to China as clerk of Smith, Archer, & Co.
San Francisco.	Was clerk with Williams, Anthon, & Co., before joining Russell & Co.; entered as agent in Hong Kong in 18; died in San Francisco, in 1875.
Milton, Mass.	Entered as clerk in 1863; signed the firm at Canton in 1867; agent in Boston 1878 and 1879.
Sharon, Mass.	Entered as book-keeper in 1863.
Kingston, Mass.	Went to China as agent of N. L. & G. Griswold in 1846.
Boston.	Entered as clerk in March, 1863; formerly agent of Wetmore, Cryder, & Co., in Tientsin.
	Entered as clerk in 1859.
	Entered as clerk in 1866.
New York.	Entered as book-keeper in 1867.
	Entered as clerk in 18
	Entered as clerk in 18
	Was clerk in Russell & Co from 1872 to 1879.

